

LIFE



PIANE SPOTTER

FEBRUARY 8, 1943 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



Invest in America Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Allies all

Shore leave. Quickened pulses, gay reunions, and a bright shoulder next his Navy blues. How well they go together . . . but small wonder! It may be that his trim uniform and her smart reefer both owe allegiance to the same skilled looms, FORSTMANN's. His must weather action on many oceans. Hers must withstand a host of duration-duties. And they will . . . gallantly, retaining their precision lines . . . thanks to finest virgin wools and workmanship. Because there are many thousands of our fighting men clad now in FORSTMANN fabrics, finding this famous label in your clothes today is an occasion. Seek it out . . . and treasure it on ready-made costumes, piece-goods or in your wardrobe. Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, N. J.



FOR THE TOUCH OF ROMANCE... THE BEFOREHAND LOTION

TOUSHAY

guards hands even in hot, soapy water



Beforehand—that's the wise time to protect your hands from the drying, roughening effects of hot, soapy water. So *before* you wash dishes—*before* you wash undies—smooth on velvet-rich, fragrant Toushav! And afterward—see for yourself how this delightful new lotion has guarded your hands!

Copyright Bristol-Myers Company, 1943

All-over rubs are a joy with Toushav, too. What soft magic it works on roughened elbows and knees—on throat and arms and shoulders! And all with just a few drops—for Toushav is wonderfully rich and concentrated.

This attractive peach-toned lotion—not at all expensive—goes so far! So use Toushav as a powder base, too. And use it often in this new way to guard lovely hands—*beforehand*!

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

This One

HBNT-Y5B-PS1E

DARLING, IN THIS
MOONLIGHT YOUR
BRISTLES LOOK JUST
LIKE PROLON! FLATTERER! I'LL
BET YOU TELL THAT
TO ALL THE GIRLS



Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles... better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know

the answer... it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

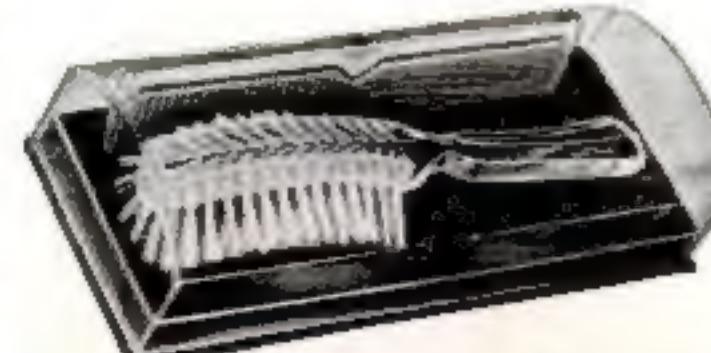
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles, \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "carved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Sirs:

To the nameless editorial writer on the *Portland Oregonian* and to the editors of *LIFE* who saw the point of his suggestion, I take off my hat. Page 29 in the Jan. 18 issue of *LIFE* is the shrewdest, wisest and best use of a single page in an American publication in my lifetime.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

New York, N. Y.

• Alexander Woolcott, wit and radio town crier, wrote this letter a few days before he died of sudden heart attack at the age of 58. A unique figure in American life and letters, Woolcott



PAGE 29

had an acid tongue and a warm heart. He was loudly enthusiastic about the things he liked, loudly devastating about the things he didn't. He publicly proclaimed most of his thoughts and deeds but kept quiet about his many kindnesses. Woolcott was so taken by the picture he mentions that he asked *LIFE* for a print of it to hang on his wall.—ED.

"WHITE PAPER" COMMENT

Sirs:

Yours is the first editorial that I have seen which makes the obvious and needed comment on the State Department "White Book." How any factual account of American foreign policy during the last ten years can furnish to any American or group of Americans—the President, the State Department, Congress, or the general public—any grounds for the smugness that is here shown, I do not see. It must, on the contrary, convince almost all of us of selfishness, cowardice, and a lack of foresight—whether ignorant, stupid, or wrong-headed—nonetheless shameful.

The complacency with which the story of this policy is presented by the sponsors of the "White Book" and accepted by most editors shows that America is still tragically unready to accept the tremendous responsibilities that will follow military victory.

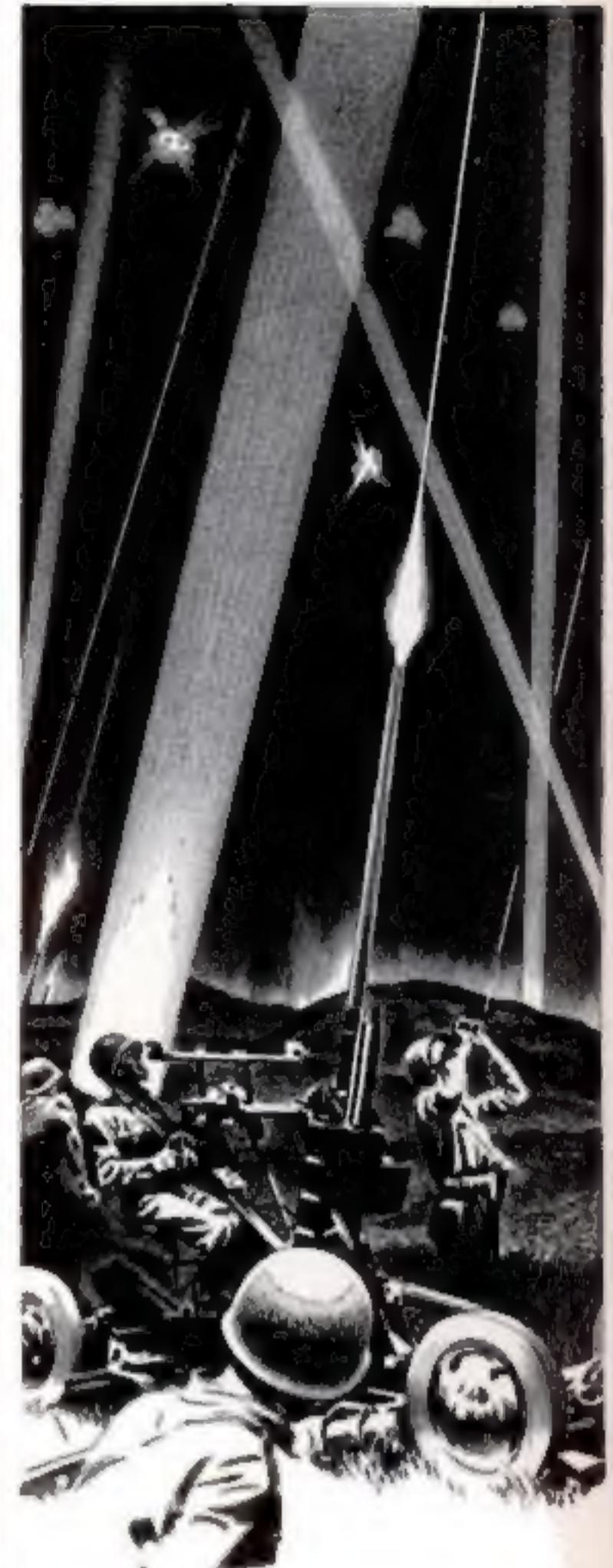
ELLSWORTH BARNARD

Alfred, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your Newsfront page of Jan. 18 is right in stating that our State Department can lay no claim to lofty statesmanship on account of its record of opportunism and appeasement. Today in North Africa our Government continues the policy of pincering our bitter enemies rather than face up to unpleasantness. It is only fair to observe, however, that American foreign policy under Roosevelt has shown more moral realism than that of any of its contemporaries, and that although it would have been braver of our Government to proclaim a righteous war many years ago, it probably would then have ceased to be our Government, and could not have

(continued on p. 4)



THEY MAY BE LITTLE

BUT *Oh my -*

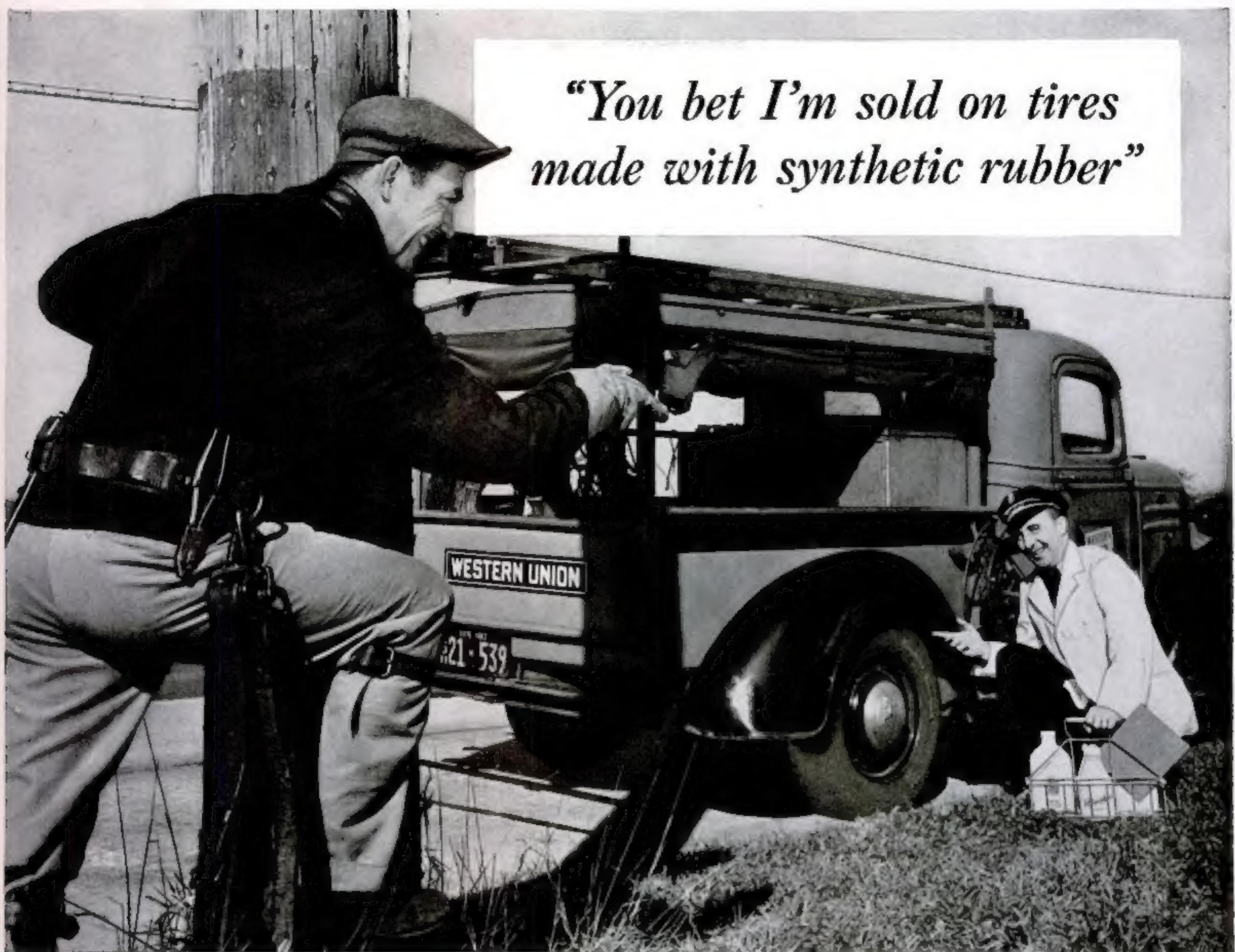
In size, weight, calibre and everything that makes artillery look impressive the 37 mm. anti-aircraft gun is no great shakes. But when it comes to doing its job this wee of the cannon family is just plain hell on wheels! It is fast, it packs a terrific wallop and it is deadly accurate.

The snap fasteners we make for the covers of these aerial 37's are not very big either. But they, too, have to work fast and without fail when needed.... it is an important part of our war job to see that they do it... along with many other Service fasteners of all kinds.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.

DOT
FASTENERS

*"You bet I'm sold on tires
made with synthetic rubber"*



These tires started 2 years ago...
have already covered 23,451 miles...
but read the whole story here...

MUCH of the late news about synthetic rubber cannot be told. But enough can be told to assure anyone who wonders how good it is. Our files are filled with case histories of tires made with more than 50% Ameripol...the B. F. Goodrich synthetic.

This is one such case history. A whole year before Pearl Harbor, the Western Union Telegraph Company put two Ameripol tires on a maintenance truck. This truck didn't pick

out the smooth highways. It went where linemen have to go—over all roads in all kinds of weather.

What happened? Nothing—that's the interesting thing about these Ameripol tires. You wouldn't notice much that's unusual about them. You'd probably think they were natural rubber if you were not told otherwise.

These Ameripol Silvertowns were in excellent condition at 23,451 miles. Says the section

lineman who drove them, "We should receive 30,000 miles from them."

And the chances are he will—because many of these tires have bettered 30,000 miles. One of the reasons that Ameripol is good is that our scientists were working on it when Calvin Coolidge was President and no one thought of war.

Each year has brought improvement. And the result—in the summer of 1940—was the first tires with

synthetic rubber ever sold to American motorists.

You might be riding on Ameripol tires today were it not that our total production of this wonderful synthetic is needed in our war effort. But you'll have to wait now, for that and a lot of other things we'd all like. Meanwhile, we've still got to do our best to save the rubber we have. For America has no rubber to waste—and no use for a rubber-waster!



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST* IN RUBBER

*And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, ONLY B. F. GOODRICH OFFERED FOR SALE
TO AMERICAN CAR OWNERS PASSENGER TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Here are a few of the many American Companies that bought them:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
J. L. CASE CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.

GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Why John Robert Powers urges HIS "MILLION DOLLAR" MODELS to use ONLY KREML SHAMPOO



How 10-Minute "Glamour-Bath" Brings Out Your Hair's Natural Sparkling Beauty!

Here's a *real* beauty scoop! In New York City there's a very exclusive group of America's most gorgeous girls—known as the POWERS MODELS. These girls are often called the "million dollar" models because so many look "like a million," marry millionaires or become top-flight Stage and Screen Stars.

These lovely Powers Girls are *famous* for their enchantingly lovely, silken-sheen hair. And Mr. Powers tells all his models to wash their hair *only* with Kreml Shampoo. There's nothing better than Kreml Shampoo to bring out the natural brilliant highlights—the shimmering glossy beauty that exists in *your* and *every* girl's hair.

Special Base Helps Keep Your Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo lathers luxuriantly—even in hard water. It not only thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it leaves your hair so much softer, silkier, easier

to arrange. Notice how it stays in place so much longer.

Even the *color* of your hair appears more attractive—because it fairly glows with natural sparkling lustre.

There are no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. It doesn't leave any excess dull soapy film. In fact this is one shampoo you can buy today that has a special Olive Oil base which helps keep your hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Be sure to get a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today from your drugstore.

Marvelous For Children's Hair, Too!



Mild, gently cleansing yet beautifying Kreml Shampoo is excellent for children's hair. Children like its pleasant fragrance. The special Olive Oil base is decidedly beneficial to help keep their hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASY TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

led us to the verge of intelligent action even as well as it did. We must not forget the shameful spectacle of the 1940 election, when Roosevelt and Willkie, both aware of the necessities of the situation, had to compete in protestations of pacifism to buy the support of the populace.

DONALD CARY WILLIAMS
Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

... I am one of the few who had the courage to go through all of the "White Book." My own reaction is that the document is the greatest indictment of our State Department and the Administration that one could possibly encounter. Why it was ever written and presented to the world is beyond me. I think it will go down in political history as the outstanding *faux pas* of all time.

White book? It's lousy and black as ink. Strange as it may seem, the U. S. Department of State has furnished the spark plug—the touchstone—for the new approach to a settlement of this world's troubles, by making luminously clear to all thinking people that the old methods—or lack of them—have brought civilization to its knees.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY
BENNETT
Woodbury, Conn.

Sirs:

As one of the "relatively few" Americans who actually read in full the State Department's publication *Peace and War*, I wish to register my most complete dissent from your evaluation of it and of the Department's policies during the decade under review. I do not find the record snugly self-righteous. I consider Secretary Hull's international attitude high-minded and far-sighted, patient, conciliatory, firm. Peace at any price? Had it been, we should not now be at war.

ARTHUR H. WESTON
Appleton, Wis.

"SUZY-Q"

Sirs:

I have just read with delight the account of *Suzy-Q* by Caroline Iverson (LIFE, Jan. 18).

If Hollywood doesn't buy this for the script of a picture and work out something approaching *In Which We Serve*, I shall think they go about with their eyes shut.

CORNELIA H. MORGAN
St. Paul, Minn.

• Hollywood, never slow to capitalize on public fancy, has already bought, produced and released such a picture called "Air Force" (see pp. 61-66)—ED.

Sirs:

Thank you sincerely for your story on *Suzy-Q*. It is tremendously interesting, especially to us in view of our parental interest in the airplane. We are sure that it will be particularly inspiring to employees here and in other plants throughout the country who are building the Boeing Flying Fortress, because it shows what can be accomplished with just one of the hundreds of Fortresses they are building.

HAROLD MANSFIELD
Boeing Aircraft Co.
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

What a proud, human thing an airplane can be—or, better still, an author who can make a Flying Fortress live as a personality. What next for *Suzy-Q*? I hope a fitting old age.

HARRIET M. CLARKSON
Milwaukee, Wis.

• Since later Fortress models have superseded *Suzy-Q*, she will probably be used for operational training in the U. S.—ED.

Heritage of Hospitality

A luxury whisky
that everyone can
afford to enjoy.

65% Grain
Neutral Spirits.
86.8 Proof.



SPARKLET BULBS

bring 'em back alive!

Those tiny Sparklet Bulbs, that have put life and sparkle into so many home-mixed drinks, now inflate lifebelts and vests for our sea and air-borne fighting forces. Instantly, at a single motion, the bulbs inflate the garment and provide an important extra margin of safety.



SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS

(continued on p. 7)

No soldier in the world gets better care than a man in the U. S. Army!



The jeep he rides

largely depends, for its speed and power, on lubricating greases made in part with Armour fats. Its seats are cushioned with resilient Armour Curled Hair pads, to lessen the shock of jarring rides over rough, tough terrain.



The plane he flies

is finished in virtually every moving part with Armour abrasives. The plane's destructive fire-power comes in part from glycerine, another Armour by-product. The pilot's parachute cushion is made of Armour Curled Hair.



The medicinals that guard his health

are, many of them, prepared in the Armour Laboratories. They include such necessities as sutures, suprarenalin, and other preparations that in a doctor's skilled hands will save untold lives, maintain fighters' health and efficiency.



How Armour Products contribute to his efficiency

1. ★ **Meat**, for the field rations he carries in his pack.
2. ★ **Wool**, for warm, comfortable uniforms.
3. ★ **Leather**, for tough, long-wearing belts and shoes.
4. ★ **Soap**, for his personal cleanliness; to burnish his weapons.
5. ★ **Abrasives**, to finish and polish his rifle.
6. ★ **Glycerine**, for explosives in the guns he fires.
7. ★ **Chemicals**, to waterproof his field jacket.

Uncle Sam doesn't miss a trick in guarding the health and welfare of his fighting men!

From his helmet to his shoes, the American Soldier is the best cared for, most fully equipped fighting man the world has ever known.

The products of many different industries have been adopted by the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps to meet his needs. The technicians of America have developed new products and improved old ones, for his health, welfare, efficiency.

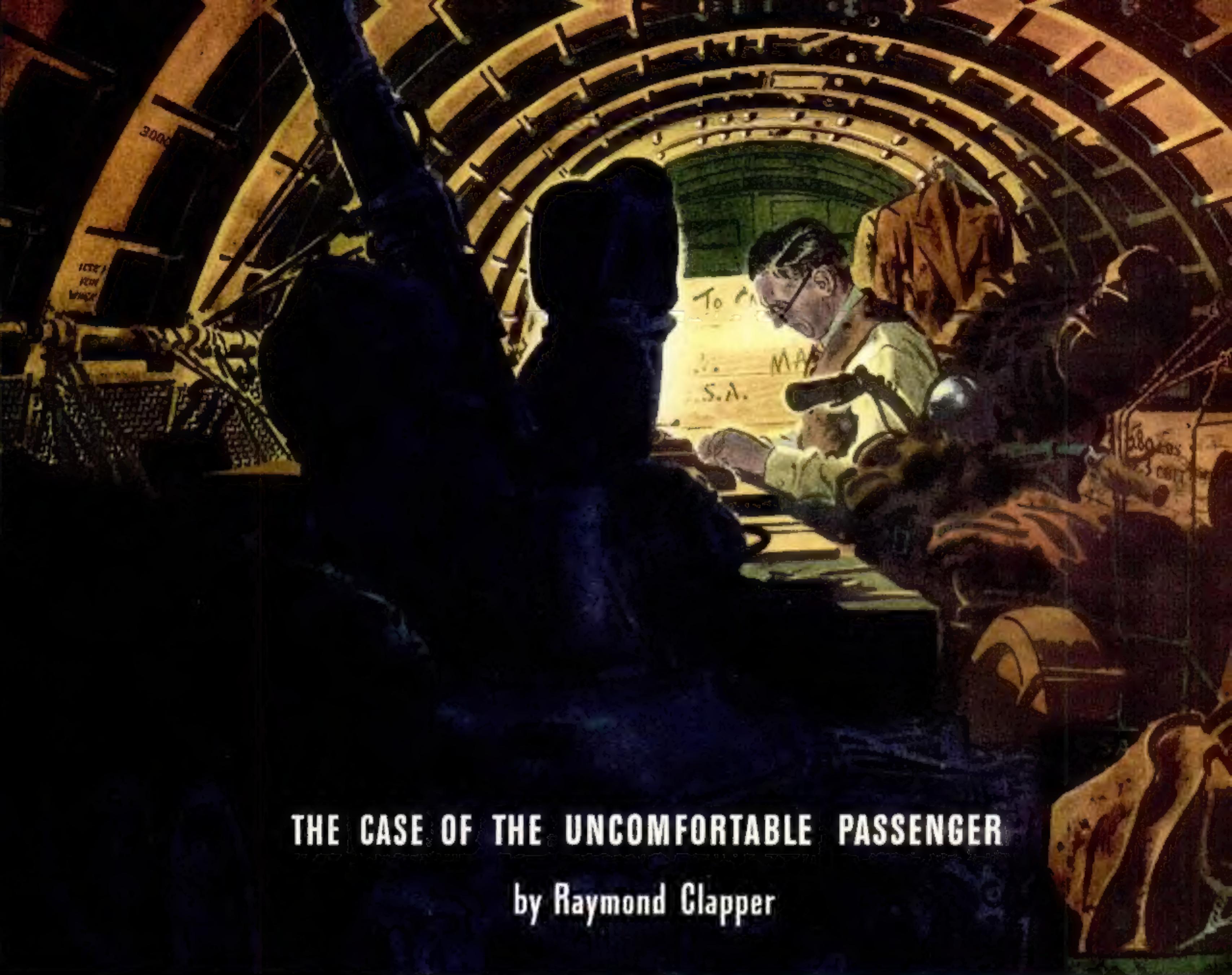
Armour and Company, maker of Star Meats and Cloverbloom dairy products, not only supplies America's fighting forces with millions of pounds of nourishing, body-building meat . . . but also with many by-products . . . Wool and Leather, Oils and Soaps, Chemicals and Curled Hair, Sutures and Sandpaper. These are just a few of many Armour products that contribute to the American fighting man's life. That is why Americans at home are not only asked to share the meat but to share many other things as well.

We of Armour are proud of these many industries-within-an-industry. Grateful that our very size and complexity make it possible to aid in outfitting the best-cared-for soldier in the world.

*Armour
and
Company*

FREE Illustrated Booklet—"Food for Freedom"—shows why our armed forces are the best-fed, best-equipped fighting men in the world. For your free copy, write: Armour and Company, Dept. 160, Chicago, Illinois.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY



THE CASE OF THE UNCOMFORTABLE PASSENGER

by Raymond Clapper

I'VE typed out newspaper stories in a good many odd places. On the steps of Warren Harding's front porch at Marion, Ohio, in the corner of a White House ante-room, in the rain in front of the Capitol when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated, in the court-house yard at the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, and in trains and the back seats of automobiles riding over hair-pin mountain roads.

But I think the biggest story I ever covered was written on top of a crate of tommy-guns in the hold of a cargo plane 6,000 feet above an African jungle.

The ship was a "flying freighter" of the Air Transport Command, hauling 5,000 pounds of Army freight over trackless wilderness to a remote U. S. Army outpost. It was fighting equipment that

couldn't wait...guns, ammunition and motor parts.

We made the trip that night in ten hours. By surface-ship, rail and motor truck, it would have taken ten weeks!

I say it was the biggest story I ever covered because on that flight, I saw all our concepts of transportation thrown into the scrap heap. I saw the military textbooks being rewritten. And I got a glimpse of what our peace-time world will be like when this war is over and won.

These transport planes, operated for the Army Air Transport Command by Airline personnel, are spanning oceans and continents with vast aerial bridges. They hurdle the Atlantic in 16 hours. They

fly to Australia in four days. To Cairo in five. To Chungking or New Delhi in a week. They bring the farthest fighting fronts to the back doors of America's factories—just as today our domestic Airlines bring factories from California to Connecticut door-to-door.

Our pilot this trip was a big veteran from Ohio, who until a month before had been pushing an Airliner across the midwest. Over sandwiches and coffee he told me: "The Army and the Airlines make a terrific ball-team. We had the pilots, the ground crews and 20 years of experience and the Army had a job for us to do. Every day the job grows bigger...because we're getting set to make Hitler sorry he ever heard the word *blitzkrieg*!"

I'm inclined to string along with him on that.



AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST!

PASSENGERS . . . AIR MAIL . . . AIR EXPRESS

When you travel by Air make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change. When you use Air Express speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready. Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
SHOULDER A GUN, OR THE COST OF ONE, BUY BONDS!

LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

GRANT WOOD

Sirs:

I want to speak my enthusiasm for your display of Grant Wood's works. It was a fine and timely idea. When the youth of America is out risking death that America may continue to develop her culture in a free world, it is a good thing to show their folks who remain at home that there is an American culture and that there was a man who knew it and who had the force of character and the originality of mind to express a part of it.

Grant Wood, you noted, had enemies. He did. But they were of a breed and kind that any sensible man would want to keep on the other side of the fence. Grant was hated by narrow-witted art professors, by nuts with aesthetic missions, by obliquely turned museum boys, boy professional intellectuals, by most of the psychopathic critical fry, by artists whose works were service imitations of those concocted on the pre-war boulevards of Paris—in short, by all of the sickly mob that hangs on the skirts of American art. They hated him and continue to hate him, even when he is dead, because his creativeness showed up their sterility. They hated him because his basic depth of character made them secretly aware of their shallowness. They hated him because the straight simplicity of his mind threw a sharp light into the twisted involutions of theirs. And they hated him because he was a successful American artist which is something intolerable in the hothouse cults of our art world.

Grant knew what these enemies were like. They annoyed him as mosquitoes are annoying when you are busy and haven't time to keep slapping them off. But they didn't annoy him enough to affect the development of an original American style which will be around speaking for itself when its detractors have rotted back physically into the nothing from which their minds never emerged.

THOMAS HART BENTON
Kansas City, Mo.

• All thanks to Missouri's great artist Thomas Hart Benton for his salute to his late friend from Iowa. With Wood dead, Benton and John Stewart Curry are now left as the leaders of this country's truly national art movement.—ED.

ZERO MOSTEL

Sirs:

Thought you might be interested in an early snapshot of Zero Mostel (LIFE, Jan. 18). It shows that your thesis that



EARLY MOSTEL

he is a completely natural comedian is true. He couldn't resist the temptation to do a little honest mugging even then.

HILDA BASSLER
Rome, N. Y.

Sirs:

In your story on Zero Mostel you omit a few incidents which characterized Zero's impact with Hollywood.

(continued on p. 8)

"MARY NEVER ACTS HER AGE!"



AND TO HERSELF...

WHY SHOULD SHE? SHE DOESN'T
FEEL OLD AND TIRED LIKE I DO.
I WONDER WHY?



Tired? Washed out?

Low in resistance?

Read this vitality secret.

Have you given up trying to feel better? Do you think nature intended you to creep around in low gear—when others are getting a bang out of life? Then you may have a wonderful surprise coming.

If you're vitamin-deficient, Vimms can help restore your lost pep—help you really come back to life. And if lack of vitamins has lowered your resistance, they can help you put up a better fight against colds. Vimms have the six-vitamin formula doctors endorse (see chart below). And three vital minerals, too... Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. No other vitamin product at any price matches all Vimms advantages.

Yet Vimms cost only a few pennies a day—so little when you think what they may do for you. Get Vimms today. For a free sample, write a postcard to Lever Brothers Company, Dept. L-3, Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

LADIES: No calories, non-fattening.

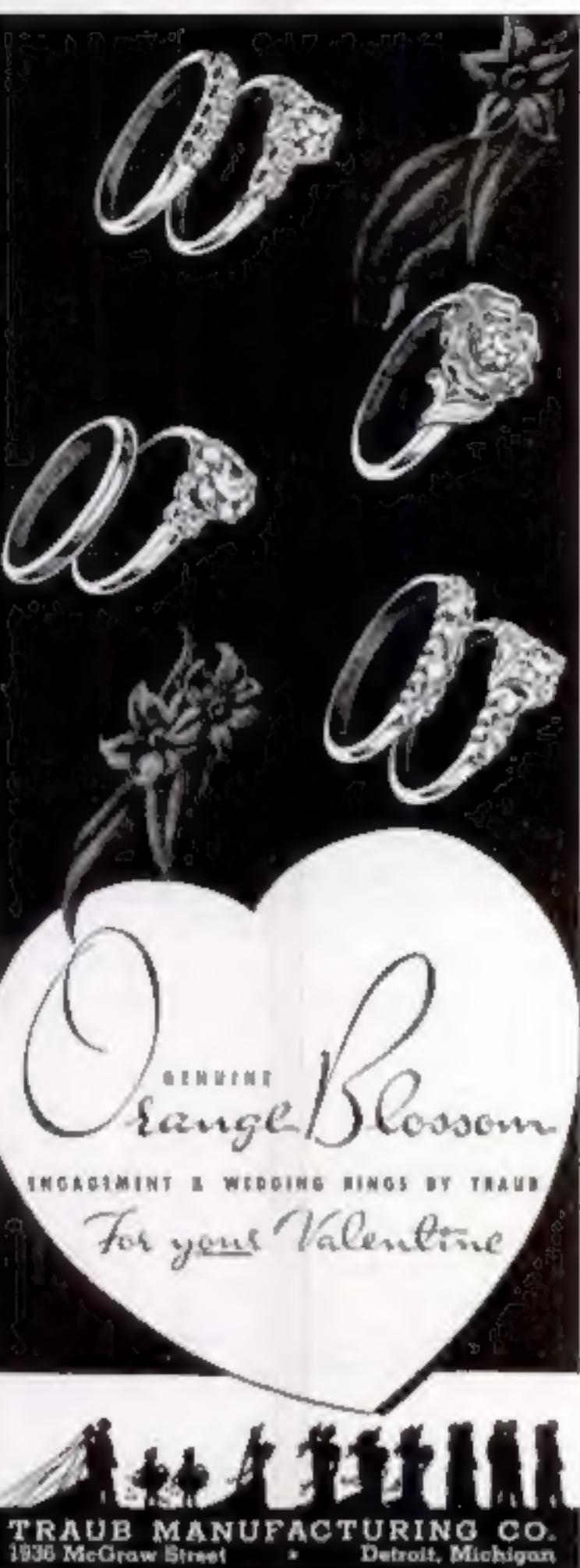
24 tablets . . . 50¢ 96 tablets . . . \$1.75
200 tablets . . . \$5.00
At your druggist's

GET THAT VIMMS FEELING!

DOCTORS ENDORSE 6-VITAMIN FORMULA*	
Medical recommendations are based on these govt standards	See how 3 Vimms meet or exceed these standards
4,000 USP Units	VITAMIN A 5,000 USP Units
1,000 micrograms	B ₁ 1,000 micrograms
2,000 micrograms	B ₂ 2,000 micrograms
600 USP Units	C 600 USP Units
400 USP Units	D 500 USP Units
10,000 micrograms	P-P 10,000 micrograms (Mucin Ascorate)
In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:	
CALCIUM 375 milligrams	
PHOSPHORUS 250 milligrams	
IRON 10 milligrams	
*Further information on request.	



all 6 vitamins AND 3 minerals
in each tasty Vimms tablet



TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO.
1936 McGraw Street Detroit, Michigan



A Mirapaca will keep you warm as toast this Winter...even though the temperature in your home, office or factory is less than the 65° standard set by the W.P.B. Soft, light as a feather and durable... it has that casual air that radiates smartness \$5.95
BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

WHAT'S GOOD FOR A *COLD?*

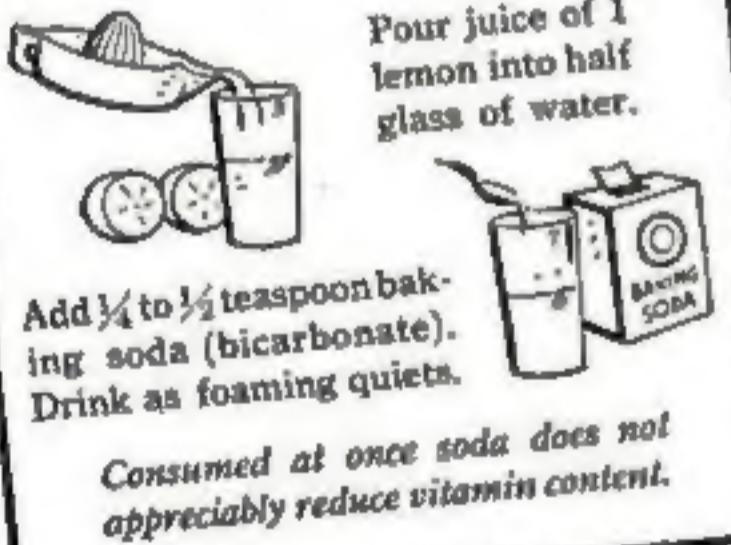
Temporary relief measures help... but here are 5 *basic* steps which most health authorities agree you should take. These steps aid your system in *throwing off the infection*. And Lemons help with all 5.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS	HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS
1 Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
2 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily— <i>taste</i> good even when you have a cold!
3 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue. It is a primary <i>anti-infection</i> vitamin.
4 Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
5 Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.

To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.

How to make Lemon & Soda



DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons, providing a natural alkalinizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection *all in one*, can help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

Copyr., 1949, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS!

"Today at the Dancers" — CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.— Fridays



Sunkist
Lemons

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

There was never a dull moment while he was here.

When he went to a movie theater, he was not an ordinary movie fan. When he approached the glassed-in sidewalk ticket window, he suddenly became an idiot, grunting his desire to purchase two tickets. When the ticket-seller finally fathomed his request, he handed her a \$100 bill, walked away without his change to leave her all the more baffled. By the time he returned to grunt out his complaint about her holding out his change, he had an audience that was more attentive than the one inside. When he finally got his change, he walked stupidly to the uniformed ticket-taker and handed him a dollar bill. The ticket-taker was naturally baffled. "What's the matter, isn't that enough?" screamed Mostel, handing the helpless man another bill. By this time the poor guy was searching for something to say, but before he could get it out, Mostel snarled, "Oh, so you take money from cripples, do you?" and walked into the theater.

When he went into Peppino's, a first-class Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills, he discovered that the armchair barely accommodated his ample bottom. At the first opportunity he rose and walked across the room, chair and all. Having thus attracted an audience, he returned and seized a long bread stick with which he gave an imaginary life solo. By this time all eyes were on him and the life became a telescope with which he peered back into the faces of his audience. Then butter was brought on. With elaborate gestures he carefully buttered the bread stick along its full length, becoming so engrossed in this detail that he went on buttering right up his sleeve to the shoulder.

SIDNEY L. JAMES
Hollywood, Calif.

PERSONALITY

Sirs:

In regard to your story on "Personality" (LIFE, Jan. 18) there is an interesting picture of Harry Hopkins for



RIGHT & LEFT FACES

your half-face analysis. I have made an analysis of this face and the results are startling. His "right face" is almost as good as a portrait, but look at the left one.

C. L. GRAY
East Orange, N. J.



Lovely model Susann Shaw wears Cannon's new Rayon Stockings and loves 'em! "They're sheer as a dream and wonderfully dull!" she says. "And just look at their nice smooth fit!"

"They've lasted longer than I ever hoped Rayons would, too!" brags Susann. "But you've got to wash all Rayons with extra care. Rayons are weaker when wet—and they need at least 36 hours to dry!"

Cannon Hosiery
HI-TWIST RAYON
SHEER COTTON LISLE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
CANNON TOWELS AND SHEETS

OUR TRADE MARK

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



ALSO BOYS & JUVENILES
SANDY RISSMAN
A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
FINE STURDY GABARDINE
LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
VARIOUS STYLES, COLORS AND LININGS
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



Go ahead on SYNTHETIC RUBBER... the Japs might take Malaya some day

It was exciting news to millions of Americans when the Washington Senators won their first World Series from the New York Giants, back in 1924. But not many saw anything to get excited about when the news leaked out, that same year, that the Japanese were fortifying the mandated islands in the far Pacific.

Then it was that Goodyear research chemists were given the go-ahead to develop an all-American synthetic rubber — something that would equal or excel the natural product. By 1927 they had evolved a process which produced a

liquid latex closely approximating natural rubber latex and patented it in both the United States and Great Britain.

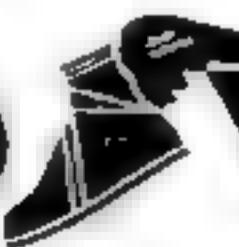
When the Japs did take Malaya a year ago we had, by the aid of this process,

industrial applications. And we had a complete manufacturing plant in operation, others under construction.

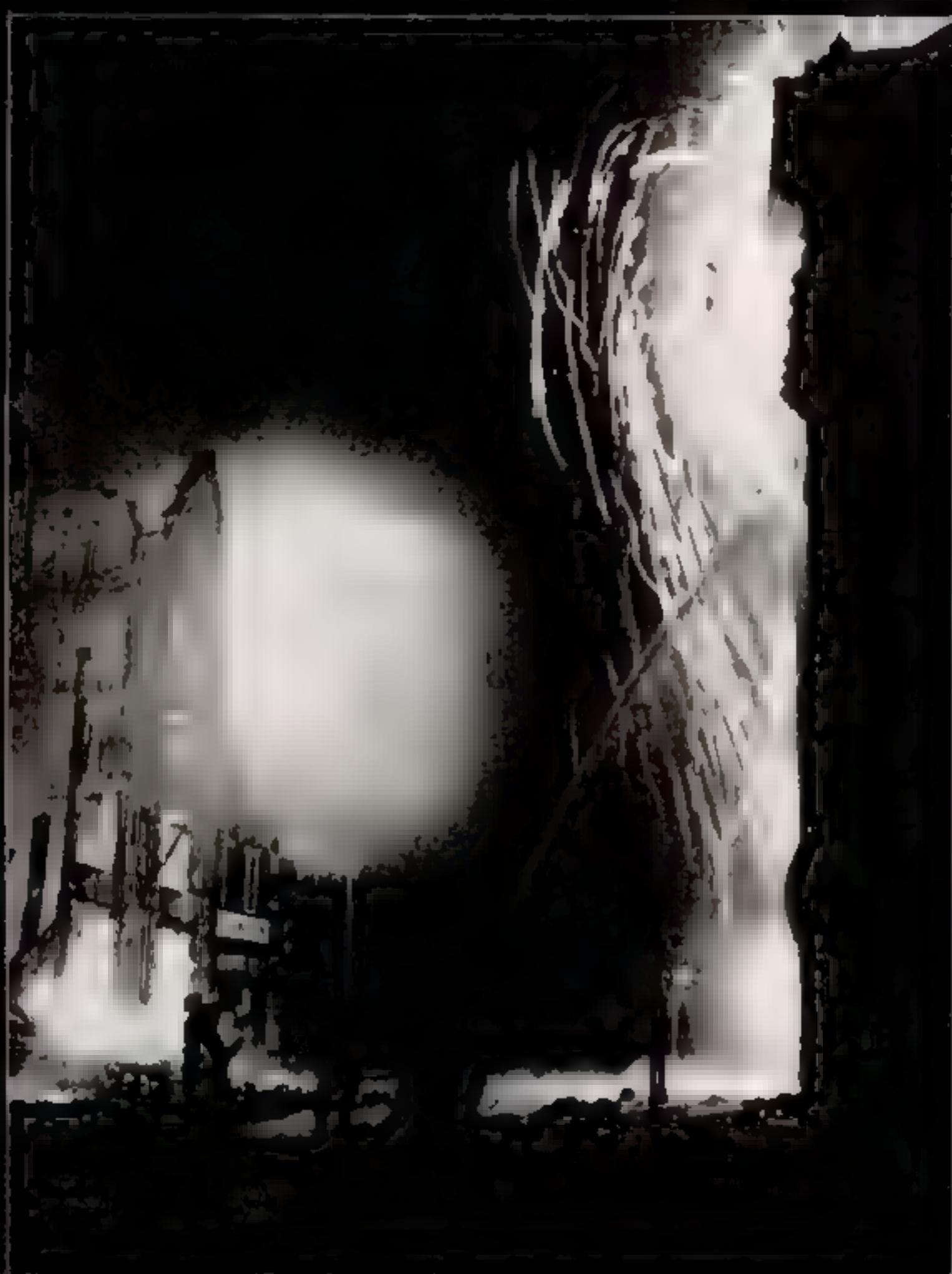
This was fortunate, because all our Chemigum production was immediately needed to build bullet-puncture-sealing tanks for airplanes, tires for combat cars and a host of other military needs. Today, as output increases through added facilities provided by the government war program, the day is not too far off when synthetic rubber will be produced in sufficient quantity to supply both soldiers and civilians.



made an improved product, now called Chemigum, superior to natural rubber for many uses, including a wide range of

GOOD  YEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Chemigum® T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... THESE REMIND ENGLISH OF THEIR TRIAL BY FIRE WHEN THEY STOOD ALONE

Today it is Germany that is an inferno by night as a great company of Allies presents to us the demand "unconditional surrender." But two years ago Germany had lost one surviving enemy—Britain, and the German bombers tried to make a frightful example of the little island that had defied the hordes of Hitler. It did not work—but only by a frighteningly narrow margin. The look of that terrible German machine has perhaps grown a little dim in the hearts of the democracies. It is now being refreshed by the British in an official government booklet called *Front Line London*, which has already sold 1,000,000 copies in England at 40¢ apiece.

LIFE printed scores of pictures of the blitz when it was on. But *Front Line* includes many pictures that had not before been released by the British censors. Some are shown here. They include scenes from the "death blow" of September 1940 to the kiss-off raid of May 10, 1941.

The agony shown here is beyond the comprehension of Americans. The opening stroke at the heart of London Sept. 7 left nine "conflagrations," the technical name for a fire area so large that several hundred pumps are required to bring it under control. In action 30 pump fires, forty 40-pump fires and a thousand other fires, most of which would have been front-page stories in peacetime. The same went on every night in September, and substantially until the middle of November. Nights of a thousand fires were not unusual. Fires were fires consisting entirely of rum, of pepper of paint, of rubber of sugar, of tea. London stood up to it and took it. Today it is Germany that is being put under the same sort of ordeal by fire, in double and triple measure.



No war job for Nora



NORA NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But she's due to take a test for a job as a welder at 10.

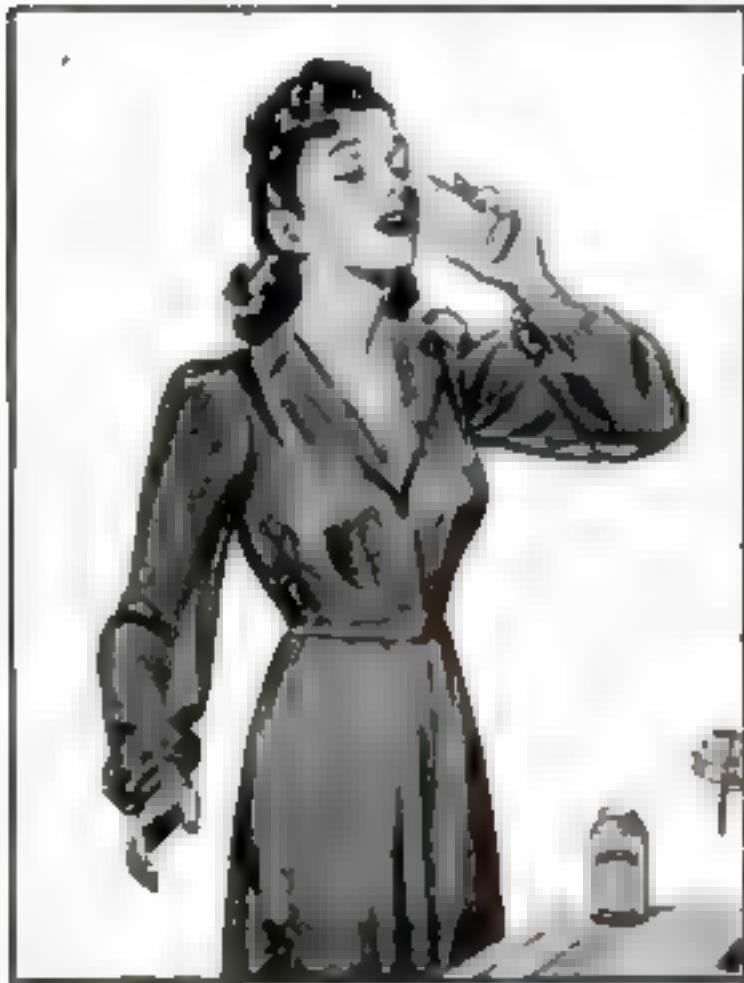
"Relief will have to wait," Nora decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.



FEELING SLUGGISH due to symptoms of constipation, Nora flubs her welding test.

"In times like these, folks ought to keep fit," Nora hears somebody whisper as she starts to leave.

Mildred makes the grade



MILDRED NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's taking a test for a welding job, too.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says Mildred. So she takes Sal Hepatica, knowing that it usually acts within an hour.



"GOOD WORK," approves the employment manager as Mildred zips through her trial job like an old hand. "Report for work tomorrow morning."

"It's lucky I took that Sal Hepatica," thinks Mildred, smiling.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica

IT'S YOUR DUTY to keep fit in these trying times. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take *speedy*, gentle Sal Hepatica. *3 out*



of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend it.

No discomfort. No griping. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed liquid bulk

to the intestinal tract. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; and so helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Try Sal Hepatica, the next time you need a laxative.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN *{ "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays 8:30 P.M., EWT }*

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



BUILDING FRONT FALLS AT 31 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET NEAR WATLING



GUTTED WALL IN MANCHESTER'S BEANSGATE FALLS INTO TROLLEY WIRES



MORNING SHOWS LONDON STREET OF SMASHED CARS, GRAY WRECKAGE



IN THE past ten years, Rear-Admiral J. D. MacN...*, Ch.C., U.S.N., ret., has come to the conclusion that one of the great obstacles to better hearing in America is the average man's unreasoning refusal to wear a hearing aid.

In 1919 shortly after his return from France, where he served as chaplain with the Marines in the historic 2nd Division from 1917 until after Bellau Woods, he noticed that he was missing lots of conversation but, like most folks, he paid no attention to it. His hearing grew worse, but he kept "padding it off" because he'd don't like the idea of wearing a hearing aid. And not until 10 years ago, when he was forced to get a hearing aid, did he realize how much his prejooice had cost him.

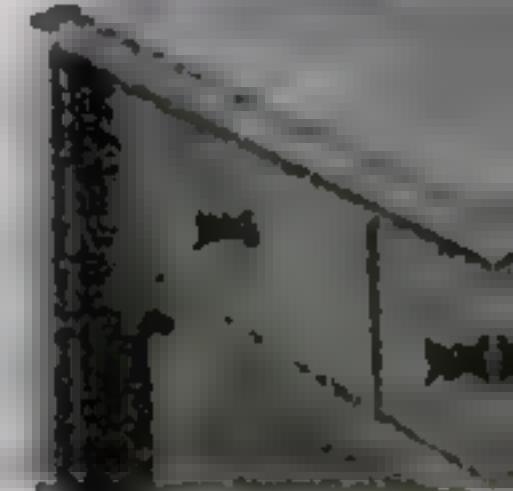
Rear-Admiral MacN... was especially interested to discover how considerably his hearing could be improved. Without his Sonotone he can't hear ordinary conversation. With it he carries on a thoroughly normal, busy life and, since his retirement from the Navy, has been constantly in demand as a speaker because of his fluency as a lecturer and his world-wide travel. Frequently, hearing impairment affects a man's speech. Rear Admiral MacN... goes on the platform several times a month at patriotic and civic occasions and because he now can hear his own voice, is able to control and modulate it and answer questions from his hearers.

This reluctance to give your ears the same scientific assistance that you give your eyes when they need it, is a serious handicap to the nation's war effort. Hundreds of thousands of Americans could do more to help win the war if they could hear better. And a surprisingly high percentage can hear better if they will pick up the telephone and call the nearest Sonotone office. Thanks largely to Sonotone's 14 years of scientific research, there have been amazing advances in the power, clarity, wearability and individualized fitting of modern audicles. And 140 Sonotone offices stand ready to help any man or woman in America to better hearing.

*Name omitted in accordance with medical principles.



REAR-ADmiral MacN... permits us to cite his personal experience because he believes the refusal to wear a hearing aid is a detriment to national welfare. It is not to be construed as the Navy's endorsement of Sonotone.



For information on Sonotone telephone or write any of the 140 Sonotone offices in the United States, or write Sonotone, Elmsford, N. Y. (In Canada, address 14 Yonge Street, Toronto)

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"FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"...the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"

Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, years ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

BETWEEN—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

"FIRST"

Long Distance

Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave push button operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers are war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we can tell you. First...we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. Second...we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time

arrives. Third...we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here as citizens—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS

the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

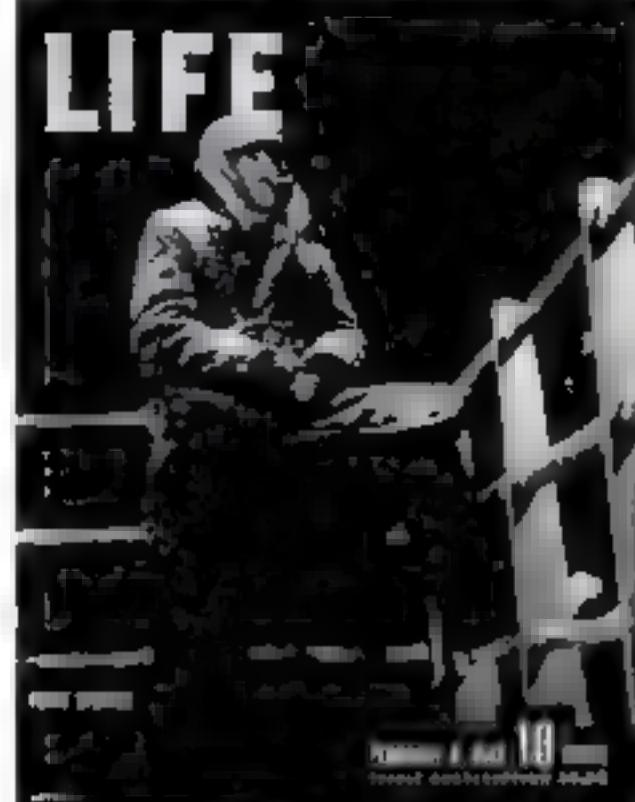
—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

LIFE'S COVER



Robert J. Boyd, on this week's cover, is a faithful plane spotter at Kent, Conn. (pp. 46-48). He is postmaster and keeps a general store at South Kent. Before midnight, when he went on duty, it was 20° below zero, and snowing. He braved the weather during his entire shift because he couldn't stay awake indoors.

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*With the armed forces

†Prisoner of war

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Z WITH "QUICK ACTING BC"

10¢ and 25¢

"BC" contains not just one but several effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

Yes! You'll Get
Richardson's
MINT

But Not All You'd Like for
You Know Sugar is Rationed



Made of Pure Cane Sugar 10c

All Mint, Jelly Centers, Patties, Striped Mint

• Some Big Package of Richardson's Mint—but not as many packages as you'd like for our Sugar is Rationed, too.

THOS. B. RICHARDSON CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

The bomb that started a revolution

IT USED to be a slow job to make a bomb casing. You had to hollow out a solid piece of steel. You had to spend time machining the outside surface.

But today, in a bomb plant, you see a white hot tube of steel slide into a big machine. The tube spins at dizzy speed. And before you know it, magic mechanical arms have shaped the tube into a finished bomb shell... ten times faster than it's ever been done before!

All because somebody in a United States Steel plant had an ingenious idea to "spin" a bomb and shape it the way a potter shapes his clay.

The first bomb made this way started a bomb-making revolution. Because United States Steel turned the process over to other bomb makers, too... so that America's growing swarms of bombers wouldn't lack "eggs" to drop on the Axis.

From United States Steel laboratories come other amazing things to help win the war. Tough helmet steel that stops a .45 bullet. Portable air-fields. A new faster method of making bullet-core steel.

After the war... what?

After the war, steel will serve you even better. Everything from washing machines to skyscrapers will share in these better steels inspired by war. In peace, as in war, no other material rivals steel in useful qualities. The U.S.S. Label will mean more than ever on the peacetime goods you buy.

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NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA



*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come... for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.





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A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Hans Wild, one of three LIFE staff photographers now headquartered in London, took most of the pictures for this week's essay on the recreational week when the American Red Cross is going to Great Britain (pp. 85-93). While serving in a stamping club, he gained first hand experience of Red Cross Hospital Work. Wild started his career as a bookkeeper whose hobby was photography, is now a free-lance photographer whose hobby is music.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (line separated by a dot).

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TURNED DOWN...BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?



REMEMBER: 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT



...GIVE YOU GOOD LOOKING HAIR!



HERE'S HOW: Shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp... that's all you'll need to keep your hair right from morning till night! Simple—yet it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff, by supplementing the natural scalp oils. And as an extra aid, before every shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—and rub a little on afterwards. Remember... for double care, both scalp and hair, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. Remember, too... it's different because it contains no drying ingredient!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

40c
and
70c



At Home with a War Worker's Family

Camera man spends day with industrious, bond-buying Lindler family of suburban Cleveland, Ohio—finds out how a typical war-worker's home is run.



Tuesday evenings Mr. Lindler devotes to bowling—one of the most popular sports among Cleveland's men and women war-workers. When Lindler is "in form" the strikes come thick and fast. And like most real fans, he has his own monogrammed ball and his special carrying case.



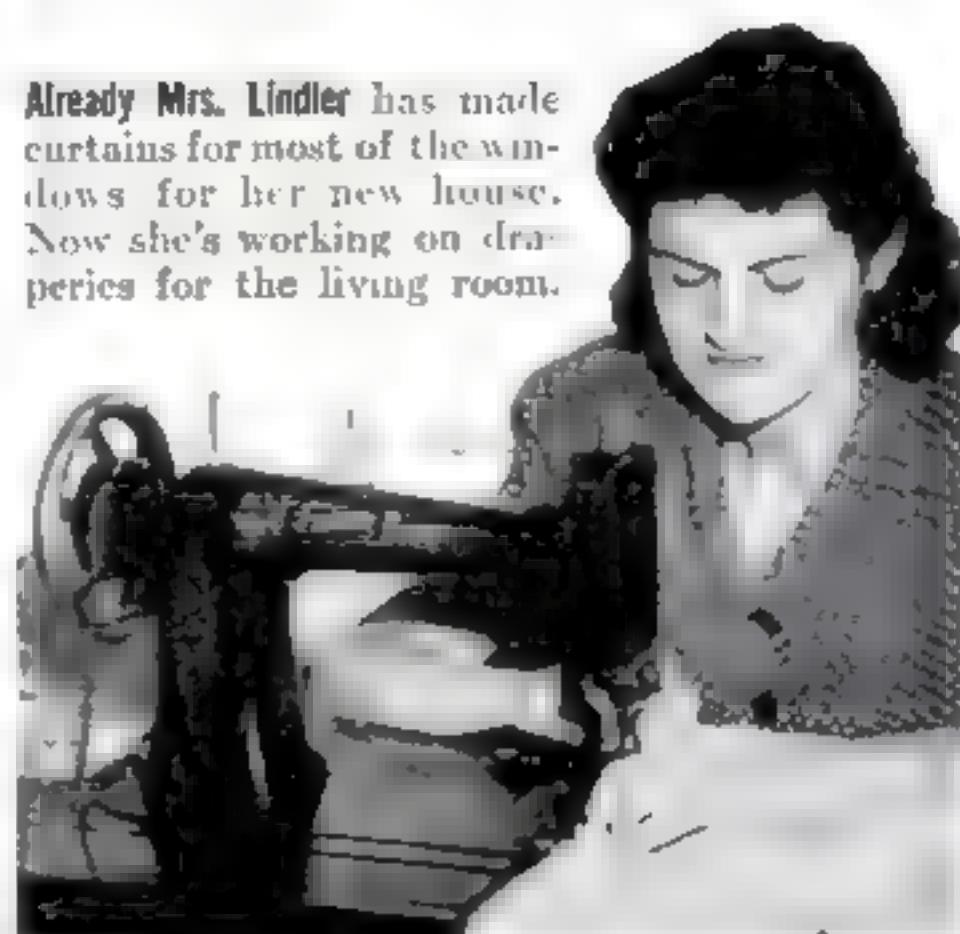
A favorite Lindler supper is potted meat loaf with browned potatoes, peas, pickled beets and apple pie. In order to save fuel, Mrs. Lindler cooks the meat loaf on top of the stove—adds a touch of racy flavor with 2 tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce.

Meet the Lindlers, who have just moved to their new home in Euclid, Ohio. Peter—skilled toolmaker in a Cleveland war plant—leaves the house at 7 a.m., 6 days a week—often works 12 hours a day. A candid camera enthusiast, Lindler enjoys making his own enlargements. And his wife helps him with his hobby. Her main interests are her home, her family, cooking and sewing.

Like Mrs. Lindler, thousands of America's thrifty, flavor-wise homemakers rely on Heinz Condiments to make wartime meals doubly tempting. Heinz Chili Sauce does tasty things for stews and inexpensive cuts of meat—and 57 Beefsteak Sauce heightens the appeal of game, fish and sea foods. You can lend a lively tang to lunch box sandwiches with Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish and Prepared Mustards. And use Heinz Pure Vinegars to bring out the best in salads. Remember, too, that crisp, crunchy Heinz Pickles add zest to meatless meals and casserole dishes!

57

Already Mrs. Lindler has made curtains for most of the windows for her new house. Now she's working on draperies for the living room.



Cellar shelves are trimmed with paper cut in jigsaw pattern—lined with canned fruits, pickled peppers, cucumbers, beets. Part of her good luck with pickles Mrs. L. attributes to Heinz Distilled White Pickling Vinegar, which she buys by the economical gallon at puttin' up time.



Elaine, 11 months old, was raised on Heinz Standard Foods—now eats Heinz Junior Foods. Like millions of mothers, Mrs. L. has tasted various baby foods—prefers Heinz for flavor, color, texture.



PRESIDENT SALUTES FLAG OUTSIDE CASABLANCA, AS HIS DRIVER YOUNG STAFF SERGEANT GRAM LASS OF KANSAS CITY, MO., GOES STIFF WITH PRIDE AND RESPONSIBILITY

ROOSEVELT IN NORTH AFRICA

THE PRESIDENT INTERRUPTS HISTORIC CONFERENCE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN HIGH COMMAND TO REVIEW U. S. TROOPS

The American armored troops were more than 9,000 miles from home and they had been in a fight. They lined up for a review by "another bunch of brass hats." As they presented arms, staring straight ahead, there passed a jeep bearing their Commander in Chief, the President of the U. S. They could not have been more astonished—yet, in the historic picture above near the airport north of Casablanca Jan. 21, the camera of A. P.'s Photographer Harrison Roberts records not a wavering eye in the line of men.

The regiment dipped its flag and the officers gave their commander the military salute. But the President returned the civilian salute to his only superior, the people of the U. S., represented by the Stars and Stripes which is dipped to no person. The officers in the seat behind, Major General Ernest N. Harmon (*left*) and Lieut. General Mark Clark, snapped to the

salute too. But beside them the President's portly bodyguard, Charles Frederick, kept about his watchful business, as did the Secret Service men walking beside the jeep. The air overhead hummed with an incessant guard of American fighter planes. The President looked deadly serious, though he laughed later when his hat blew off and General Clark caught it.

This was a stirring intermission in the great Anglo-American conference President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had called at Casablanca between Jan. 14 and 24. They had brought together 24 of their key military men and civilians in a barbed-wire enclosure, heavily guarded by American infantrymen, without the enemy discovering their meeting place. Churchill had arrived first, Roosevelt two days later.

The business of the meeting was victory, which meant, said Roosevelt, the "unconditional surren-

der" of Germany, Italy and Japan. After the victory, he announced, there would be no massacres of the conquered peoples but only the extermination of the philosophy of conquest. The first steps toward victory were discussed by the convention of gold braid. They included, said Roosevelt, continued attack, all possible aid to Russia (echoed at week's end in Iran by General Breton B. Somervell, commander of the U. S. Services of Supply) and assistance to China.

In flying to North Africa, Roosevelt became the first American President to leave the country in wartime and to go up in a plane. On the way home, President Roosevelt called on the presidents of Liberia and Brazil. And on the tenth anniversary of his annual Birthday Ball, which was also, to the exact day, the tenth anniversary of Adolf Hitler's rule, he sent from Trinidad a message of hope and determination



Roosevelt and Churchill study a document at their Casablanca meeting. Asked by the press reporters to remove their hats, the Prime Minister warned against the tropical sun and kept his on. But the President said, "I was born without a hat and can take it off whenever I want to."

Roosevelt and son exchange a whispered confab during the President's press conference. Lieutenant Elliott Roosevelt, one of the Chief Executive's four sons in the armed forces, was a hero of the African fighting and recently was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.





Generals Giraud and De Gaulle shake hands, American fashion, in front of President Roosevelt during the informal press conference held at noon on Jan. 24. The two famous French leaders who hold the key to the complex North African situation walked into the rear garden of the Casablanca villa where the historic meeting was staged shortly after Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had entered. General Giraud, High Commissioner for French Africa, sat on the Presi-

dent's right, and General De Gaulle, leader of the Fighting French, on his left. After photographers had snapped pictures of the four dignitaries chatting, President Roosevelt asked the French generals to stand and shake hands for the cameras. The two tall, proud, jealous Frenchmen rose stiffly. Neither made a move to kiss the other's cheek in the traditional French salutation, but instead clasped hands quickly. Some of the photographers complained they had missed the

shot. "Okay, boys, but this will have to be the last one," Mr. Roosevelt said. The French leaders shook hands again, and soon after left. On Jan. 29 General Giraud announced that there would be military and economic liaison between French North Africa and the Fighting French but "without any idea of politics." He termed the get-together at Casablanca the "first step" between him and De Gaulle. "We have, he and I," Giraud stated, "the same aim, defeat of the Germans."

(continued)

AT CASABLANCA IN MOROCCO ALLIED GOLD BRAID PLANS NEXT STAGES OF VICTORY

What a commander looks like may perhaps be discovered in this gallery of the faces that confronted one another in the Roosevelt-Churchill conference in Casablanca between Jan. 14 and 24. They include eleven Americans, eleven Englishmen and two Frenchmen. Beside the two head men, only five were civilians. If Roosevelt and Churchill had a plan, they had before them the key men who will have to understand it and

carry it out. The winter's victories in Africa, Russia and the South Pacific had put them all in a good frame of mind. But victories are often as much a cause of discord as defeats. The wise and eloquent Churchill, however, made a point of deferring to Roosevelt, whose "ardent lieutenant I am." In the code, Roosevelt was referred to as "Admiral," Churchill as "Commodore."

The two immediate local problems before the con-



General Marshall, 62, is U. S. Chief of Staff and No. 1 American soldier.



Admiral King, 64, is the Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet and the No. 1 American sailor.



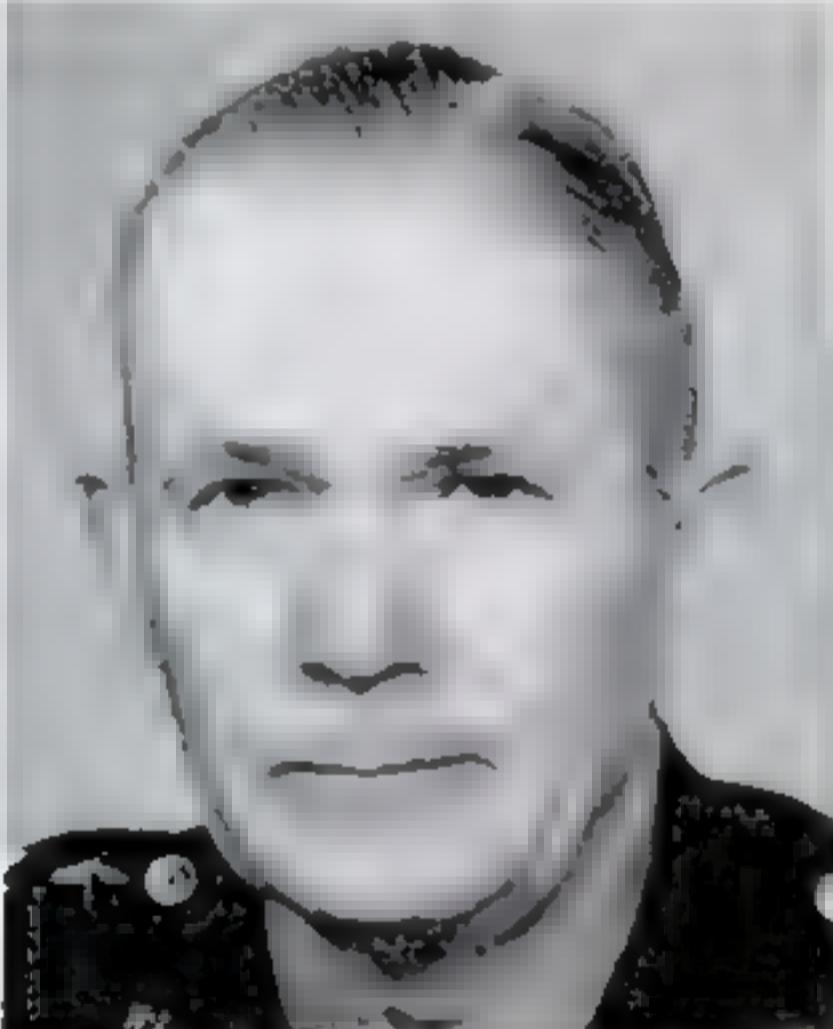
General Arnold, 56, is chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces and of the Air Forces general staff.



Harry Hopkins, 52, is President Roosevelt's alter ego and boss of munitions allocation.



Averell Harriman, 51, is American coordinator in London for Lend-Lease.



General Somervell, 50, is U. S. Commanding General of Services of Supply. He equips the armies.



General Eisenhower, 52, is U. S. Commander in Chief of the Expeditionary Force in North Africa.



General Giraud, 61, is High Commissioner of French Africa succeeding the late Darlan.



General Spaatz, 51, is air commander of the Allied forces in North Africa.



General Clark, 46, is commander of U. S. Fifth Army in North Africa and was No. 2 in command.



General Andrews, 59, is commander of U. S. Air Forces in the Middle East area under Alexander.



Robert Murphy, 48, is civil affairs officer for Eisenhower, and adviser on local politics.

ference were both headaches produced by victory. The easier was the problem of a united command in Tunisia when Montgomery and Alexander join with Eisenhower, Anderson, Clark and Juin for the pay-off smash at Rommel and von Arnim. The second was the mutual aloofness among those Frenchmen now at liberty over which of them are pure enough to fight Hitler. Even Roosevelt and Churchill could not get Giraud

and De Gaulle to do much more than shake hands on the lawn of the Casablanca villa. Both towering Frenchmen were "occasionally difficult" but the meeting's first fruits came in last week's rallying to all Frenchmen by Giraud and his congratulations to the Fighting French on their victories in Libya. Giraud has 70,000 white North Africans fighting, mostly only with rifles, while the regulars sit around in barracks. De Gaulle's

troops from the desert will shortly join Giraud's men.

Beyond these problems, the great benefit of the Casablanca conference was that Anglo-American admirals and generals got to know their opposite numbers. In any nation, a man with gold braid finds it hard to loosen up toward a man in a different kind of uniform. Under the eyes of the head men, the top officers at Casablanca were induced to loosen up a little with one another.



Admiral Pound, 65, half-American, is British Admiral of the Fleet and First Sea Lord.



General Brooke, 50, is British Chief of Imperial General Staff under Prime Minister Churchill.



Air Marshal Portal, 49, has been British Chief of the Air Staff since 1940, fought the German blitz.



Lord Leathers, 59, is British Minister of War Transport, self-made man.



General DeGaulle, 42, is the leader of the Fighting French, half the French Empire.



Field Marshal Dill, 61, is the head of the powerful British Joint Staff Mission in Washington.



Admiral Mountbatten, 42, is British Chief of Combined Operations (i.e., the British Commandos).



General Ismay, 55, is military chief of staff to Prime Minister Churchill.



Admiral Cunningham, 59, is British commander of naval operations off North Africa.



General Alexander, 51, is commander in chief of British forces in Middle East over Montgomery.



Air Marshal Tedder, 52, is the British commander of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East.



Harold Macmillan, 48, is British Resident Minister at GHQ in North Africa.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The War of Magic Carpets Has Now Become a War of Grim Death

Mr. Roosevelt rubbed his lamp and the genie appeared. He was a very modern genie, who knew all about airplanes and radio and jeeps, yet he could trace his ancestry right back to olden times when men believed in magic. Having received elaborate instructions, he vanished. The next thing anybody knew, American doughboys were lined up in the square at Casablanca, not so very far from where the genie's ancestors had originated. And as they stood at attention there appeared before each soldier's amazed and unbelieving eyes the President of the U. S. riding in a jeep.

Meanwhile the genie had fixed up a big white villa with a garden in back of it, which no outsider was allowed to approach on pain of death. And when the newsmen were finally admitted, who should be sitting there, surrounded by brilliant red flowers and bathed in African sunshine, but the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who wore a hat, and the President of the U. S., who didn't wear a hat (because, as he explained to the newsmen, he had been born without one). It was then that Mr. Roosevelt made his significant announcement. This, he said, is the Unconditional Surrender Conference.

The Genie Fell Down

Thus the Casablanca stage setting was almost perfect. But the operators back home had some trouble with the floodlights. The news was preceded by a vast 24-hour build-up, one radio announcer going so far as to predict that it would be the most momentous of the war. To housewives this could only mean one thing—more rationing. Many of the good citizens of Worcester, Mass., for example, rushed to the gas stations and grocery stores to lay in a final stock. In South Bend, Ind., just before the announced deadline of 10 p. m., a locomotive whistle got stuck and scores of citizens thought the engineer was announcing the armistice.

Behind the scenes the dopesters were conjuring up mammoth predictions—that a United Nations Council or unified board of strategy was about to be created—that the French political situation in Africa was about to be solved—and so forth. But nothing of the kind was announced. The two French leaders, Generals De Gaulle and Giraud, actually shook hands. We were told that the offensive moves for 1943 had been discussed and agreed upon. We gathered that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had been "informed" of all the decisions, although whether he was to be given anything much more than "information" during 1943 was not stated. And we discovered that Josef Stalin had declined an invitation to attend.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The gray American transports steamed near to the beaches of Guadalcanal. Over the sides into landing boats went thousands of American troops,

This latter item, indeed, was a sour note in an otherwise very glamorous affair. The genie somehow fell down on that one. And many were quick to make note of the fact.

The Germans Turn to Fear

Of course no one could know what Mr. Stahn's reasons were for declining to attend. But at least one reason could be deduced from the strange and unfamiliar antics of the German domestic radio. While the Casablanca conference was in session this Hitler-controlled propaganda machine adopted a radically new line. Instead of boasting of victories, and promising more, it now began almost to boast of defeat. It not only announced the Russian gains; it portrayed them in grim and gruesome dispatches, sometimes accompanied by funeral marches. The *Volkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's own paper, warned the nation to be prepared for a military crisis worse than 1918. "Only those possessing the highest inward courage," said the *Beobachter* somberly, "will remain unaffected in the belief that Germany will be victorious." Hitler was evidently embarked upon a campaign to create fear among his own people. According to Zurich reports, the people of Berlin were talking openly about the "Russian avalanche." A German correspondent, broadcasting from the front, referred to the Russian offensive as "a gigantic tidal wave. . . . When I first saw the endless Soviet columns preceded by the heaviest tanks an ice-cold hand seemed to grasp at my heart. Almighty God, give us the strength to withstand this flood," I prayed." The German-controlled Paris radio crowned the campaign of fear with a tin-horn imitation of Mr. Churchill: "The German armies will be fighting against the Bolsheviks on the steppes of Russia, in the marshes of Poland, on the plains of Germany, on the fields of France and, if necessary, in the olive groves of Spain."

Magic Carpets vs. Grim Death

There are a number of possible motives behind this German campaign to inspire fear in Germans. The OWI has rightly warned Americans not to get sucked in by it. But however sinister its motives, this strange propaganda does in a sense mark the end of an era. This era began with the so-called "phony war" in 1939, and ended with Hitler's squeaky boasts last summer that Stalingrad was doomed. It was an era of words and phrases, of propaganda wizardry, of magic carpets over which armies marched to great conquests with little or no resistance. Time was, for instance, when the bloated Mussolini could win the laurels of a Roman Caesar with a few thunderous words and a magic-carpet expedition against pathetic little Ethiopia. Time was when Adolf Hitler could hypnotize foreign governments with propaganda and then march his armies into their midst to make an

easy conquest. But those times are ended—and Josef Stalin has been the chief instrument in ending them. Whatever the German radio campaign may mean, it is symptomatic of the only kind of strategy in which Josef Stahn will be interested, so long as a single German remains on Russian soil—the strategy of grim death.

And as a matter of fact, most of the globe is now in the grip of this kind of strategy. The Chinese, manning their thin line against the mechanized Japs or working themselves to near exhaustion in the overloaded offices of Chungking, have never known the luxury of magic carpets. Ever since the Battle of Britain, the British too have been in the grim mood. In no other mood would their young airmen have been able to ward off the onslaught of the German Luftwaffe. In no other mood would Mr. Churchill have dared to ship men and material to Egypt, against Rommel, when England herself was in danger of attack. This is the mood of total and unforgiving war. This is the new mood of the earth.

A Tangible Partner

Of course the U. S., protected from bombs and gunfire by thousands of miles of water, has been slow to understand this mood. Of the great powers, we are the last to come to it. Yet we are getting pretty grim ourselves. And perhaps the slight sense of disappointment that many Americans felt in the announcement of the Casablanca conference arose from the fact that it was somehow a bit reminiscent of the magic-carpet days.

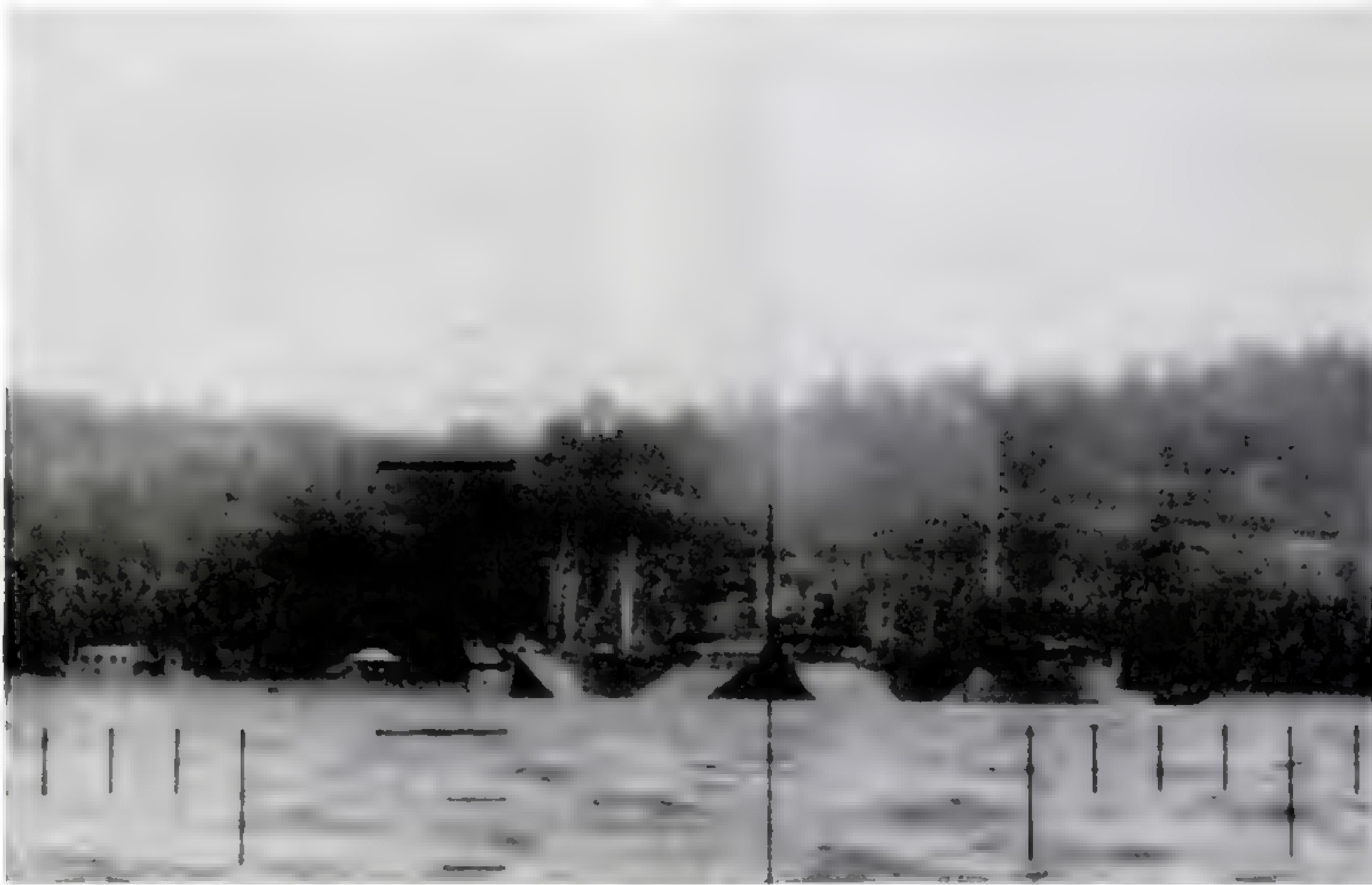
But on the other hand, when all the facts are in, historians may mark the Casablanca Conference as a turning point in the U. S. war effort. It may well emerge as the first conference at which the U. S. could talk of guns and soldiers on hand, instead of soldiers and guns on order. The enemy can no longer think of us merely in terms of the future. He must now think of us in terms of the present also. Our lend-lease program has exported more than \$10 billion worth of food and war materials all over the world. Our shipbuilding industry has managed to produce enough tonnage to keep democracy afloat on the North Atlantic. Our tanks are coming off the production line by the thousands. And our airplanes, tested in battle, are bombing Europe on their own. The British representatives at Casablanca must have felt, perhaps for the first time, that they were dealing with a tangible partner; a partner that exists, not just in the newspaper headlines, but in the tough and practical business of joint command; a partner that has taken a long time to get ready but is now at last a working partner—in the strategy of grim death. If this is what Mr. Roosevelt meant by an "unconditional surrender conference" he will get plenty of backing from Americans who are fed up with merely playing at the game of war.

hot and bearded and dirty from weeks at sea with no fresh water to wash in. As soon as their boats crunched up on the sand and their tents were

pitched and their foxholes dug, the troops wandered over to a nearby river, gratefully pulled off their clothes, plunged into the cool fresh water.



in the cool fresh water of a mountain stream. In fact, it is the only way to transport grain from the fields.



A camouflaged Jap merchantman rules unsuspectingly at anchor in a Jap-controlled Pacific harbor. Through the periscope of a U. S. submarine, this picture was snapped. To get near such harbors, the

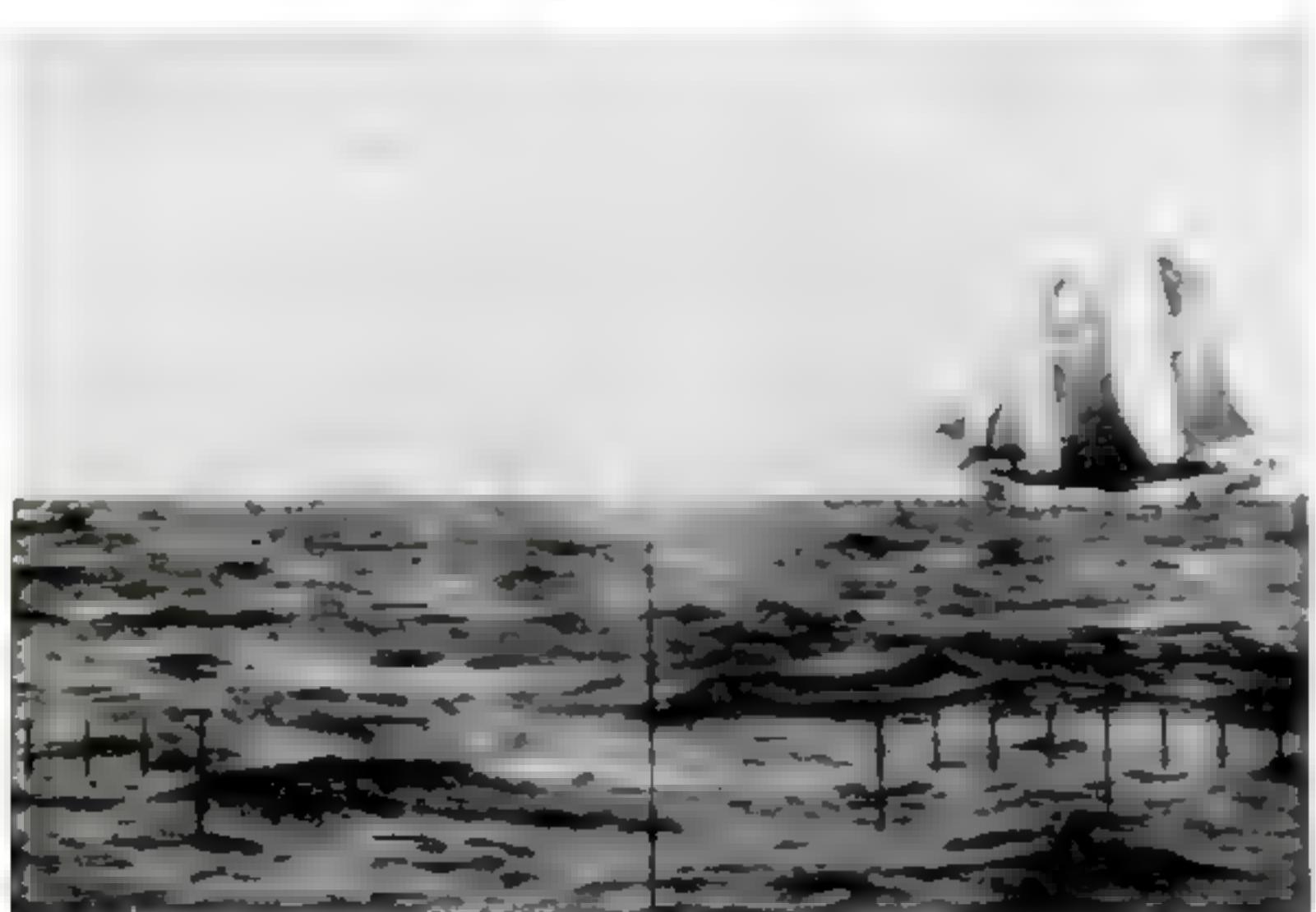
subs must sneak through a protecting cordon of destroyers, transports and fishing vessels, all with powerful radios, which the Japs station several hundred miles offshore from their bases.

U. S. SUBS AT WORK

Pictures taken through periscopes give glimpse of the destruction done to Jap ships by the "silent service"

Last week as usual U. S. submarines were moving silently through the coastal waters of Japan. For more than a year now some of them have always been there, in sight of the big ports and the big cities, watching Jap convoys, sinking Jap ships. By Jan. 19 they had been officially credited with 112 transports and warships, but probably they had sunk many more.

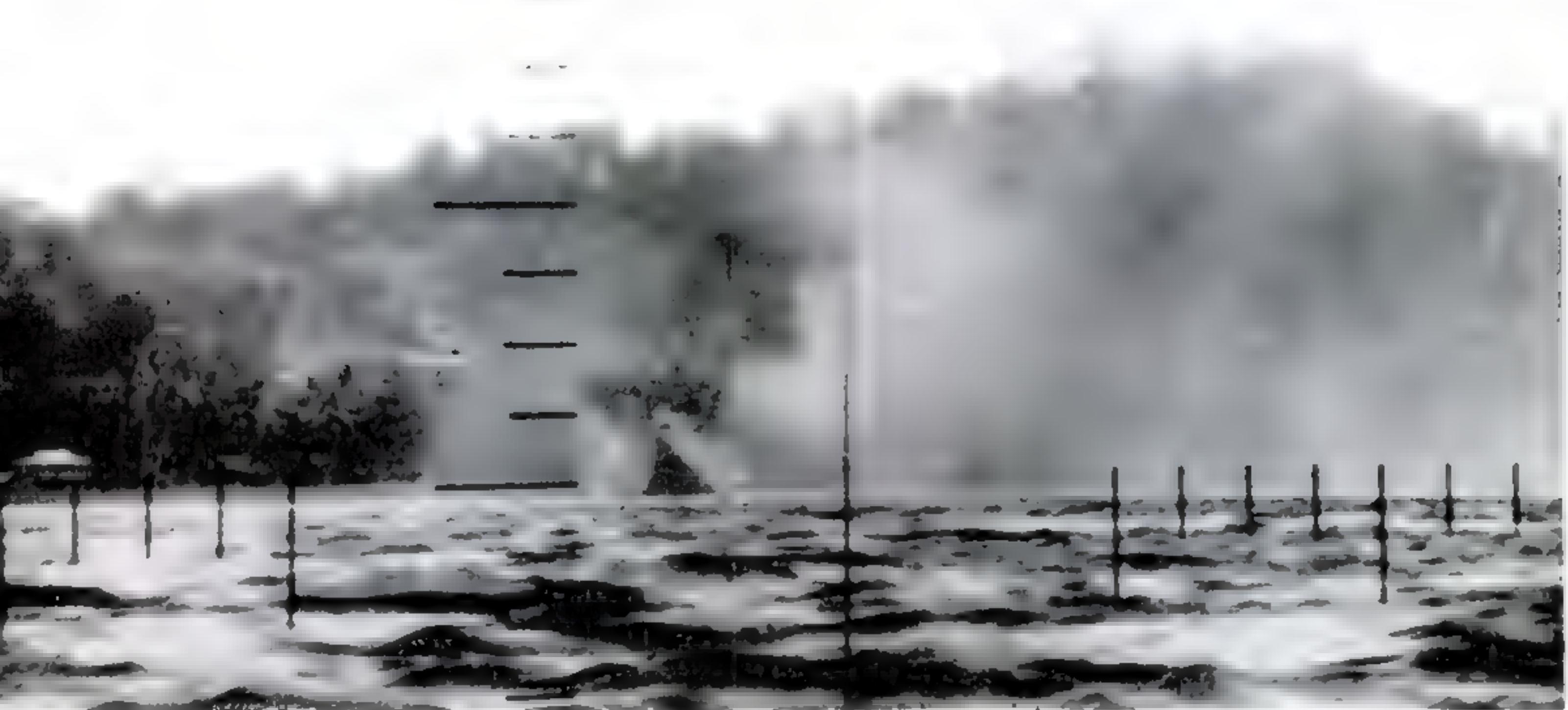
Submarine duty is called the "silent service." Its ships live in secrecy, work in secrecy, die in secrecy. The public cannot know what they are doing. From their island bases they disappear into the Pacific for as long as three or four months. When at last they do come home, their men are pale and tired. But invariably on the ships' conning towers are proudly painted the outlines of five or ten Jap ships, the number corresponding to the number of the subs' sure sinkings.



Under full sail a big lumbering Japanese ketch thrashes into view of an American sub's periscope. These sailing ships, once used to haul copra and inter-island supplies, are now Jap patrol vessels.



Bursting into flames amidships, Jap merchantman, which may have been used as a transport, gets ready for sinking in full view of U. S. sub which a minute before torpedoed her.



Three torpedoes from the U. S. submarine, which took the picture at left, hit the camouflaged Jap ship and blow her up amidships. Already the smoke has concealed all except the

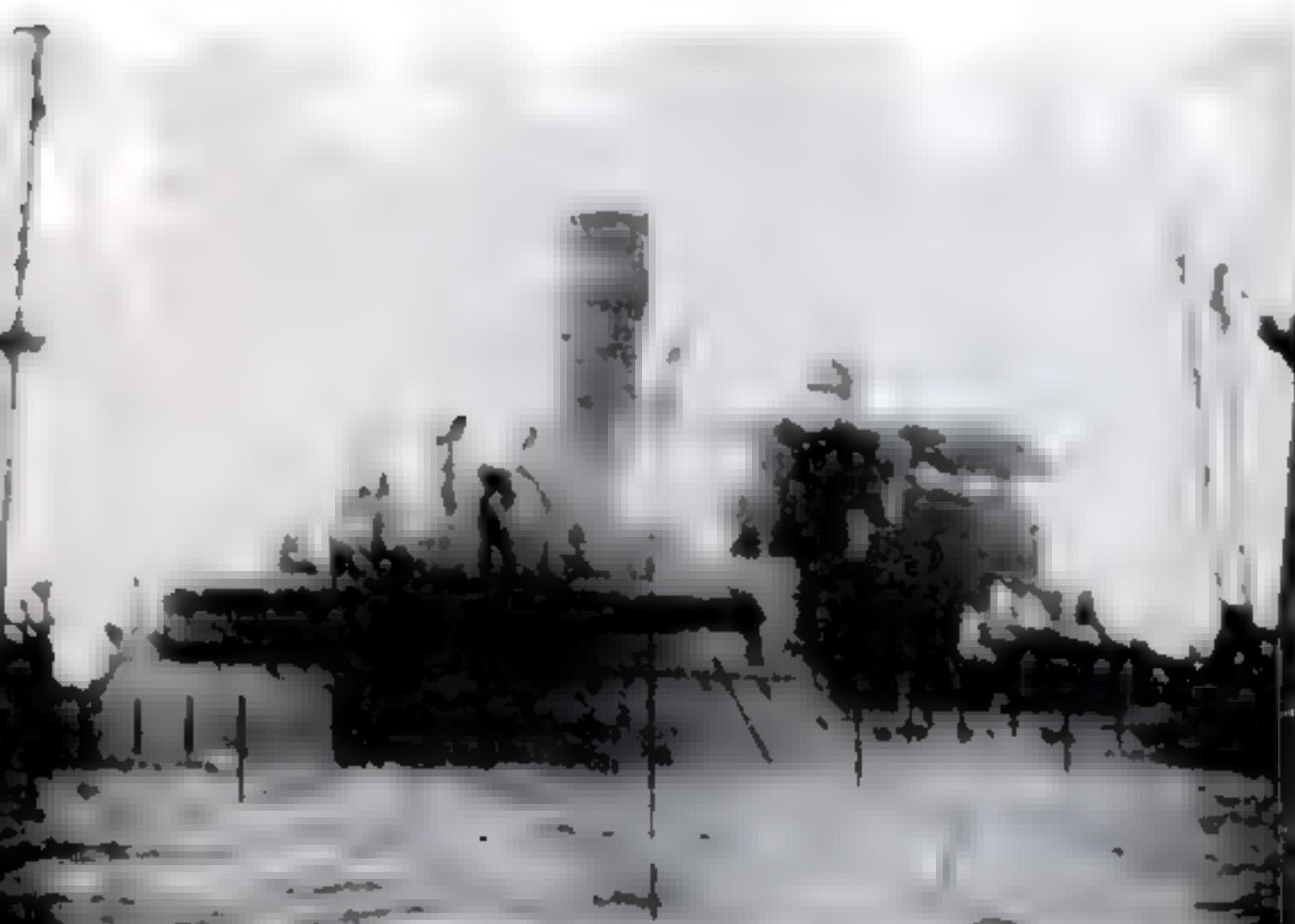
bow of the sinking 9,000-ton ship. The U. S. submarine stands daringly by, watching and taking pictures. Sometimes the subs are bombed, depth-charged and fired at by shore batteries, all at once.

Pictures of subs in action too are scarce. But occasionally a ship will make port with pictures, shaky and indistinct, taken through her periscope, of Jap ships which she has torpedoed. They are like the pictures here, released last week by the Navy, which give a glimpse of the damage done to Jap shipping, and tell eloquently of the drama and danger of the submarine service.

A naval officer once defined submarine duty as not a profession or a job, but a way of life. Contact between officers and men is close and familiar. Uniforms are informal and may consist of nothing but a pair of shorts. But the food and the living conditions are excellent. On Thanksgiving Day submarine men within a few miles of Japan sat down to a meal of turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes and gravy, beans, peas, salad and pumpkin pie. Most sailors who have once

served aboard a submarine never want to sail in any other kind of ship. Carefully picked for good health and ability, they get 50% more pay to compensate for the hazards of their job.

Strategically in wartime, submarines are the weapons of an inferior seapower. Inferior in the Atlantic, the Germans use their U-boats to cut the lines of communication between the U.S. and Europe. Inferior in the western Pacific, the U. S. uses submarines to cut Japanese communications. But U. S. submarines also intend to do more than cut communications. By continual sinkings like the ones shown here, they are trying to wear down Jap shipping drastically in a war of attrition so that when the U. S. Fleet eventually moves in to seize control of all the western Pacific, the Japs will be powerless to stop it. When this happens, the "silent service" will be able to take much of the credit.



Sinking low in the water, another Jap ship nears death. The searchlights above the bridge and small boats on the forward deck indicate she, too, may have been used as a transport.



With her stern high in the air, the Japanese ship, torpedoed by the submarine which took this picture, plunges far down into the Pacific. Subs do not have room enough aboard to pick up survivors.



SEATTLE HAS A SNOW

Heavy storm cuts power, shuts war plants and schools

Last week Seattle was digging out from under one of the worst wind, ice and snow storms in its history. During its grim ten-day grip the storm severed power lines, closed down stores, schools, war plants, disrupted transit facilities, froze plumbing and caused injury and death. Heralded by a 45-mile-an-hour gale, the freeze whipped down on the unsuspecting city on a Saturday. The following Monday the thermometer dropped to 13 3°, Seattle's coldest in 10 years. Tuesday the city awoke to find a thick blanket of snow, with more falling. Schools began closing Re-



tail stores shut up. Automobiles crashed on the slithery streets. Power lines failed. War industries lost untold man-hours. Work on huge Flying Fortresses and vital ship production lines stalled and stopped. Nearly all activity in this usually bustling city of 400,000 remained frozen for four days until the next Saturday, when some plants and stores reopened. But the snow came again the following Tuesday. The city hired men at a dollar an hour to clear the streets. The Army ordered Negro troops to shovel snow and sent trucks to transport Boeing aircraft workers to their jobs.

In its wake the storm brought pleasure as well as destruction. Seattle kids, let out of school, had a holiday spree. At the height of the surprise snow, Photographer Art French took this beautiful picture of happy boys and girls with their sleds at the bottom of Seattle's 11th Avenue North hill. This hill, one of the city's best sledding courses, had 16 in. of snow on it. The delighted kids, who call the hill "Devil's Dip," zoomed down its steep incline on homemade "belly-whoppers," store-bought toboggans, barrel staves and skis, and then trudged slowly up to try it once again.



Tripoli is surrendered to General Montgomery (extreme right) through an interpreter by three remaining Italian officers.

They are, from left: local mayor, lieutenant governor and police prefect, whom LIFE Correspondent Zinder describes as

the opposite page is carrying a small riding crop. Montgomery's first job was to provide condensed milk for local babies.

LIBYA IS OVERRUN BY THE FASTEST ARMY IN HISTORY

The last city of Italy's 30-year-old Empire was handed over Jan. 23 to the British by the Italians (above). The general who took the surrender of the "jewel city" of Tripoli was the spare little Scots-Irishman, General Sir Bernard Montgomery, who was prevented by this victory from going 1,300 miles across North Africa to a great conference of Allied commanders at Casablanca (see pp. 22-31). But the fact that there was a conference then had grown out of Montgomery's sensational advance across Egypt and Libya in record-breaking time.

Montgomery had picked Jan. 22 for the capture of Tripoli three months before, and he made it at 5 a. m. Jan. 23. Using 75% American trucks, going 180 miles a day, he had turned in a miracle of supply organization under General Lindsell. The order of priorities on the road went to gasoline first, then food, then ammunition. The supply convoys were entirely self-sustaining. The speed of the advance flabbergasted even the nimble German General Rommel, who at week's end had flitted behind the wire and pillboxes of the Mareth Line, built by the French long ago near the border of Tunisia. The next and last phase of the North African campaign would begin when Rommel had joined the Germans in Tunisia, and Montgomery had joined U. S. General Eisenhower in the job of destroying them.



British flag is broken out over the white roofs of the city of Tripoli. Soon afterward Italian civilians began to open their

shutters and their shops, the Arabs lined the streets, shouting their peanuts or sunflower seeds, and a new era had begun.

MONTGOMERY TAKES TRIPOLI

The British Eighth Army occupies last remnant of Italian Empire

by HARRY ZINDER

Staff Correspondent for LIFE and TIME

For the British Eighth Army this is the journey's end. Three calendar months ago General Montgomery launched his ferocious attack to save Egypt. Today his Army is 1,900 miles from its starting point.

It was an eerie sight to watch the Hussars push their armored cars through the walled gates into Mussolini's colonial capital city just after 5 a. m. with a waning moon lighting up the bare, empty streets. The buildings were clouded in mist and the harbor lay stone-cold, with derelict ships cluttering the edges. There was no cheering or hand-clapping then because inhabitants who had watched one army move out didn't know what to expect when another marched in.

Last night we caught up with General Montgomery, who has been in the van all the time. We rode into town behind his car, through a tree-lined boulevard. The town itself showed little damage from the bombing raids except along the esplanade, but the harbor was a mess, giving visible proof of the accuracy of Allied bomber raids on the main Axis supply base in North Africa. By 11 a. m. the town was a beehive, choked with military transport, and civilians were slowly recovering from their daze. Some natives gave the Fascist salute while others, more astute, simply raised their hands to their turbaned heads in an oriental obeisance as the conquering commander rode by. Trudging back to their camps were weary Highlanders who had reached the suburbs of the city the night before, but were now finished with their task and were anxious, not so much to see Tripoli's sights as to get a bed, breakfast and wash up.

"Monty" stopped short of the city at the Castel Benito gates and there the lieutenant governor of Tripolitania, the lord mayor and the police prefect of Tripoli met him. Monty was dressed as he had been for the desert campaign—distinctive British battle dress covering up two sweaters, one gray and the other red, with a beret on his head, shoes brightly shined. Surrounded by members of his staff, he told the three Italians what he expected of them. "Civil government will continue as it is, and I expect you to carry on as you are. I have no quarrel with civilians. My quarrel is with German and Italian armies. There'll be no treason or treachery among you against the British Army in occupation."

Then Monty broke off and waited for any questions from the Italians. They looked completely the opposite of this fighting British general. They were smartly dressed in gaily colored Fascist uniforms. They stood humbly before Monty, nodding assent as the interpreter carefully translated his words for them. Each time Monty demanded whether they understood and each time the three Fascist heads nodded affirmation. There was a slight scowl on the face of the police prefect, who spoke some English. The lieutenant governor was a short, stocky, elderly man, his face clean-shaven, his heavy jowls carefully powdered for this occasion. The lord mayor was a younger man somewhat resembling Mussolini, who stood outside the conversation all the time, neither giving nor adding to it. The prefect was a bullheaded Fascist smartly arrayed in whipcord riding breeches and jacket and carrying a small whip in his right hand. At this crossroads, in dingy native surroundings with military police holding back the crowds, Tripoli became occupied territory and Mussolini's colonial empire ended.

Tripoli (by cable)

After six consecutive weeks in the desert following the Eighth Army's dramatic advance from El Agheila, Tripoli should be a veritable heaven. Actually it isn't. It is a dingy sort of town, dingy in a seaside way with a magnificent facade but with rotten innards. Its inhabitants must have been shocked and possibly terrorized by Scots piping in squares, scores of tanks rumbling through the boulevards, British boots thumping on the marble floors of official residences and palaces. But not for long. Within a few hours curious onlookers were gathered in the main squares of the town to see the shape and size of British troops.

On Saturday I visited the Jewish ghetto in Tripoli with three other correspondents. My knowledge of Hebrew and Arabic stood me in good stead and we made ourselves understood. When we informed the Jews there that we were not coming for plunder or lust, they mobbed us with excitement and emotion and threw their arms around us, kissed us, danced strange dances through the tortuous streets of their sector. For the past week they had hidden themselves there, fearing God knows what at the hands of departing Germans and Italians. Strangely enough, it wasn't the Germans who behaved badly toward the Jews, but the Italians. The latter, during the last couple of days of Tripoli's existence as the capital of Mussolini's African empire, took out of the ghetto several Jews whom they believed were "traitors" and publicly hanged them.

Our entry into the ghetto as the first Allied people sent them into paroxysms of joy. We were led by hand to various "houses," which were not more than a couple of rooms in a dingy street, and were fed with what must have been their food rations for a week. In one house a patriarchal Jew sat wearing a prayer shawl while hundreds, literally hundreds, of others crowded into his rooms as he asked us about Britain's armed might.

I made another tour of the town, on foot this time, keeping to the main commercial streets but found little that might have recommended Tripoli at any time as a tourist station in a Mediterranean cruise. I must say the streets were neatly swept and there was little of that litter one associates with a town ravaged by war. One or two cafes opened up, but they had little to offer in the way of food. The coffee they served us was abominable and the biscuits must have been "hard tack," served to Italian and German soldiers.

It was surprising to walk into the Grand Hotel some hours after our entry into Tripoli and find you could register for a room, get a cold bath, have clean sheets and get some kind of service in the dining room. A few days ago this hotel staff—all Italian—must have been serving Oberleutnant Schmidt and Tenente Olivetti just as they are serving us today. In fact, the first man into the Grand Hotel—a Hussar major—signed his name just below that of an Italian colonel.

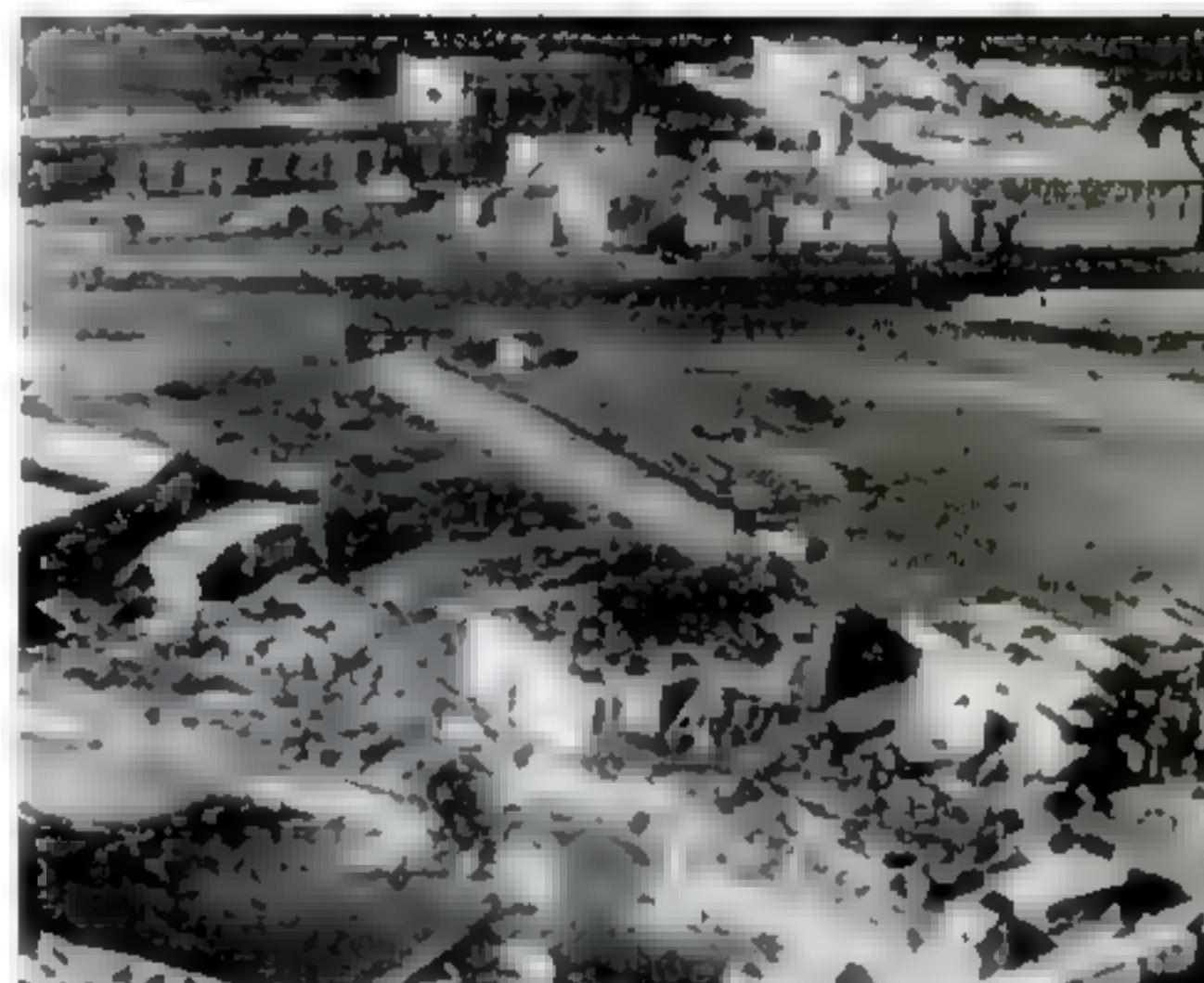
After having had nothing but war's noises, tense excitement, shelling, bombing, strafing for days, it came as a shock that you could walk into such a town as Tripoli and find sweet decencies. How long Tripoli will be able to maintain this so-called hospitality of theirs, how long the town will be able to house, feed and bathe the hordes of officers and soldiers, remains to be seen. But the main utility services, such as electricity and water, are still running. For the Allied armies it will serve the same useful purpose it served for Rommel and his Italian colleagues.



British tanks roll down palm-fringed street of Tripoli, Saturday, Jan. 23, as white, brown, black Tripolitans watch with mixed emotions.



Grinning lackmen entering conquered Tripoli take aboard a Scottish piper who furnished the only fanfare of the entry into the city.



Docks and ships in Tripoli (above and below) were wrecked by Allied bombing. Job had been completed by German demolition experts.





AIR FORCE PRIVATES KENNETH HILLMAN AND ANTHONY KAZMIERCZAK LIST CONTRIBUTED KNIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO HEADQUARTERS BEFORE SHIPMENT TO SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

"SAVE A LIFE WITH A KNIFE"

Blades help men fighting Japs

From all sectors of the U. S. last week razors-sharp knives were pouring into San Francisco headquarters of the "Save a Life With a Knife" Committee. Since its inception a month ago, the committee has received 7,500 knives of every description and has immediately sped them by plane to U. S. soldiers and marines fighting in the Southwest Pacific swamps and jungles. The campaign was initiated by Frank Martine, San Francisco night-club owner, who discovered that wounded from Guadalcanal and New Guinea carried knives (the most urgent need of our fighting men in those areas). With the cooperation of Major General Barney Giles, Fourth Air Force commander, Martine launched the radio and

newspaper publicity that inspired the deluge of blades. Every mail brings a new batch of coal steel hunting knives, stilettos, macetes, clasp knives, scimitars, toad stickers, daggers, kalis, kris, dirks and poniards. Among contributions have been a Hitler Youth Movement knife with *Blood and Fire* inscribed on the blade; a bamboo sheath; a lap blade captured on Bataan; and a crude weapon fashioned by a marine on Guadalcanal which has already accounted for two Japs. The only requirement for knives is that they have blades at least 4 inches long. Besides hand-to-hand combat, they will be used for removing ticks, wattle, cutting down bananas, shoving through tropical vegetation and bypassing natives.

...the Easiest Part of the Haul



How many news pictures can you recall—of torpedoed tankers, bullet-riddled lifeboats, oil-soaked American sailors struggling in the sea?

By comparison, that Socony-Vacuum tank truck, on the last leg of your fuel oil delivery, is having an easy time!

New tankers are being launched—more than one each week. More than 70,000 tank cars run at express-train speeds. A new pipe

line has been pushed eastward—but even that is not enough! For oil is a vital war material... needed everywhere at once!

In this job, as in the whole petroleum war effort, every one of the 38,000 Socony-Vacuum workers is doing his utmost for America at war.

They are making 100-octane gasoline for planes—toluol for TNT—butadiene for rubber... everything from new industrial

lubricants to wax for soldiers' shoes

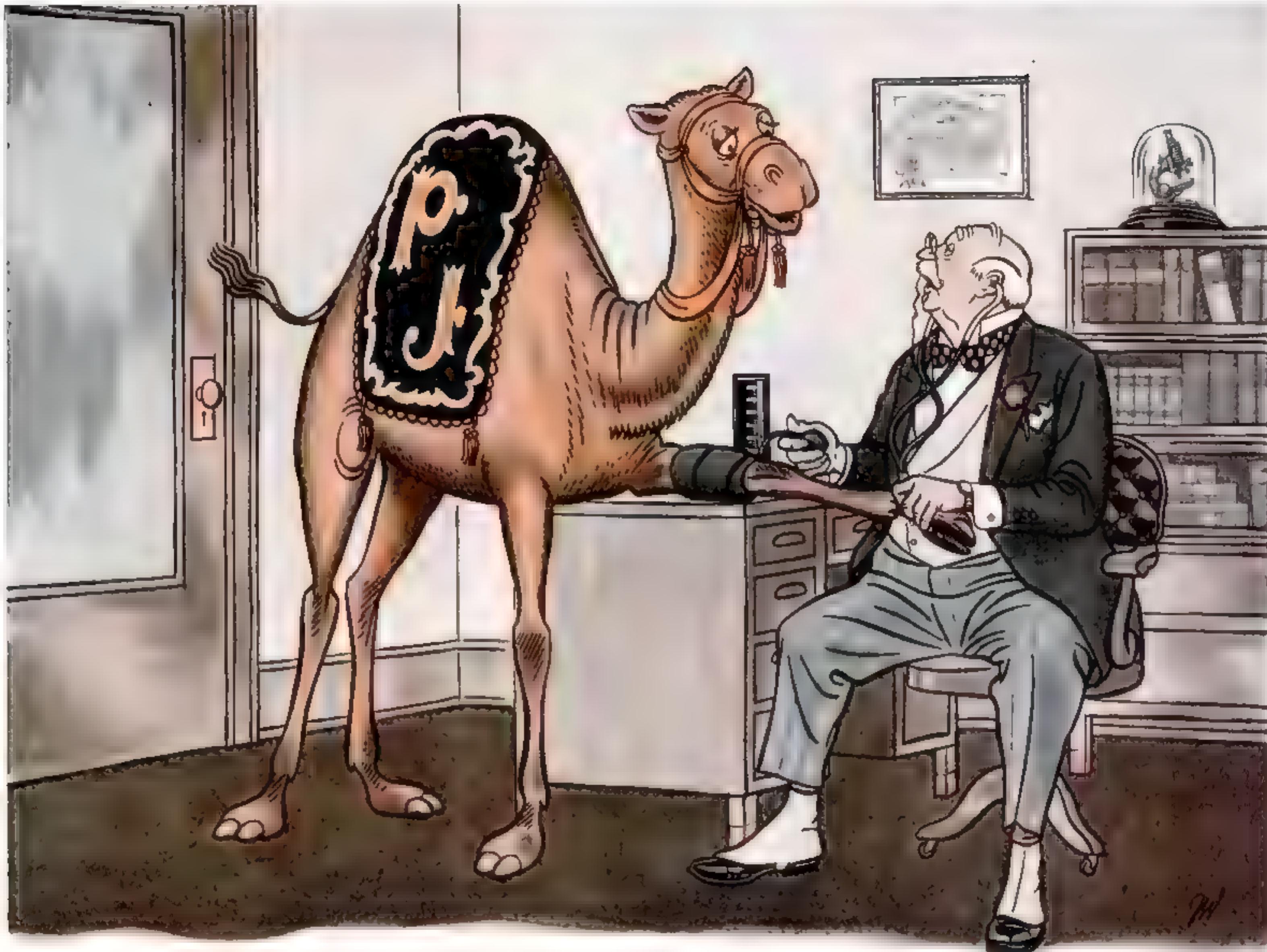
Their aim with yours is Victory... in the shortest possible time. But their work—the new uses they are finding for petroleum—also promises better living in the peacetime world to come.

SOCONY VACUUM OIL CO., INC.,
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of California.



THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

In Peace or War— The Sign of Friendly Service Serves America Well!



"Blood pressure 105... about normal for a camel"



DOCTOR: You look in pretty good shape to me, Camel. Lungs... heart... reflexes good. Been working hard, lately?

CAMEL: No, O Master of the Stethoscope. Just the usual thing, telling people about the magnificent flavor of Paul Jones Whiskey. Really, Doctor, I feel fine!

DOCTOR: You feel fine, do you? Then what are you doing here, my fuzzy-faced time-waster?

CAMEL: I came about that party you're giving tonight—Noble Taker of Pulses. Your secretary told me about it.

DOCTOR: Party? Yes, I'm giving a party. I asked her to find out about whiskies. But what's that got to do with your state of health?

CAMEL: You misunderstand, Sahib. I came not as a patient, but as a specialist, myself. I came to prescribe Paul Jones, the superlative whiskey so prized for its *dryness*. This dryness, which laymen call lack of sweet ness, is what brings out the peerless

flavor to the full.

DOCTOR: Say, Camel, that Paul Jones sounds like a great whiskey, one I'd be really proud to serve. Only... well, I charge small fees, you know. I couldn't afford such luxury.

CAMEL: But, Gracious Doctor, Paul Jones puts no strain on your wallet. It is yours for a truly modest price.

DOCTOR: That settles it! Get your blanket pressed and comb out your whiskers, Camel—you're going to be guest of honor at my party tonight!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones



*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



HAGGED GREEN COFFEE, ROW ON ROW, IS STACKED IN SÃO PAULO'S ELEVEN-ACRE YPIRANGA WAREHOUSE, THE WORLD'S LARGEST, NOW HOLDING ITS CAPACITY OF 2,000,000 BAGS

COFFEE

It piles up in Brazil For lack of U. S. ships

The glorious nutty aroma that spells breakfast to Americans comes from a roasted brown berry that now comes chiefly from Brazil. But the coffee berry is coming less and less from Brazil. The reason is solely wartime shipping. Brazil has plenty of coffee, nearly 14,000,000 exportable bags of 132 lb. each for 1943, plus a 6,000,000-bag surplus. The U. S. is willing to take 12,500,000 bags. But it simply cannot fight the war and use ships to bring in its full quota of coffee.

The American soldier will get his annual 45 lb. of coffee,

but the civilian will not get his 21 lb. Meanwhile Brazil is doing what it can with its surplus coffee. The mournful picture above is one of the gigantic coffee warehouses where 10,000,000 bags are stored in towering avenues and streets. On the following pages are shown Brazil's desperation devices to get rid of coffee—as fertilizer, fuel and the useful plastic called cafelite. Though coffee is actually improved by storage, Brazil's nightmare is that it may reach the end of the war with such a huge stock pile as to wreck the coffee market forever.



Pequot is proud to serve both you and our armed services

THE ALARM CLOCK is your bugle, Mrs. Housewife—the housedress your uniform. And we'd like to pay a tribute to your military virtues. Your courage in accepting the harsh necessities of war, in economizing and saving. Your cheerful obedience to ration regulations. Your sacrifice of time and strength—walking and carrying bundles when it's cold, canning your garden surplus when it's hot.

Maybe they don't sound sublime, these war tasks of yours. But they happen to be your job, the job you're trained for, and you're doing it mighty well.

You know what Pequot's special skill is—expert training in making sturdy fabrics. Night and day Pequot Mills roar on, far outstripping all previous production

records, to turn out sheets and special war fabrics for military use.

Any Pequots for You? Yes!

So great is this new production record, that some Pequot Sheets can still be made for homefolks. They're genuine Pequots, you can be sure. The same superior, long-wearing quality that made you vote Pequot your favorite sheet in nation-wide polls.

If you need sheets, you need Pequots more than ever. Never in your housekeeping life has thrift been so essential. Pequot is very happy that we can serve you soldiers at home as well as our soldiers in the field. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

BUY ONLY NECESSITIES—
and the first and the greatest necessity to invest in, for our future safety, is—
WAR BONDS.



PEQUOT SHEETS



As fertilizer, coffee is doused with water and lime. The inventor of this outrage is Renaldo Alves Lima (left). The green berry has tiny cells filled with a volatile oil.



Two million pounds of what it takes to keep you awake, ease fatigue, speed up your pulse and "elate without depressing," is wet down to make it fertilizer.



As fuel, coffee is denatured with petroleum. Here it is thrown into the furnaces of Armour & Co.'s São Paulo plant, which burns about 1,500 bags a day. It burns well.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Facts below* are reported by impartial dental authority not concerned with promoting—or attacking—any dentifrice.

BEAUTY CAN'T STAND SUCH DAILY ABUSE

Grave Risks to Teeth Found by Leading Research Clinic

See that cavity?



Brushing did it!

8 IN 10 ADULTS SUBJECT TO THIS INJURY!

*Recent studies at a leading Research Foundation clinic disclosed these startling facts:

OF ALL PATIENTS EXAMINED, REGULARLY BRUSHING TEETH WITH POPULAR DENTIFRICES, 58% ACTUALLY BRUSHED CAVITIES INTO SOFTER PARTS OF TEETH, EXPOSED BY RECEDING GUMS; THIS DAMAGE RESULTED FROM ABRASIVES IN THE DENTIFRICES; AND 8 IN 10 RUN THIS RISK CONSTANTLY.

—(Reported in authoritative dental journal)



BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY!

SEE the risk you may be taking with beauty! 8 in 10 may run that risk—says the report above!

Most adults have receded gums, exposing soft tooth structure that can't withstand abrasives in popular dentifrices. Gradually cavities are ground in. Then, ugly fillings.

TEEL—the modern liquid dentifrice—protects teeth because it cleans *without abrasives*.

And—note particularly—TEEL IS

THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT CONTAINS NO ABRASIVES.

Start the scientific TEEL way now—before it's too late. And train your youngsters, too.

It's so simple! TEEL—*twice daily*—plus one extra minute a week spent brushing with TEEL and plain baking soda. This reveals sparkling beauty *fast*—and *safely*! Get TEEL today. There's beauty in every drop.

TEEL COMES IN A BOTTLE—NO BOTHER WITH TUBES

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly—with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS NEW TEEL WAY CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH . . . LEAVES MOUTH DELIGHTFULLY CLEAN AND REFRESHED

Teel PROTECTS TEETH—Beautifully!

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

First in America 1843 — 1943

OUR 100th BIRTHDAY



A century of service to American Families

On February 1, 1843, Mutual Life's Policy No. 1 was issued to a New York business man—the first life insurance policy issued in America by any company operating on the mutual plan.

We enter our second century of service to American families with nearly 1,000,000 policyholders, more than \$3½ billions of insurance in force and—we hope—some of the foresight and courage of our founders.

From the beginning, The Mutual Life was a distinctive American institution—the first to return its earnings solely to its policyholders—first to entrust the conduct of its affairs to trustees representative of its policyholders—first to develop the "agency system." We salute our own agency

force and those of other companies for their public service in educating American families to the benefits of life insurance.

These were untested innovations in 1843. A century of performance through wars, depressions and other catastrophes has proved their soundness. In its lifetime The Mutual Life has paid more than \$4½ billions in benefits to policyholders and beneficiaries. Today it is a national institution, with offices in 47 States and the District of Columbia.

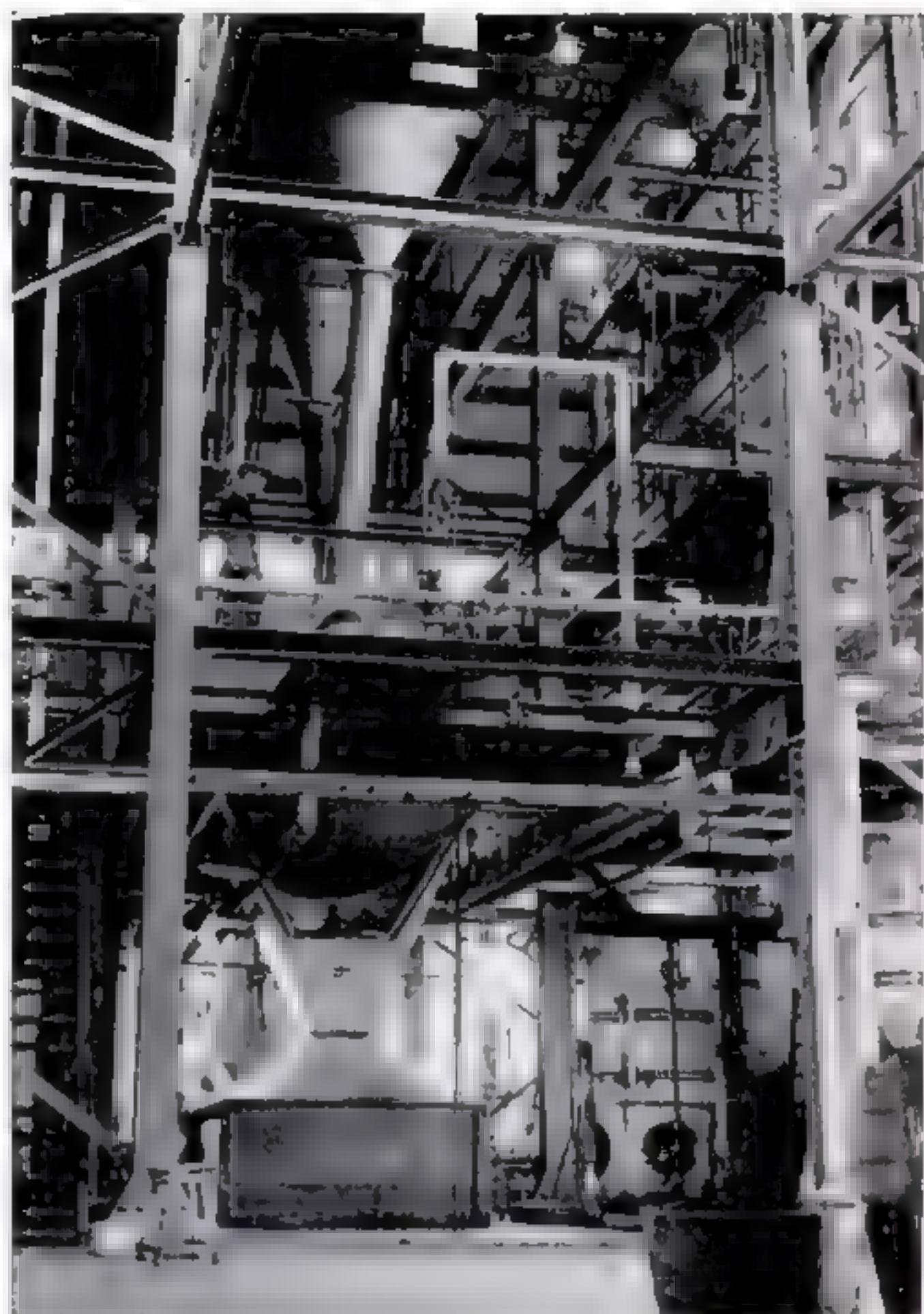
We had planned a nation-wide 100th Birthday Celebration, but to conserve materials and transportation for war, our plans have been deferred. Later, perhaps, we may observe our Centennial in conjunction with America's Victory Celebration.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Lewis W. Douglas, President

34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Coffee (continued)



As a plastic, coffee has its oil and caffeine removed, becomes a compressible powder that makes tables, chairs, pipes, telephones. This is government plant in São Paulo.



Coffee is still drunk every few hours by the Brazilians. The coffee boy pours a fragrant cup for a National Coffee Department official in the huge Ypiranga warehouse.



Co-ed leaves Campus to fill a Man's job

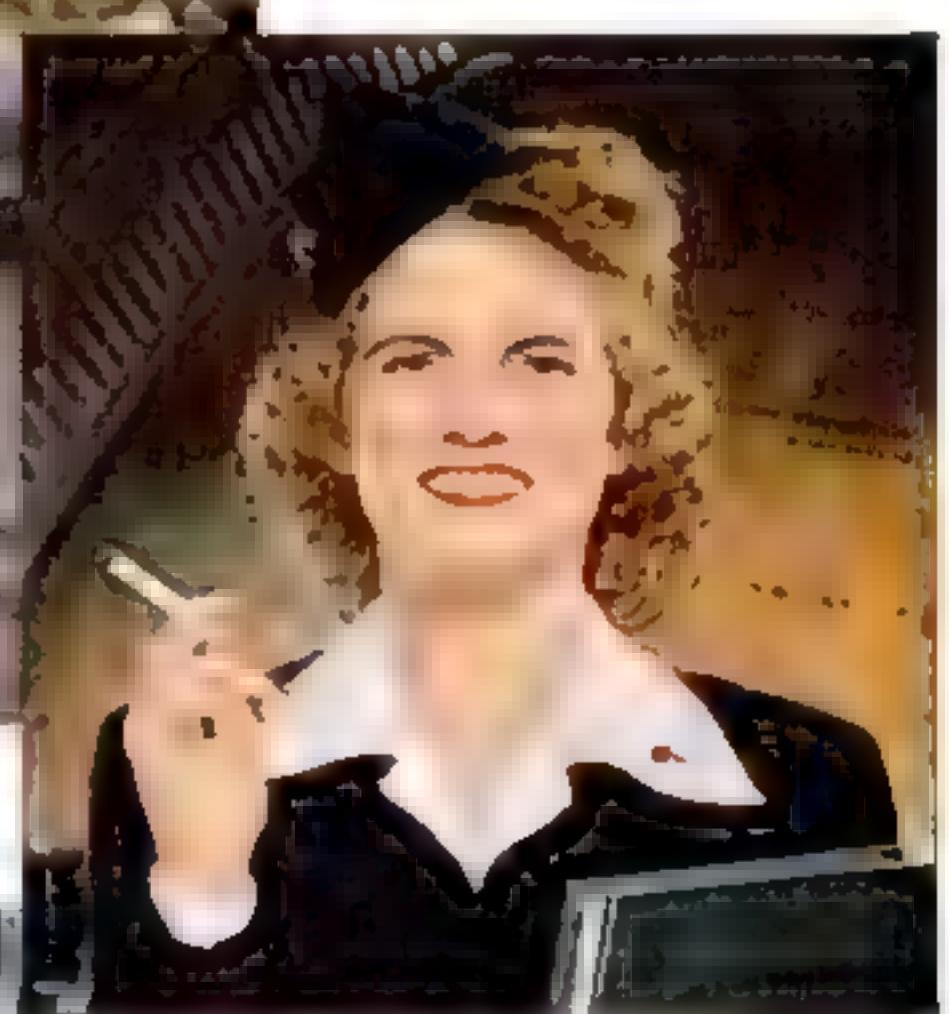
She's "in the service"—even
to her choice of cigarettes
...Camels, of course!



Here the real story of cigarettes is told...

THE "T-ZONE"

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you—and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. What will your throat say about the mildness, mellowness, flavor, fragrance of Camel's costlier tobaccos? Try Camels and see. They may—as they apparently have with tens of millions of smokers—put your "T-ZONE" to a "T."



• Very appropriately, Pat and her Camel cigarette are snapshotted in front of the globe. Because nowadays "the sun never sets on Camel"—they're first in the service* all the way from Libya to Barnegat Bay, from Iceland to "Way Down Under." As Pat says: "Camel have something that's all their own. A flavor like no other cigarette. And they're so mild that my throat stays happy, too."

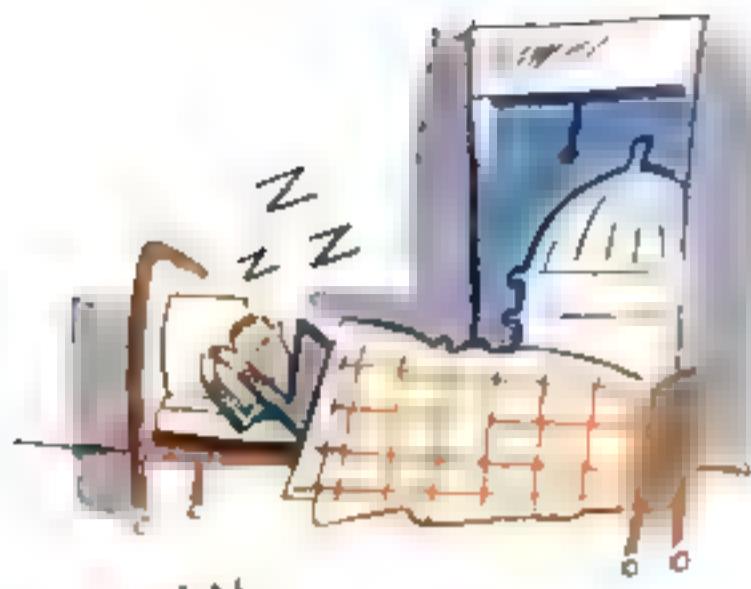
FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

Camel
COSTLIER TOBACCO

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

If you want something **ED**



BOB IS AN
UNDERCOVER MAN
IN WASHINGTON ...

... AND THE SPIES
ARE THICK
AS FLIES...



... THEN THE
PLOT THICKENS...



Hope thickening
the plot!

this is a honey...

Samuel Goldwyn
LAUGHINGLY PRESENTS

BOB HOPE Dorothy LAMOUR

THEY GOT
ME COVERED

Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by HARRY KURNITZ
Original Story by LEONARD Q. ROSS and LEONARD SPIGELGASS
AN RKO RADIO RELEASE

AND BEFORE THE
FINAL GONG HOPE
PRACTICALLY WINDS UP
IN A "SARONG"



(No Kidding!!!)
**This is their
FUNNIEST
AND MOST EXCITING**

YOU'LL GET
A GREAT BANG
OUT OF IT!





How American it is... to want something better!

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the world seeks something *good* while America wants *something better*.

This hunt for *something better* has led a quite sizeable number of Americans to discover a notable Ale.

In fact, this moderate beverage lives up so literally to the "Purity," "Body," "Flavor," inscribed upon its three-ring trade mark, that it has easily come to be—

America's largest selling Ale



LAWRENCE SINGS

Crippled soprano makes her opera comeback

When Marjorie Lawrence contracted infantile paralysis while in Mexico in 1941, it seemed as if she had lost a great operatic career and the Metropolitan Opera had lost one of its best sopranos. On Jan. 22, 1948, Miss Lawrence and the Met found that neither had been lost.

That night Miss Lawrence came back to the Met as Venus in Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser*. Virtually unable to stand or walk, she was wheeled to the wings before the curtain went up, lifted to a divan on the stage. She lay on the divan all through the 40-minute Venusberg scene, singing the exacting music as if no illness had ever befallen her. When the scene ended and she was trundled out for a curtain call, the whole audience rocked with bravos. The critics called her performance exceptional and eloquent.

Marjorie Lawrence is an Australian, accustomed to lively physical exertion. When she first played Brünnhilde in the opera *Götterdämmerung*, she finished one scene by leaping on the back of her horse and trotting across the stage. This delighted the audience which was used to seeing their Brünnhildes paddle off the stage, tagging heavily at their steeds.

More than most singers, Marjorie Lawrence would feel the restraining effects of paralysis. When the illness struck, she made brave efforts to recover. Now she is taking the Sister Kenny treatment and is definitely getting better. She is able to stand briefly and take a few tottering steps. Roles like Venus, which can be sung without standing, are rare in grand opera. Miss Lawrence can still give recitals and radio concerts. But opera is what she really wants to do.



Going to the stage, starry-eyed Marjorie Lawrence is wheeled from her dressing room through opera-house corridors by her husband, Dr. Thomas King.



Backstage in her dressing room, Miss Lawrence gets a last-minute hair fix from Jeanne, wardrobe mistress (left). After having her helped from chair to car (below), Miss Lawrence is surrounded by helpers: Met stagehand (left), her dressmaker, her husband (standing next), Desire Devere, singer manager (right).



Lawrence (continued)

Your No. 1 MEAT SAVER



New Faster Recipe for BAKED BEANS

SAVES HOURS OF BAKING NO OVERNIGHT SOAKING

Ideal main dish for a meatless meal is a bubbling pot of savory baked beans. And you can now enjoy this treat without keeping the oven going all day long.

But be sure to follow the recipe exactly, using iron-rich Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses. This gives baked beans the traditional New England flavor. And also helps to give your family the iron they need when meat—a good source of iron—is missing from the menu.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use.

Brer Rabbit's Recipe!

4 cups navy beans	1 teaspoon dry
½ lb. salt pork	mustard
1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses	1 tablespoon salt
3 cups boiling water (from simmered beans)	½ teaspoon pepper

Wash beans, pick over and soak for 3 hours in boiling water to cover. Cover, bring to boil in same water (to preserve minerals and vitamins) adding extra water if needed to cover well, skim; cook slowly until tender—about 30 minutes. Drain beans, reserving cooking water. Turn beans into bean pot or 3-qt. casserole. Scrape rind of pork until white, score top by cutting down about 1 inch, and bury in beans with rind exposed. Mix remaining ingredients and pour over beans. Cover; bake in slow oven (325° F.) 3½ hours or until tender, uncovering during last hour of baking. If necessary, add more water during baking. 12 servings.



FREE—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

PENICK & FORD, LTD., INC., New Orleans, La.,
Dept. LF204-3

Send me—FREE—Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 116 recipes and "Something Every Mother Should Know."

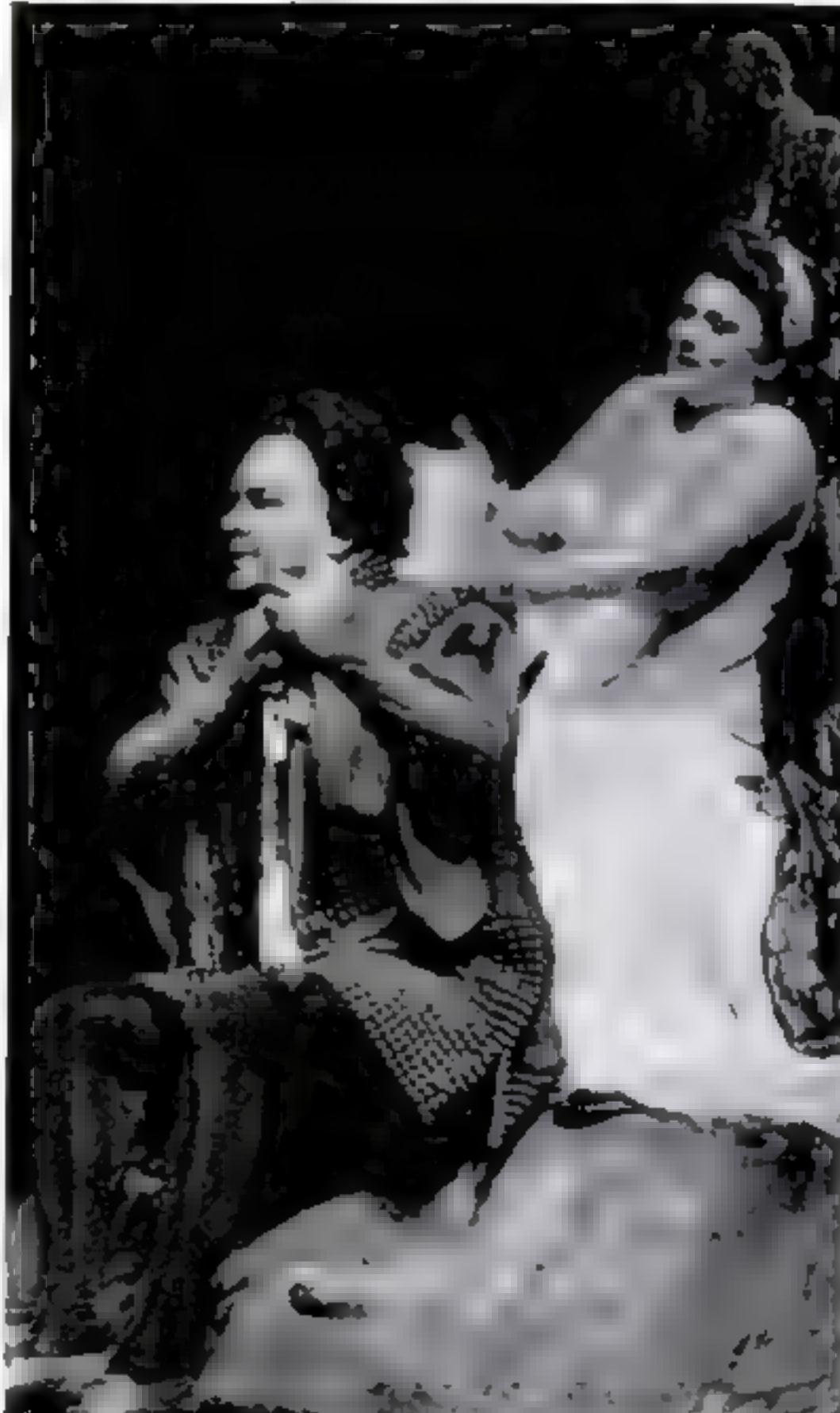
Name (Print name and address)

Address



Marjorie Lawrence as Venus leans back voluptuously, surrounded by nymphs and graces. Drugged with love, Tannhäuser (sung by

Lauritz Melchior) lies on the goddess' couch. Usually Venus stands for duet but scene was restaged to accommodate Miss Lawrence.



Venus sings of delights of love to Tannhäuser, who is getting tired of love-making and wants to go away. At the scene's end, he does.



At the end of Venusberg scene, Miss Lawrence waits in wings while Mme. Frances Alda, once a top Met star, applauds her performance.



Copyright 1943, The Pullman Co.

"OVER HILL, OVER DALE, WE WILL RIDE THE IRON RAIL..."

AS THE PULLMANS GO ROLLING ALONG"

GROWING AND GOING—that's the story of our armed forces.

Growing every day. And going every night, for long distance troop movements are usually under cover of darkness, in Pullman sleeping cars.

It's a big job for the railroads to haul so many cars. And a big job for Pullman to provide them. But it's a welcome job to both of us, one we're proud and happy we were prepared to handle.

Prepared? Oh, yes. The way Pullman and the railroads worked together in peacetime—through the Pullman "pool" of sleeping cars—fitted right into the wartime picture.

Here's how that "pool" works:

► Railroad passenger traffic in different parts of

the country fluctuates with the season. Travel south, for instance, is heaviest in winter. And travel north increases in the summer.

► If each railroad owned and operated enough sleeping cars to handle its own *peak loads*, many of those cars would be idle most of the year.

► With the Pullman "pool," however, over one hundred different railroads *share* in the availability of a sleeping car fleet big enough to handle their *combined* requirements at any one time. As the travel load shifts north, south, east or west, these Pullman sleeping cars shift with it. They are seldom idle because when fewer cars are needed on one railroad, more are needed on another.

Now that war has come, this "pool" operation of sleeping cars enables *troop trains* to be made up on short notice—at widely scattered points—and routed over any *combination* of railroads.

That's what we meant when we said that Pullman and the railroads were *prepared* to handle the tremendous mass movement of troops that goes on constantly.

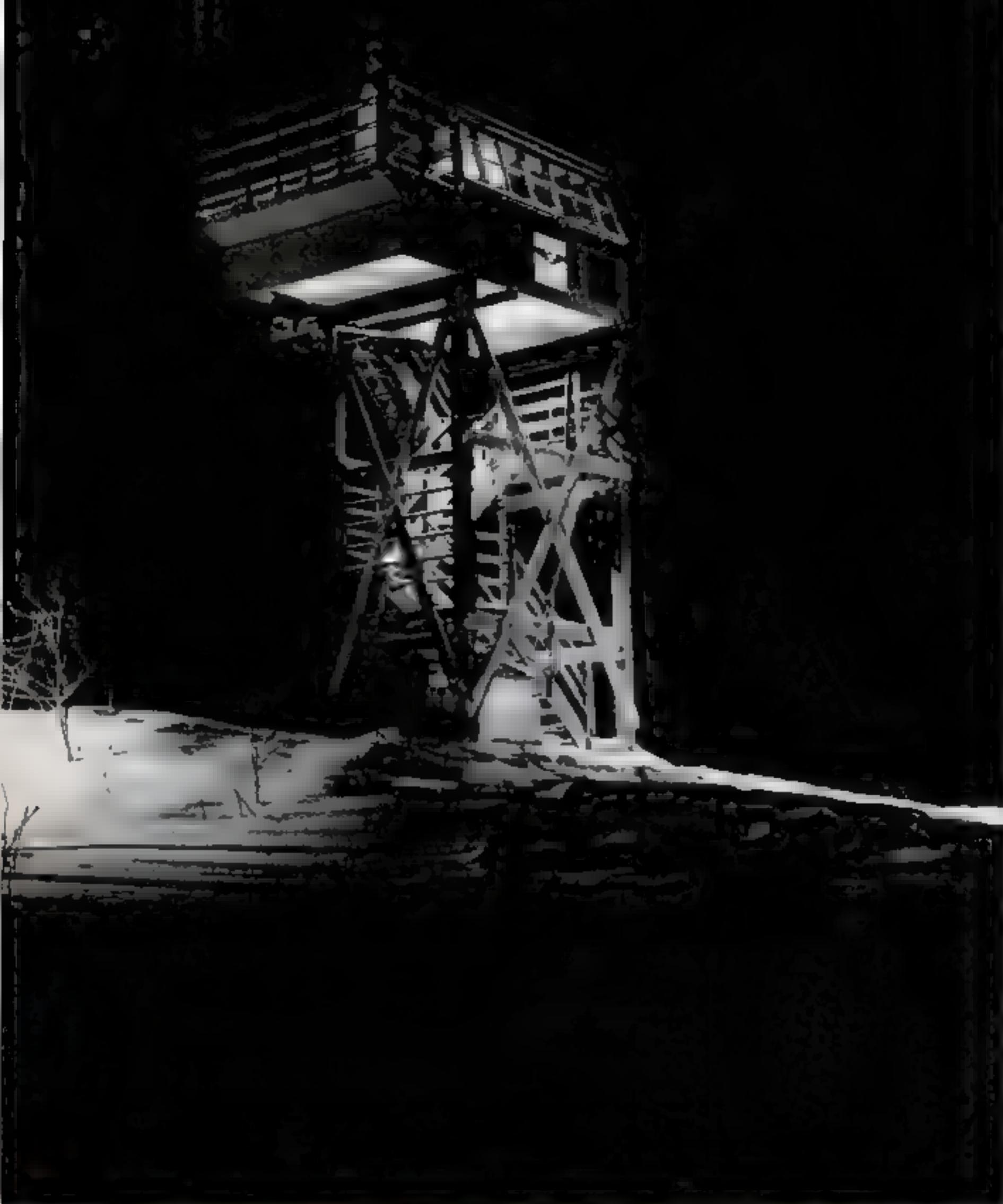
It takes a lot of sleeping cars to do it. Almost *drains* the Pullman "pool" at times. As a result, civilian travelers are sometimes inconvenienced.

But the war comes first with the railroads and first with Pullman—just as it comes first with you!

**AN AVERAGE OF MORE THAN
25,000 TROOPS A NIGHT NOW—**

GO PULLMAN

**Buy War Bonds and
Stamps Regularly!**



FLOODLIGHTS FOR APPROACHING SPOTTERS SHED GLEAM ON SNOWY CONNECTICUT COUNTRYSIDE

AIR SPOTTERS

THEY SCAN FRIENDLY SKIES FOR ENEMY PLANES

From lonely observation posts throughout the coastal defense areas, the Army Air Forces Ground Observer Corps, numbering about 1,500,000 volunteers, maintains a vigilant and continuous watch on the skies over America to see that no hostile planes approach unnoticed. This volunteer air defense system was set up by the Eighteen Command with the assistance of the American Legion, the OCD and other agencies, and has established a new pattern of scouting. It is likely to be a permanent post-war thing, at least until the perfection of a long-distance radio-detector device. At Kent, Conn. (pop. 1,254), where the spotters pictured on these pages are at work, an enviable pattern of civilian defense has been organized which communities all over the U.S. have used as model. At one time the post (established Dec. 8, 1941) was housed in a trailer. Its new headquarters (*above*) cost almost \$1,000. Money was raised by a series of square dances and contributions from patriotic Kent citizens who were not able to give their services as spotters. "Boss Carpenter" Joe Grawet, who is now a spotter, directed the work, of which \$300 worth was donated labor. Chief observer is Allan McDowell, who designed the post. His deputy chief, Edward Pickard, also handles post finances.

DOG WATCH FINDS FATHER TURKINGTON AND C. H. BROWN, KENT SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS, ON DUTY



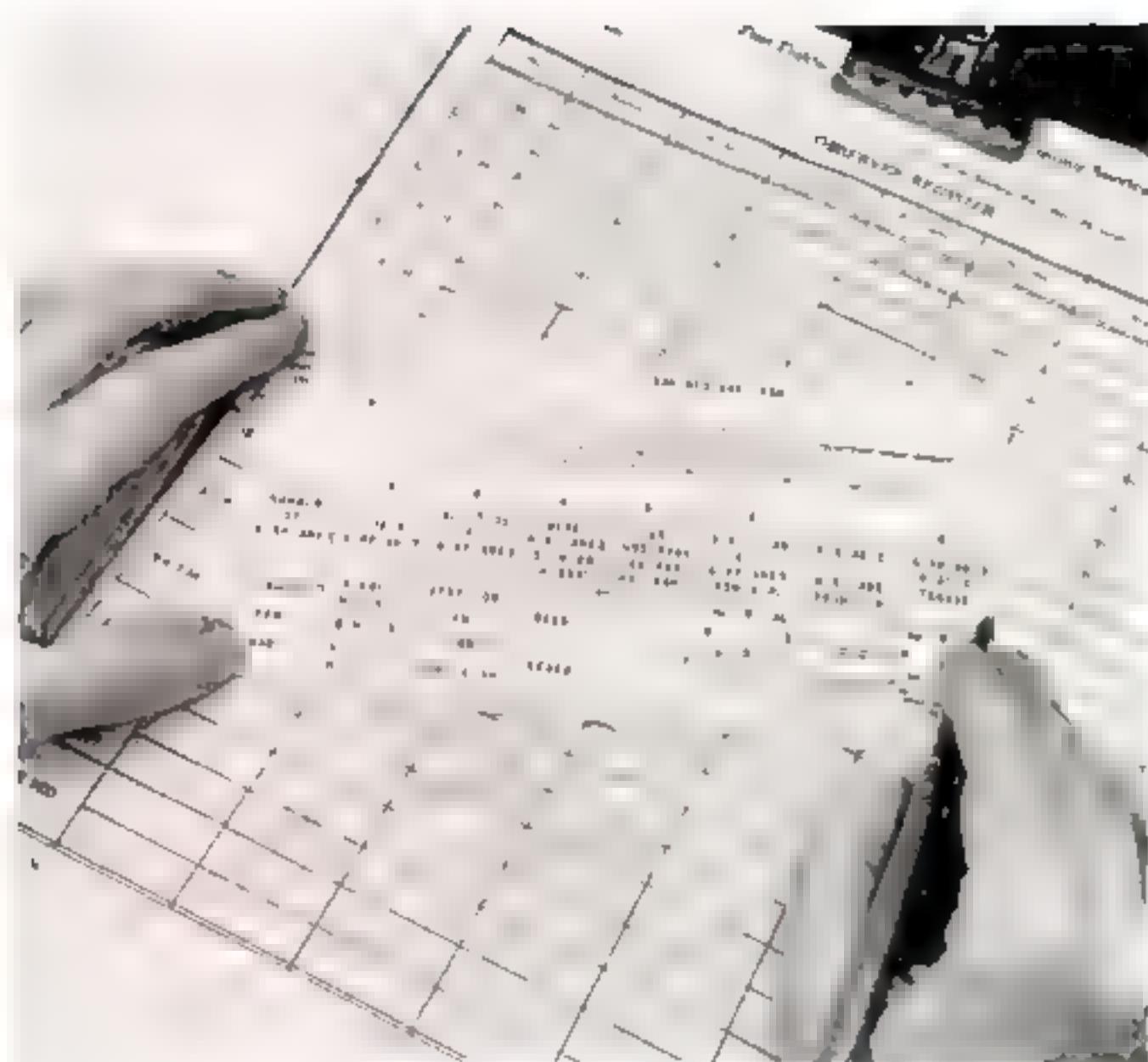
Spotters usually work in pairs, 2 to 4 hours a week, relay observation by telephone to Army Information Center. Above are Fannie Edwards and Mrs. Flora Giddings.



Knitting occupies Norma Fiengo (left) and Katherine Angelovich, business girls, who spot planes by ear during 8-10 p. m. shift. Post is heated by small coal stove.



Snow-covered spotters, Len R. Howard (left), who designs stained glass windows, and David Turrell, vice-chairman of the local defense council, arrive at night.



Flash message form records information telephoned by spotters telling number of planes, type, altitude, whether seen or heard, distance, direction, post's designation.



Late afternoon shift finds Walter Page (above, left), carpenter, and Eric Hagman, blacksmith, who helped build the post, scanning skies from observation platform.



Retired Episcopal rector, Rev. Charles H. Webb, studies plane identification chart while on duty in early afternoon. He helped paint interior while post was abuilding.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How to be a wonderful guy come a certain Sunday

1. You're here . . .



2. She's there . . . maybe a thousand miles away. And St. Valentine's Day is coming . . . the day every nice fellow says "I love you."



3. What to do? Easy! Just phone, or dash around, to your florist displaying the F.T.D.* emblem. Ask him to telegraph flowers. He does the rest.

4. Come St. Valentine's Day, SHE will be hugging your "I love you" flowers . . . flowers that say everything you want to — right from your heart.



P.S. Whether you send those flowers to your sweetheart, wife, mother, or your little daughter, it'll make her the happiest person alive . . . and you the most wonderful guy in the world! Why don't you try it?

For St. Valentine's Day—Say it with Flowers—by wire!



A WARTIME PLEA ORDER EARLY! The members of F.T.D.* — the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association—are working with the Government to save tires, fuel, and man power by cutting down deliveries and eliminating special trips. If you will place your orders early—as early as possible—you'll help your F.T.D. florist to maintain the fine service he has always given. Look for the F.T.D. emblem—it's your guarantee of satisfaction.

Copyright 1942, Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

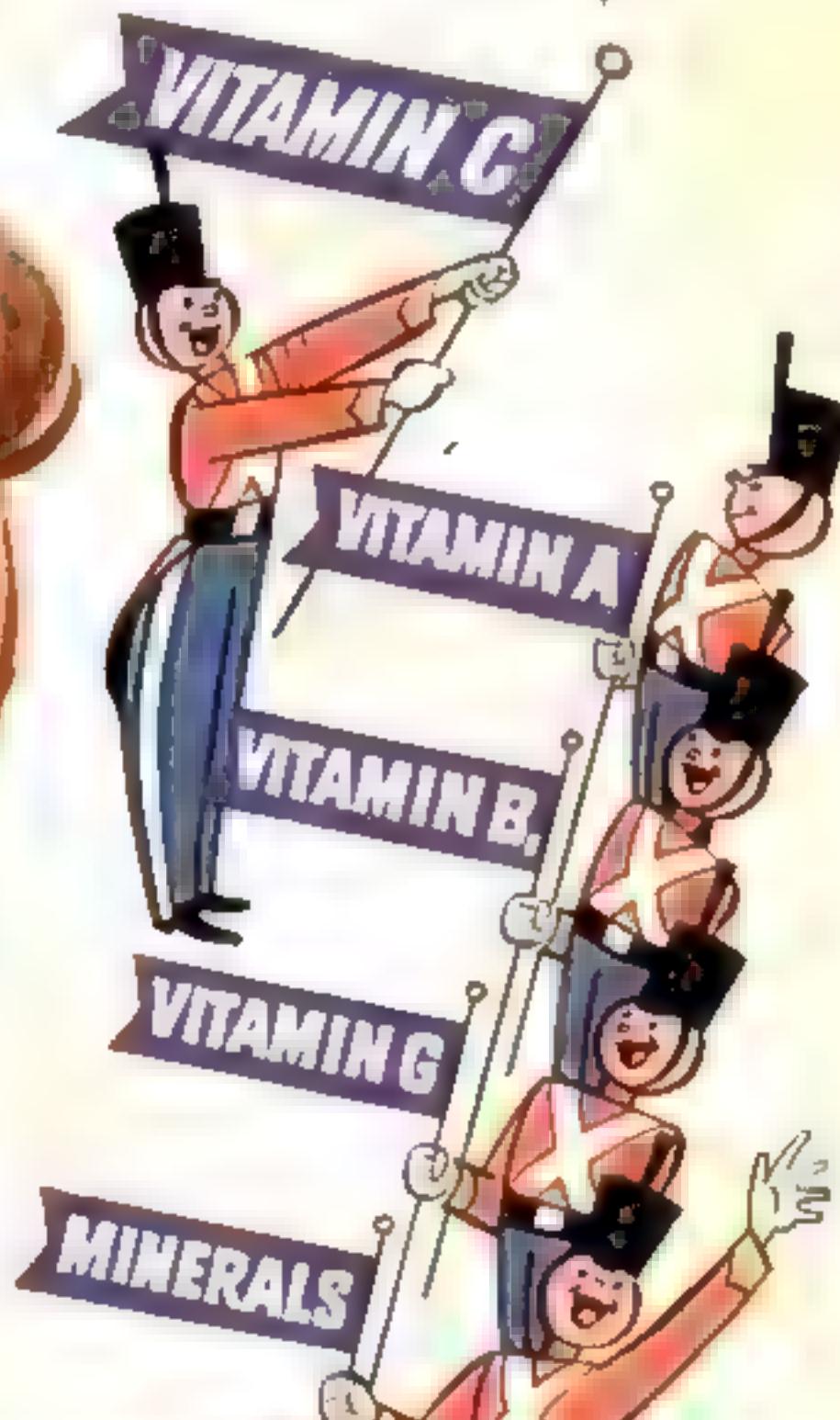
VALIANT PROTECTORS...

THESE "Nutrition Guards" IN LIBBY'S

TOMATO JUICE *And, boy, what sparklin' flavor!*

Prize-variety tomatoes give Libby's Tomato Juice its brisk and sparklin' flavor. A rich natural source of Vitamins C and A, it also supplies good amounts of Vitamins B₁ and G and small quantities of minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus.

Our armed forces are getting great quantities of this juice. If your dealer should be out of it, please try Libby's Pineapple Juice or one of the 8 other Libby's Juices. The Libby label is your promise of exceptional goodness in over 100 Foods.



Air Spotters (continued)

CARTOONIST HAS FUN WITH THEM

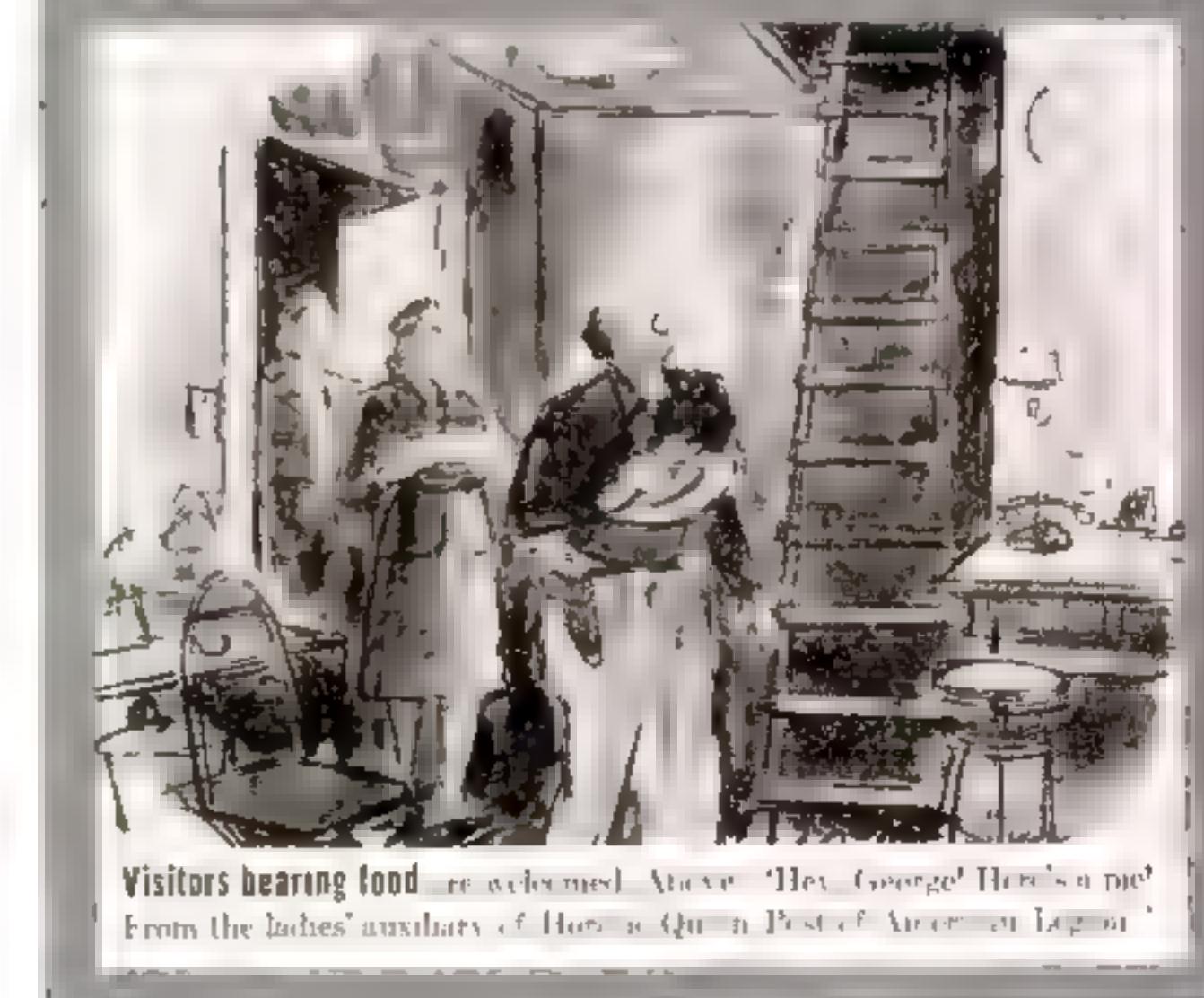
Poking fun at air spotters who fulfill their duties with exaggerated seriousness, Perry Barlow has drawn a series of cartoons for the *New Yorker* on this subject entitled *Night Watch*. Interestingly, Cartoonist Barlow is himself an air spotter at Westport, Conn., where he takes the dog-watch (2 to 4 a. m.) once a week and makes checkup visits as officer of the day. His complete color-blindness (even green peppers look red to him) does not impede his efficiency as a spotter. Examples of his cartoons appear below.



Plump matron excitedly makes her report: "Flash, One, sing, sing, seen, Dudley 6-4, north, one half mile, east—and he dipped his wing like a..."



Rain fails to dampen ardor of spotter above. His motto is certainly "Hey! There'll always be a spotter, Dudley 6-4, north, one half mile, east..."



Visitors bearing food are welcomed. Above: "Hey, George! Here's a pie! From the ladies' auxiliary of How-a-Queen Post of American Legion..."



Hello Pop!

"It sure was grand to hear from you again! When I opened your letter and the picture of Bud fell out, I almost busted out crying. Gosh he's getting big! It's swell to have such a kid brother, even though we did use to scrap.

"I hope we can clean things up in time so Bud won't have to get into it. Because Pop, nobody at home could have the faintest conception of what things are like out here. I wish you could be with me, as you say—but

I'm glad you're not—and I'll tell you why. Not just because you're safe at home, I know you don't care about that. But because your job in the plant is so important. It's more important maybe than you realize.

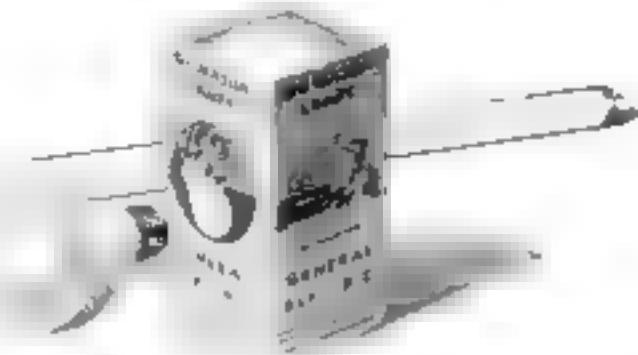
"It makes me proud the way you're busting production records in your department, because anything *anybody* can do to step up production of the stuff we need, even if it's just a little bit, is helping to end the war just that much sooner. *I know!* It's like when you and I used to go duck hunting. When the

ducks were flying, there was nothing worse than running out of shells!

"Let me hear from you soon, Pop. And tell Bud if he wants to fight, wait till I get home!"

☆ ☆ ☆

General Electric is doing many things to help speed war production. One of these is to supply G-E MAZDA lamps and the necessary lighting counsel to use them best...for war plants large and small. Call the nearest G-E lamp office. Ask for a Wartime Lighting Counsellor. Or see your G-E MAZDA lamp supplier, or your electric service company. General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

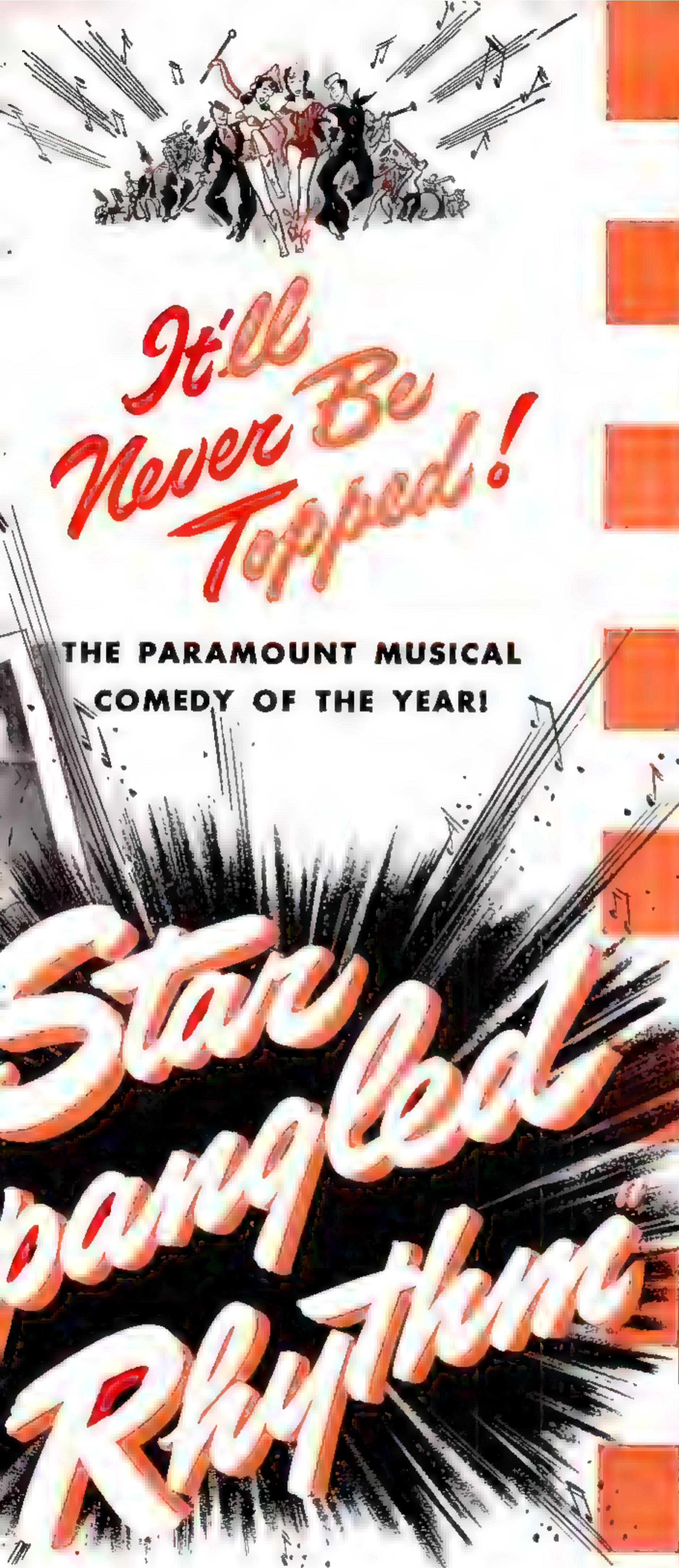


G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



**A Paramount Picture with William Bendix ★ Jerry Colonna ★ Walter Abel ★ Marjorie Reynolds
Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Gate
Quartette ★ and Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy and many others of your favorites!**



*It'll
Never Be
Topped!*

THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL
COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

Stage Door Canteen
Reefer Madness

Starring

BING CROSBY
BOB HOPE
FRED MacMURRAY
FRANCHOT TONE
RAY MILLAND
VICTOR MOORE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERA ZORINA
MARY MARTIN
DICK POWELL
BETTY HUTTON
EDDIE BRACKEN
VERONICA LAKE
ALAN LADD
ROCHESTER

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**
Original Screen Play by **Harry Tugend**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

GUNDER HÄGG

He is track star of a century

At rare intervals great athletes develop who break foot-racing records in wholesale lots. Finland's Paavo Nurmi, who first made the track public mile-conscious, was one. Jesse Owens of the U. S., who ran hog-wild at the Berlin Olympics, was another. The

latest to force running marks further toward the physiological limit of bone and muscle is Sweden's Gun-
der Hägg (pronounced Hegg). In a 70-day campaign
last summer Hägg established new world's records for
1,500 meters, a mile, 2,000 meters, 3,000 meters, two



Hägg's running style is flawless. Notice how the great muscle of his left thigh flops loosely to the side in third picture. Except at the instant of driving forward he is completely relaxed.



In full stride Hägg runs with his body almost straight. He carries his arms at a comfortable medium height, holds hands firm without clutching them. His form is compared with Nurmi's.

miles, three miles and 5,000 meters. Five of these were recognized as official by the International Amateur Athletic Federation last month. The others will probably follow soon.

Perhaps the most comprehensible of Gunder Hägg's

labors to Americans will be his records at the familiar distances. His best mile is 4:04.6 min., nearly two full seconds better than the listed record by England's Sydney Wooderson. His phenomenal two-mile standard is 8:47.8, far better than any time ever caught on

a stop watch for this distance, officially or otherwise.

Physically, Hägg has the attributes of a great distance runner. He is tall (6 ft.), light bodied (150 lb.) and big-chested. At 24 he is in his prime for his specialty. In action he is a model of perfect running form (opposite).

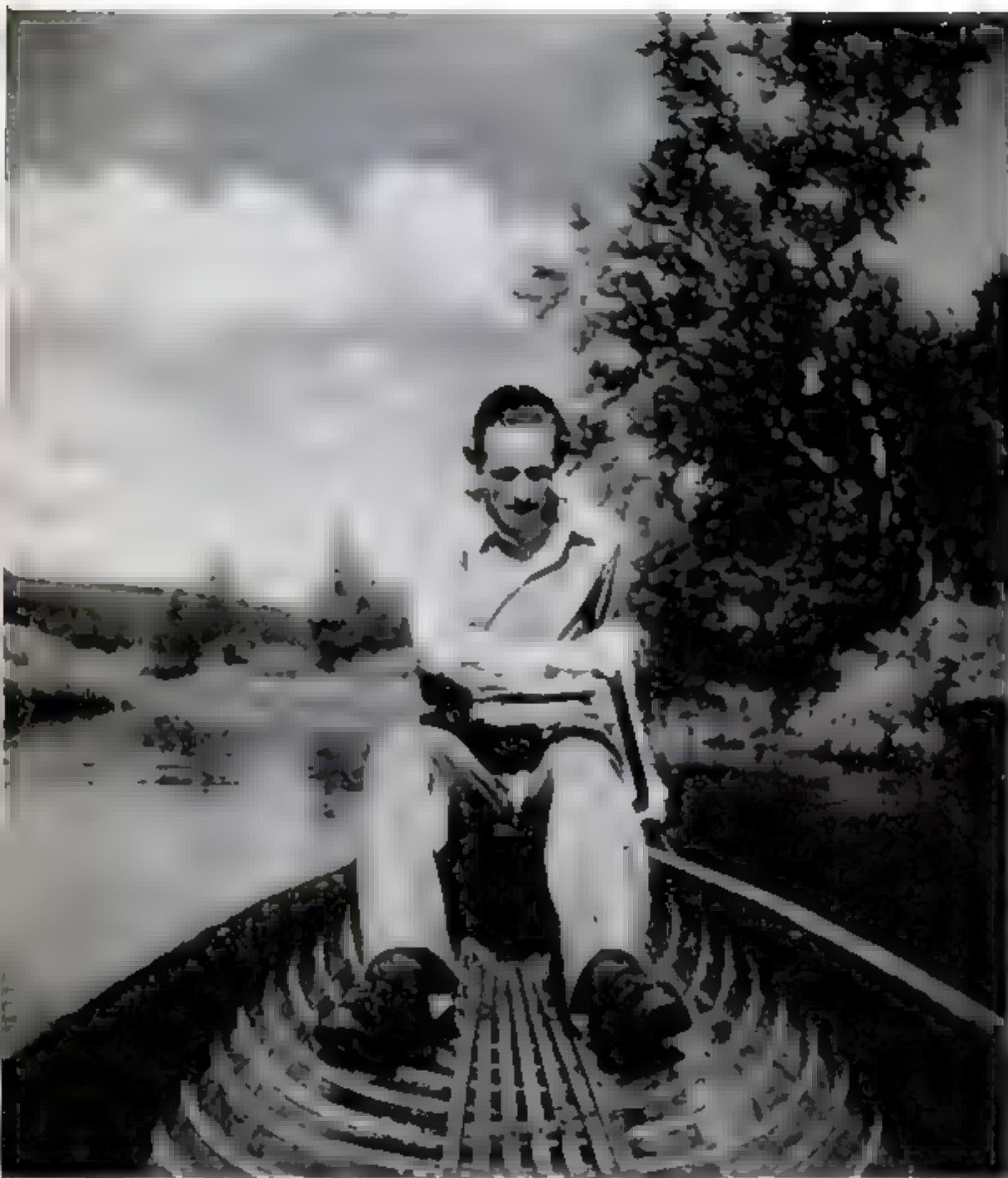


Hägg's arch-rival, Arne Andersson (right), presses him near the finish of a race in Sweden last summer. Andersson is one

of the best distance runners, has pushed Hägg to many of his records. Here his face shows the terrible strain of holding

Hägg's grueling pace. Note the big crowd in background. The Swedes love track meets, worship Hägg and Andersson.

Gunder Hägg (continued)



Hägg rests from his stern training regimen with a little peaceful paddling. Summers in his native Jämtland, one of Sweden's northern provinces, are short but pleasant.



On a nearby range Hägg sights along the barrel of a rifle. In private life he is a fireman in Gävle, his home town (see below), has little time between this and his running to devote to such pleasures.



An accomplished accordionist, Hägg beams while he plays. Picture in background is one of his many trophies. Swedes frequently give athletes paintings instead of silver cups.



In his fireman's uniform Hägg fondles a quaint piece of Swedish fire-fighting equipment. His superiors gladly give him time off to compete in meets, but treat him like any other fireman when he is on duty.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Incredible? No! DU PONT "ZELAN"

A PROTECTIVE TREATMENT FOR FABRIC THAT DOESN'T COME OUT

SHEDS WATER



RESISTS SPOTS



CLEANING DOESN'T SPOIL IT



ARMY TEST PROVES "ZELAN" LASTS



The U.S.A. has the best equipped Army in the world. The sturdy field jackets worn by millions of our soldiers are protected against bad weather with a durable repellent finish. Save time and clothes care with durable "Zelan" treated utility garments. "Zelan" sheds water—resists non-oily spots, stains and perspiration. And the protection lasts!

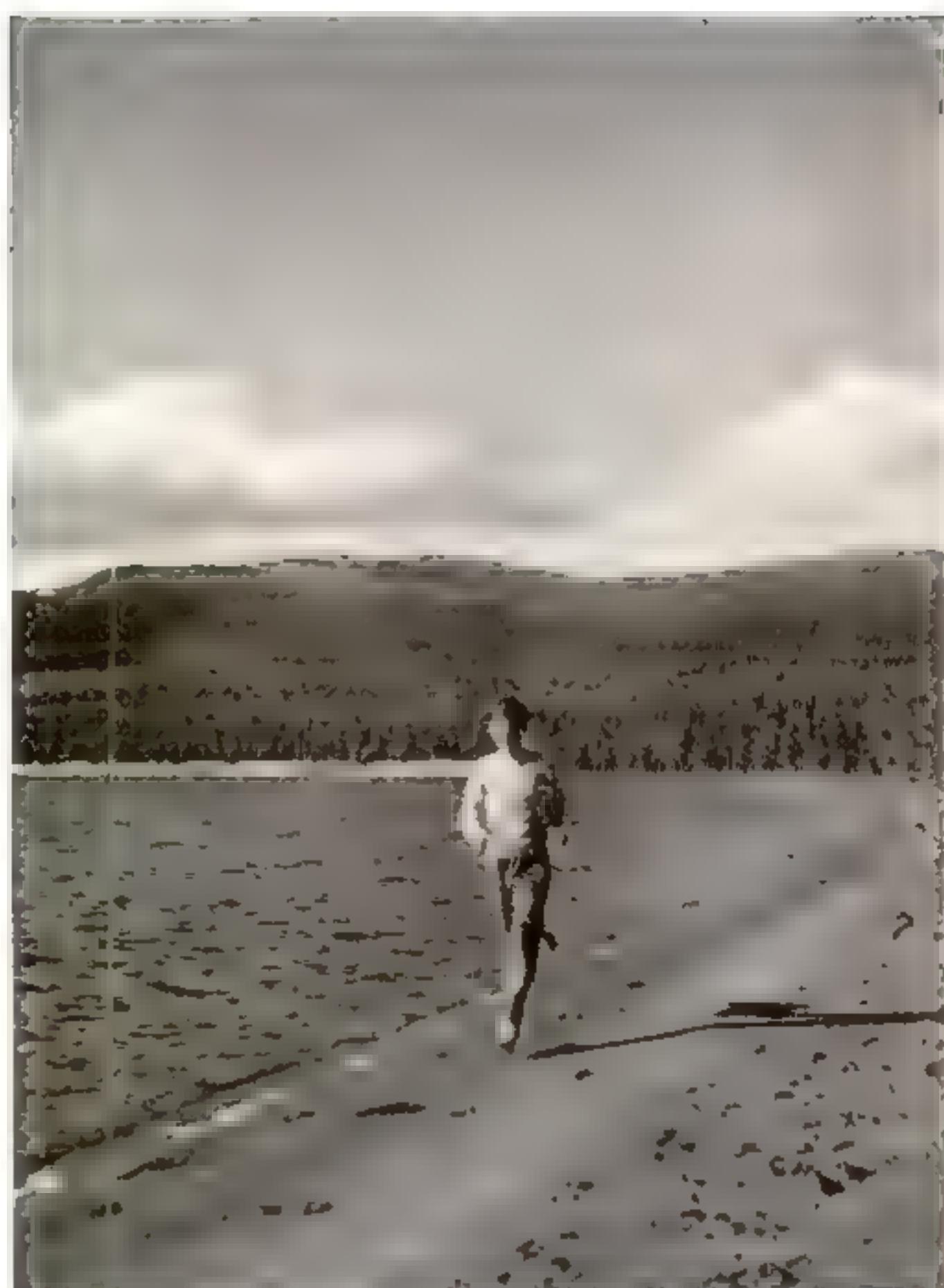


LOOK FOR THIS TAG WHEN YOU SHOP FOR
**RAIN CLOTHES, WORK
CLOTHES, PLAY CLOTHES
SPORTSWEAR**

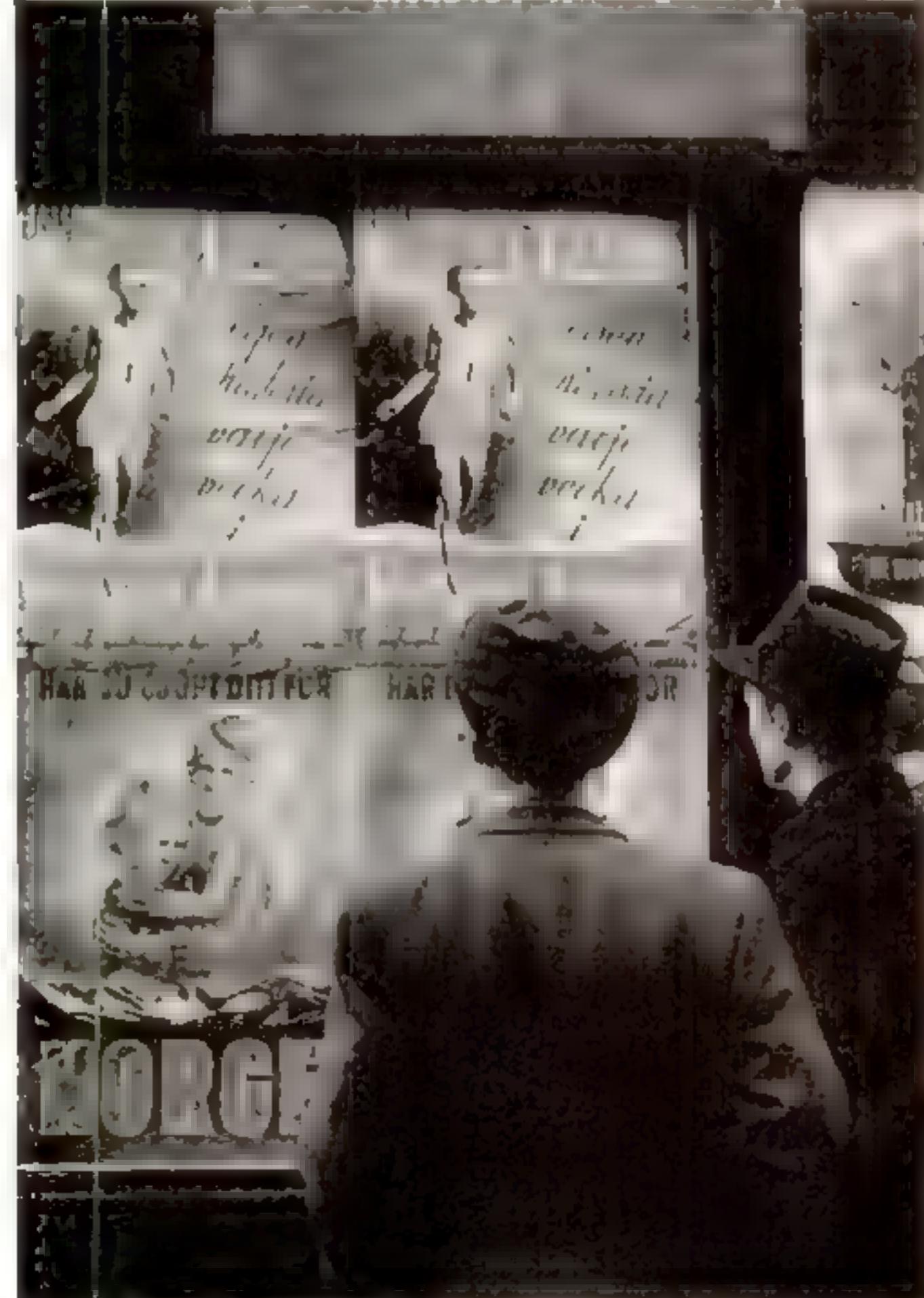
Conservation note: If your garments are not treated with durable "Zelan," ask your cleaner or laundry to make them water repellent with Du Pont "Aridex."



Gunder Hägg (continued)



Hägg runs along shore of a lake near Växjö, big Swedish sports center. He trains all year and wherever he gets the opportunity, even runs in the snow when he has to.



Interested Swedes inspect poster advertising a recent article in a Swedish journal. Poster below is a plea for Norway which has no track meets these days.

HE NEVER FORGETS HIS FLASHLIGHT!

Flying night patrol, navy aviators always carry flashlights... to read maps, check instruments, use in emergencies.

RAY-O-VAC
Leakproof
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

RESERVED ENTIRELY FOR OUR FIGHTING FORCES

The exclusive LEAKPROOF construction in flashlight batteries is vital to the lives of our men in service.

It guards against ruinous corrosion.
It insures full battery life despite distant travel.
It protects against the grueling abuse of field service.
It delivers the most dependable power for flashlights and communication equipment—on land, in the air, on the sea.

Ask your dealer—he may still have a limited supply of LEAKPROOF

FOR THE DURATION
RAY-O-VAC CIVILIAN BATTERIES

Full-powered flashlight batteries, built up to Ray-O-Vac's standards of long life, but no longer sealed in steel.

BUY WAR BONDS BUY WAR STAMPS

FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES
RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FLASHLIGHT
Don't let children play with it in water; treat it as a necessity, not as a toy.



She's the 5th Grade's heartthrob

must be she "EATS" her milk, too!

Eyes are glued on her, when the Valentine Box is opened.

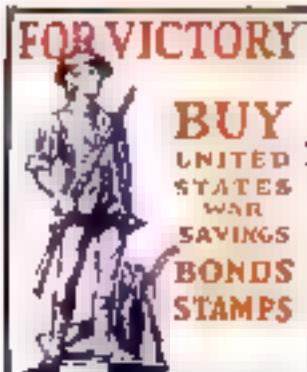
Little boys' eyes, ardent and bashful. Little girls' eyes, wide with envy. And Teacher's eyes rueful. Why can't all little girls have this child's vivacity and charm?

A fairy godmother at the cradle always helps. But mothers can help, too. Because the health they guard, for their youngsters, goes hand in hand with charm.

It's easy to see that children get lots of pure, wholesome Carnation Milk. They can drink it, cold and mixed half and half with cold water. They can "eat" it, in any number of cooked or frozen dishes, that pad the day's milk quota.

Whichever way, all the valuable nutrients of finest milk are there, and homogenized for evenly distributed, rich tasting butterfat. Carnation is fine, whole cow's milk, enriched with vitamin D. Nothing is gone but part of the natural water.

Let *your* daughter be so well and happy she'll make small hearts flutter! Send for milk-rich recipes that point the way.



TRY IT FOR VALENTINE'S DAY!

For excitement—make a big red gelatin heart mold, cherry or raspberry flavor. For fine milk-rich nutrition, serve with it this wonderful sauce.

SOFT CUSTARD SAUCE

(Page 42, "Growing Up With Milk")

Scald 2 cups Carnation Milk, undiluted, in double boiler. Slightly beat 2 eggs with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt. Add some of the milk. Blend well. Add mixture to rest of milk. Mix. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, till it coats a spoon. Flavor with 1 tsp. vanilla.

FREE! Big illustrated book of menus and recipes, planned to give all age groups nutritious, milk-rich meals. Let your child "eat" some of her milk! For "Growing Up With Milk," address Carnation Company, Dept. L18, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toronto, Ont., Can.

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR"
MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



Any music, no matter how great, is only as good as the artists who interpret it. That is why, when most people buy records, they ask for *Isector Records*, because they know that for more than forty years, the very greatest artists of the world have always been on *Isector Records*! Your dealer will be glad to help you choose the music, on *Isector Records*, that will give you the most pleasure!



1 Jose Iturbi 2 Igor Gann 3 Jesus Maria Sanroma 4 Hans Kindler 5 Mihail Kosz 6 Arthur Fedder
7 Frederick Stark 8 Cyprien Auvou 9 Rose Bampton 10 Leopold Stokowski 11 Jules Engel 12 E. Poll
13 Hermann 14 Alexander 15 E. Kabele 16 D. Cho 17 M. Coubray 18 Enrico Caruso
19 R. Gold 20 E. 21 D. 22 E. 23 E. 24 E. 25 G. 26 A. 27 M. 28 A. 29 A. 30 G. 31 E. 32 A. 33 E. 34 E. 35 E. 36 E. 37 A. 38 E. 39 E. 40 E. 41 E. 42 E. 43 E. 44 E. 45 E. 46 E. 47 E. 48 E. 49 E. 50 E. 51 E. 52 E. 53 E. 54 E. 55 E. 56 E. 57 E. 58 E. 59 E. 60 E.



If you would like to have a full color reproduction of the painting suitable for framing (with identification key separate) just enclose 10c to cover mailing and mailing to R.C. Mfg. Co., Inc., Box 321, Camden, N.J.

The World's Greatest Artists are on



VICTOR Records



Now, After 14 Days of New Skin Beauty for 2 out of 3 Women in 14 Days!

BETTER COMPLEXIONS PROVED BY 9 DOCTORS IN 402 TESTS ON ALL TYPES OF SKIN

**Never before have the women
of America witnessed
proved results so startling
and sensational!**

FOR 402 scientifically conducted tests—under the supervision of 9 doctors—have proved conclusively that *in 14 days* a new method of using famous Palmolive Soap brings better complexions to 2 out of every 3 women . . . *with spectacular ease!*

Yes, these nine doctors report, "Softer, smoother skin! Less oiliness! Less dryness! Clearer skin! Complexions more radiant, glowing, sparkling! And these were just a few of the specific improvements which we found to be true."

**NO OTHER SOAP
OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!**



Here is the NEW easy method:

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive. Then each time take one minute more, a full 60 seconds, and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin . . . *like a cream*. It's that 60-second massage with Palmolive's rich and wondrously gentle lather that works such wonders. Now rinse—that's all.



Here is the PROOF it works!

In 402 tests on all types of skin—old, young, dry and oily—2 out of 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in 14 days. This is the conclusive proof of what you have been seeking, a way to beautify your complexion that really works. So start this new Palmolive way to beauty—tonight. You'll be glad you did!

**HUNDREDS OF WOMEN IN HOME TESTS
GET SAME STARTLING RESULTS!**

Hundreds of other women—all over the country—are now using Palmolive's proved new beauty method at home. And far more than 2 out of 3 report the same kind of sensational results—more proof for you that Palmolive brings *new skin beauty in just 14 days!*

Thus, if you want a complexion the envy of every woman you know, the admiration of every man you meet, don't delay. Get Palmolive Soap today—and start right now on this great new beauty method you know may work wonders for you because it has for others.



On a routine training flight from Mather Field, Calif. to Hickam Field, Hawaii, the *Mary Ann* crew of flight attendants Pilot Quadrangle, Joan Ridgely, and Copilot Williams, Copilot Williams, George Young



From a gun blaster part of the crew—left to right, Gunner Winocur, John Garfield, Crew Chief Harry Carey, Assistant Crew Chief George Tolles—look down on Hickam Field

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Air Force

Epic story of a Flying Fortress tells of air war in the Pacific

Warner Bros. *Air Force* is one of the finest war pictures that Hollywood has yet produced. Telling the life story of a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress, this movie does for the U. S. Army Air Force what Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* has done for the Royal Navy. Heroine of the picture is the *Mary Ann* whose fictional exploits during the first months of war in the Pacific are much like those of the *Song Qiu* in LIFE's text article in the Jan. 18 issue. For two hours *Air Force* records in documentary fashion the missions of the *Mary Ann*, the struggles of her nine-man crew to keep her a fighting ship, and above all the almost human relationship between men and plane in wartime

In the film are some of the finest aerial sequences that have ever been photographed. Matching the technical highlights of the movie which include scenes like the Dec. 7 bombing of Hickam Field (*below*) and the recreated Battle of the Coral Sea, the story of *Air Force* has a dramatic simplicity which contains the authentic small talk and humor of fighting men. But with dialogue only 20% of the footage, Director Howard Hawks tells most of the story with suspense-filled action. Produced at the instigation of Lt. General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, *Air Force* is that sort of movie that starts out as a \$2,000,000 recruiting film and ends up as one of the "ten best" of the year.

THE "MARY ANN" MAKES A LANDING ON DAMAGED RUNWAYS OF HICKAM FIELD JUST AFTER DEC. 7 ATTACK BY THE JAPS. SHE COMES TO A STOP NEAR A BURNING HANGAR



You may **worry** about getting to work on time



but here's one worry you can avoid

Uncle Sam needs you in your war-job . . . whatever it may be. Equally important, he needs you on the job *all day, every day*.

That means you've got to keep your car on the job too . . . ready to get you to work on schedule! So stop car troubles *before* they start. Avoid excess chassis wear with Marfak lubrication.

Marfak especially resists the washing-out effect of snow, slush and rain. It's a super-tough lubricant. It "stays put" and protects

vital chassis parts longer.

To insure *worry-free* protection, Marfak is applied by chart, not by chance.

Never say "grease-job." Insist on genuine Marfak 40-point Lubrication Service. At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

For Your Enjoyment...2 Great Radio Programs



FRED ALLEN:
On the air
every Sunday night.
Columbia Network.



METROPOLITAN OPERA: Complete
broadcasts of
great operas every Saturday
afternoon. Blue Network.



You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**



Taking off from Hickam Field where she was refueled and supplied with ammunition, the *Mary Ann* flies through the heavy smoke surrounding the field and heads west across Pacific toward other scenes of war at Wake Island and Clark Field at Manila.



After a half-hour stop at Wake the *Mary Ann* climbs above a thunderstorm. Gunner Wimocki holds a Marne mascot puppy from Wake who uses an oxygen mask along with the rest of crew. Other passenger taken on is a pursuit pilot needed in Manila.



A Jap attack on Clark Field, Manila, takes place shortly after the *Mary Ann* has landed. The *Mary Ann* and her sleepless crew are told to make for Australia. Before she leaves the *Mary Ann* goes up for a crack at some Jap transports and destroyers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Distinguished Contemporaries



THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Today, as for generations past,
Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite
of those who know and appreciate the finest.

BOTTLED IN BOND

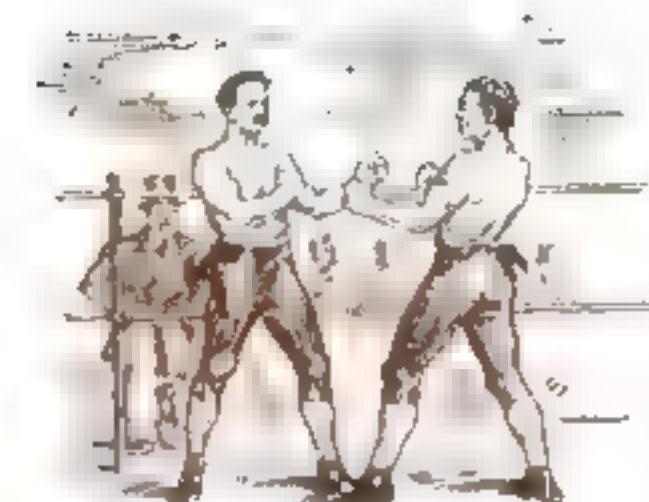
Kentucky Straight Whiskey
Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof



National Distillers Products
Corporation, New York, N. Y.

TODAY

as in past
generations,
OLD CROW is
favored by
"those in the know"



Bare-knuckle bouts sometimes
went seventy-five rounds in those
days—but boxing fans always
found time for a round or two
of Old Crow after the fight.

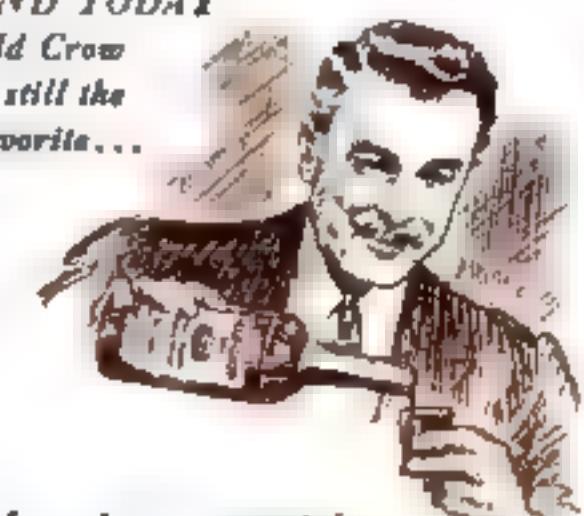


The days of the old sidewheeler
saw Old Crow's fame not only
nation-wide, but world-wide.
Wherever good whiskey was
known and appreciated, Old
Crow was a favorite.



The first Kentucky Derby was run
in 1875 and Old Crow, already
a champion in its own right, was
there to toast the winner.

AND TODAY
Old Crow
is still the
favorite...



Men who can recognize
greatness in a whiskey,
never fail to be impressed with
Old Crow. Have you tried this
distinguished whiskey recently?

WAR NOTE: Old Crow's distilling
facilities are devoted 100% to war
production. The Old Crow offered
for your enjoyment today comes
from substantial reserve stocks.

"Air Force" (continued)

Valentine Red

NEWEST COLOR ORIGINAL

WEMBLEY TIES

Here's a glowing, romantic red created by Wembley with your Valentine in mind. You'll see it exclusively in Nor-East Non-Crush fabric—the famous imported cloth that resists wrinkles and keeps its beauty. Your Wembley gift-ties will make him think of you and thank you for a long time after Valentine. Ask for Wembley Valentine Red at your favorite store.

War Bonds are another good Valentine gift. Buy them through your retailer, too.

Wembley Ties

Made of
PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC

CRUSH IT! TWIST IT! KNOT IT! NOT A WRINKLE!

Wembley
MADE IN AMERICA
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH
FABRIC

COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY INC., NEW ORLEANS

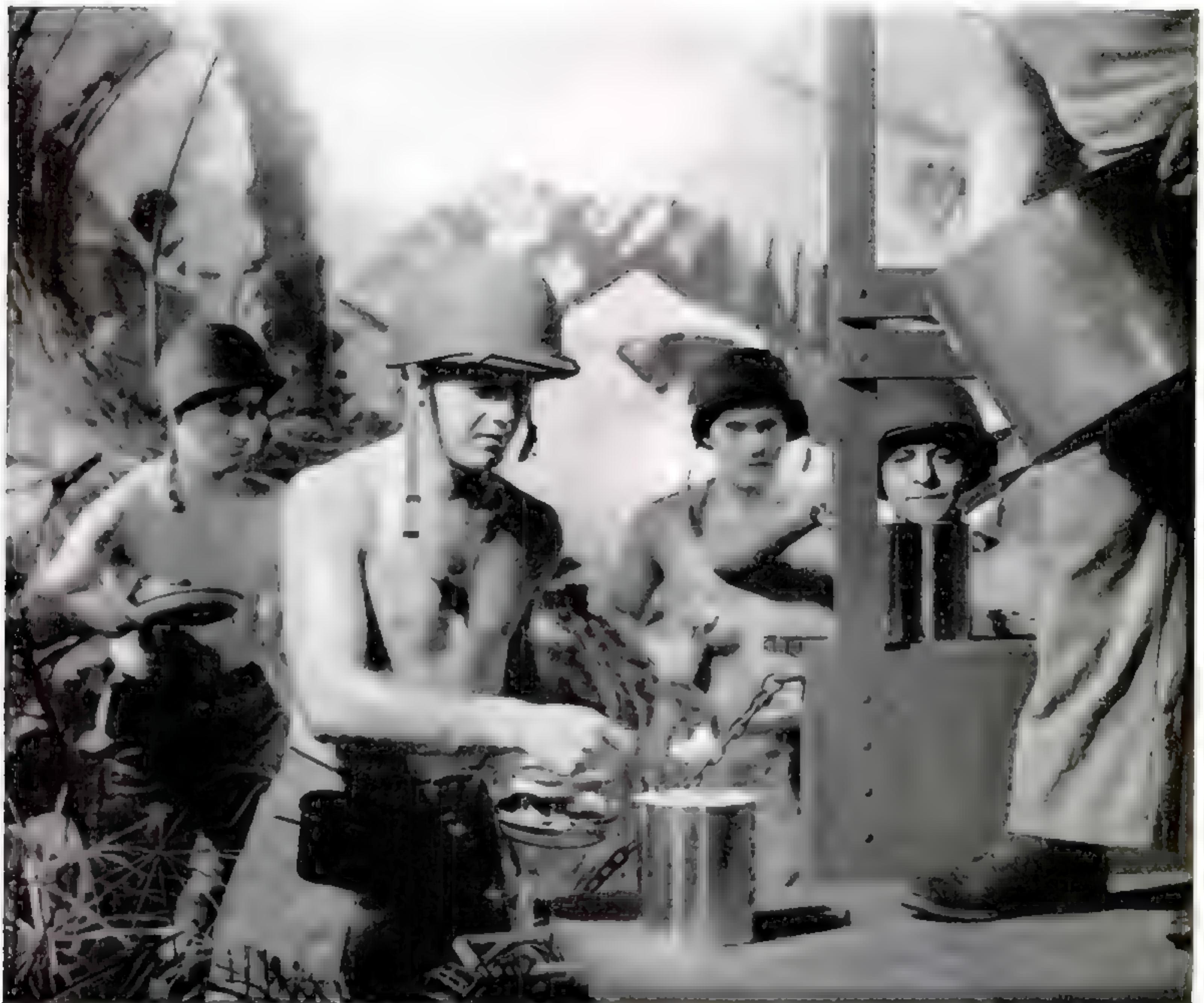


Attacked by Jap Zeros, the *Mary Ann* is badly damaged. Pilot Quinlan, seriously wounded, orders the members of the crew to jump. All do so but Gunner Winocki who, trained to be a pilot, takes over the controls and brings ship back to the field.



Putting a stinger in the tail, the crew of the *Mary Ann* work at night as they try to patch her up for flying with parts from other wrecked ships. Ordered to destroy her, the men promise to get the ship into the air or to burn her before the Japs arrive.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Butter that won't melt at 110°? ... Tell it to the Marines!"

Down on the equator, where joint U. S. forces have landed, fought and raised the flag, the long arm of science reaches out to serve our fighting men.

One example: *A preserved butter for export that will not melt at 110 degrees!*

This food is only one of many National Dairy products now being used by the armed forces of Democracy all over the world. It takes its place beside the numerous scientific developments in the care and handling of milk and milk products as basic human food.

And National Dairy research is probing farther and farther into the potentialities of milk . . . developing, for instance, a milk fiber that is light and warm and looks like wool . . . opening new doors to the farmer, the manufacturer and the consumer.

National Dairy processes milk and many milk products for millions of American homes. By rigid adherence to high standards of purity . . . by a precise and far-flung system of *quality control* . . . by constant research . . . National Dairy daily helps to

safeguard the health and strength of millions of American people.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of milk as a human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farm and in the towns and cities of America.

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES**

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

"Air Force" (continued)



Taking revenge for the striking of the *Mary Ann*'s bottom turret gunner as he parachuted out of a burning scout plane, Gunner Winocki holds one of the *Mary Ann*'s guns in his hand, fires at the Zero. The score is evened as the Zero crashes to ground.



Heading for Australia the *Mary Ann*, now being handled by the pursuit pilot (James Brown), sights an enemy task force and takes part in the Coral Sea battle. Baked by machine guns and anti-aircraft fire, the *Mary Ann* crashes on an Australian beach.



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong*!

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "nancy-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but all it did was to stir me up inside without giving relief. It was just *too mild*!



FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax. Now there's a laxative for you! It's so delicious to take—tastes just like sweet chocolate. And it does its job so well—without knock me out! Ex-Lax is not *too strong*, not *too mild*—it's *just right*!



TRY THE "Happy Medium" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—*It's not too strong!*

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—*it's not too mild!*

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—*It's just right!*



IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not *too strong*!

As a precaution, use only as directed.



these are my hands...take them

They are free hands.

They were born of a people who loved freedom enough to die for it.

They are capable hands.

They worked long years to give my family a place in a world of security and peace.

* * *

Hands like these have cut down forests, planted corn, built railroads, established great cities.

Hands like these will build two ships where one was built before.

Hands like these will turn out ammunition by the tens of millions of tons.

Hands like these will get the guns, food, and supplies to the men at the front.

Hands like these will earn the money to pay the bill for this final effort in defense of American standards of life and liberty.

* * *

Here are my hands.

Take them for whatever they are best able to do.

They are eager to start.

Take them and put them to work.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
IN CANADA, DOMINION



NEW YORK CITY
RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.



IN SLEEPING BAGS IN 30° BELOW ZERO COLD ROOM, MEN FIND THAT SLEEP COMES ONLY IN FIVE-MINUTE SNATCHES. WAKING, THEY GO INTO DOG TROT TO WARM UP (BELOW RIGHT)

HEAT AND COLD

Armored Force doctors research hazards of tropics and arctic

U. S. soldiers fighting this war must be prepared to meet not only the hazards of battle but the globe's extremes in tropic heat and arctic cold. For U. S. Army doctors, this is a problem in medical engineering not unlike the problems that attend the adaptation of equipment to the same extremes of climate. First step is to define the problem by research. At Fort Knox, Ky., the U. S. Army Medical Corps unit attached to the Armored Forces has set up a laboratory to observe

the effect on soldiers of prolonged exposure to temperatures of 30° below zero and 120° above.

In the hot and cold rooms, soldier volunteers live for days and weeks at a time, while the doctors keep charts on their body weights, heart action and metabolism and subject them to periodic psychological tests. The Medical Corps, as a result, will be able to guide selection of troops for tropic and arctic campaigns and to prepare in advance for the troubles they will meet.

IN HOT ROOM, AFTER DAY-LONG EXPOSURE TO 120° TEMPERATURE, MEN SLEEP GRATEFULLY IN 90° TEMPERATURE, WHICH SIMULATES NIGHT-TIME FALL OF TEMPERATURE IN THE DESERT





At 30° below zero, moisture in breath frosts eyelashes, nostrils and clothing. With wind machine turned on, frost evaporates and the cold becomes almost unbearable.



Medium tank festooned with icicles in Fort Knox cold room. Tank in these tests helped to measure efficiency of men at regular jobs in intensely cold temperatures.



Dog trot around cold room restores circulation and makes men feel warm enough to squirm into sleeping bags again. In field, a foxhole would protect men from wind.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Kernel Wheat
gives full body

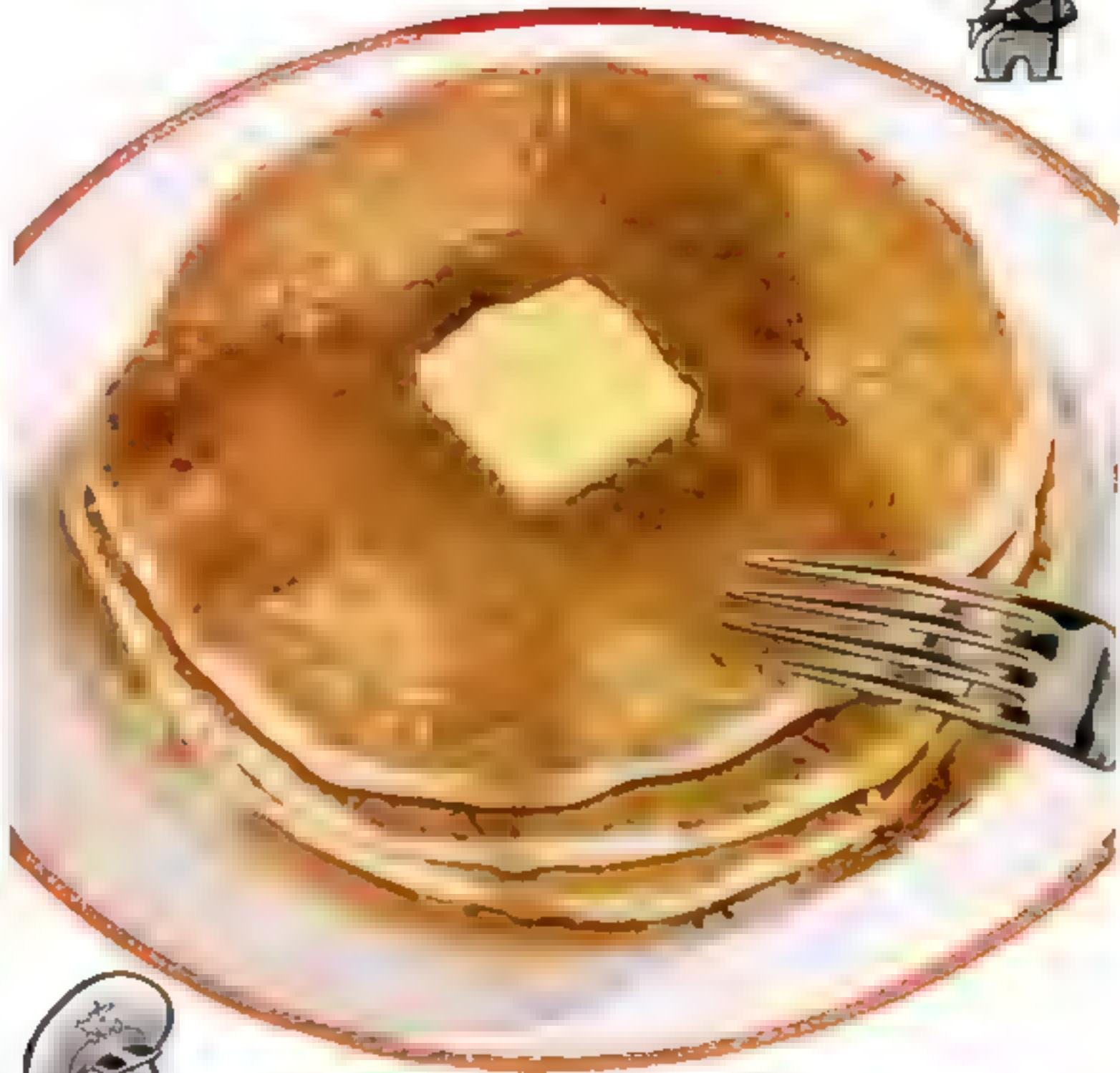


Kernel Corn
adds flavor

Kernel Rye
lends special tang



Pillsbury's famous "4 Kernels"
bring you delicious wartime eatin'
that sticks to your ribs!



Kernel Rice
keeps 'em tender

The special way Pillsbury has of putting these four grain "kernels" together, produces a pancake flavor that really gets you! Don't try it if you aren't ready for a hearty meal — you'll be calling for more as long as the griddle's hot. And what a meal a stack of Pillsbury Pancakes is these days when the ol' engines need special stoking! Those "4 Kernels" have what it takes to keep you going top speed! Get a box of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour at your grocer's, today—and see for yourself.



We are very pleased that men and women in our Armed Forces are receiving the best in food. For the war is in the kitchen. All men and women in the Armed Forces are given the best in food and the best in flour to make the best in food. We are proud to be a part of this great nation and its contributions to produce foods high in nutritive value and of absolute purity—the kind of foods a working, fighting nation needs.



Have you tried Pillsbury's
Buckwheat Pancake Flour lately?



BRANDY...AND SODA

Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards!

Coronet brandy and soda is first among tall drinks in mildness, smoothness, tasteful sparkle. Coronet is a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime!

* make your dollars fight...buy war bonds and stamps!

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.

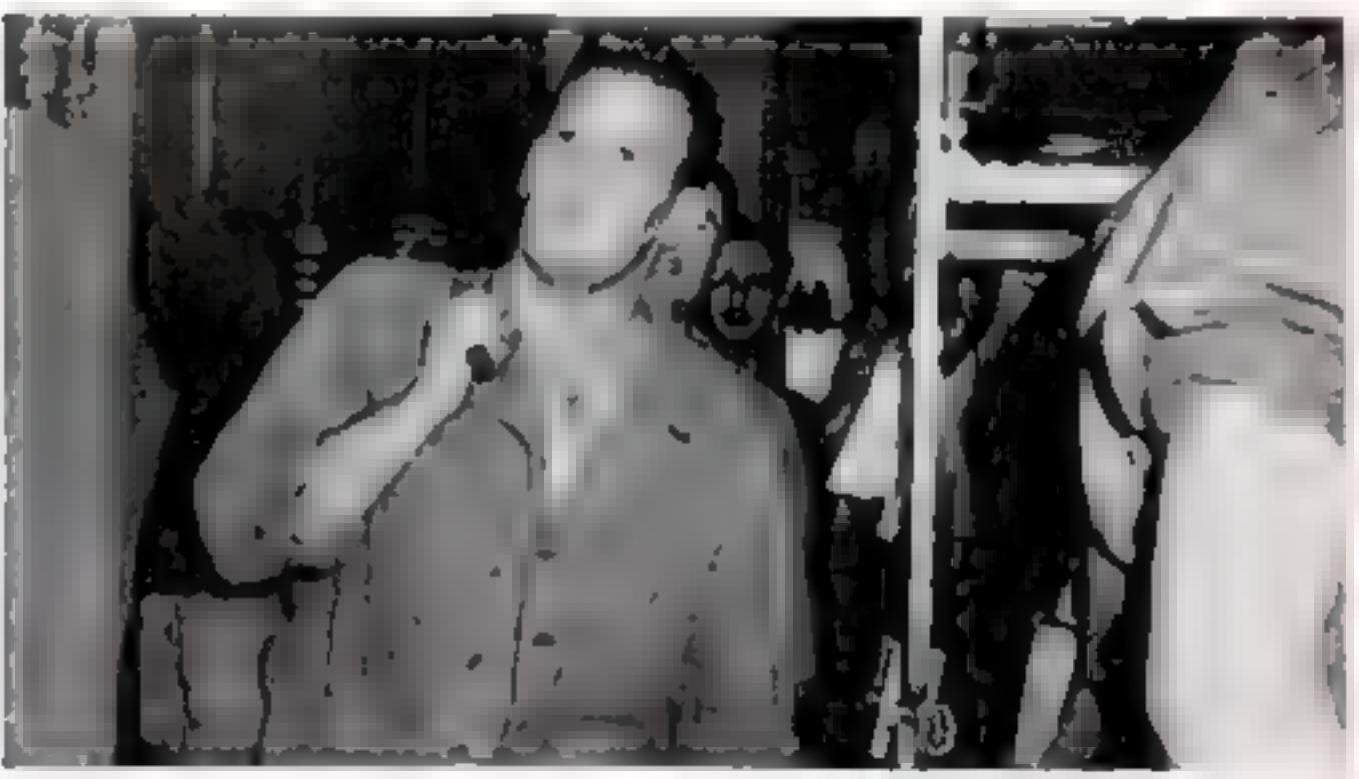
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Bianca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Your Mutual station each week.

Hot and Cold Laboratory (continued)

MEN LIVE MONTH IN 120° HOT ROOM



In hot room at 90°F. (top) and 120°F. (bottom) men pass off in hot times 12° in 1 day in heat peak. First week at lower temperature, men joined the team for last three weeks, passing test. At 120°, metal-on equipment and beds is scorching like 1,000°.



Effect of heat on this soldier is dramatized by his appearance at 90° (top) and at 120° (bottom). Men tested find that packs grew heavier with each rise in temperature. Because humidity could not be held to desert level, men are allowed to strip for comfort.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



HOPPING is hard work. Charley Allen is puffing, perspiring—and feeling foolish. But he gladly follows the doc's directions.

Charley's buying another life insurance policy—and, at the same time, another stake in his electric light and power company.

Probably, like most folks, he doesn't look past the policy. But it's a fact that his insurance company will take his premium dollars and put them to work for him—partly in utility securities.

Here are interesting figures furnished by the Institute of Life Insurance:

1. As of December 31, 1942, some 67 million people owned 134 million life insurance policies in 300 different companies.

2. These companies, in turn, owned \$5,060,000,000 of utility securities.

3. Through the life insurance companies alone, therefore, 90% of the adult population of the United States has a big stake in the utility industry.

The electric companies under business management—which provide the great bulk of the power for America's war production—are literally built by the savings of the same people they serve.

Clearly, almost every American has a real interest in preserving the American system of business management under public regulation

—the system that has produced more goods and more services for more people at lower cost than any other in the world!

**THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 98
ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER
AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.

Invest in America! Buy War Bonds and Stamps

WHY BE THE GOAT

every time you light your pipe?



Smoke a tobacco that meets the INDOOR TEST



It's really good taste to smoke BOND STREET.

You get the rich, mellow flavor and bite-free coolness of a custom blend. And—unlike other popular mixtures—BOND STREET leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. The ladies applaud!

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. And here's one pipe tobacco that doesn't lose its flavor.

Compare BOND STREET—indoors—with your present blend. Buy a package—today!

15¢

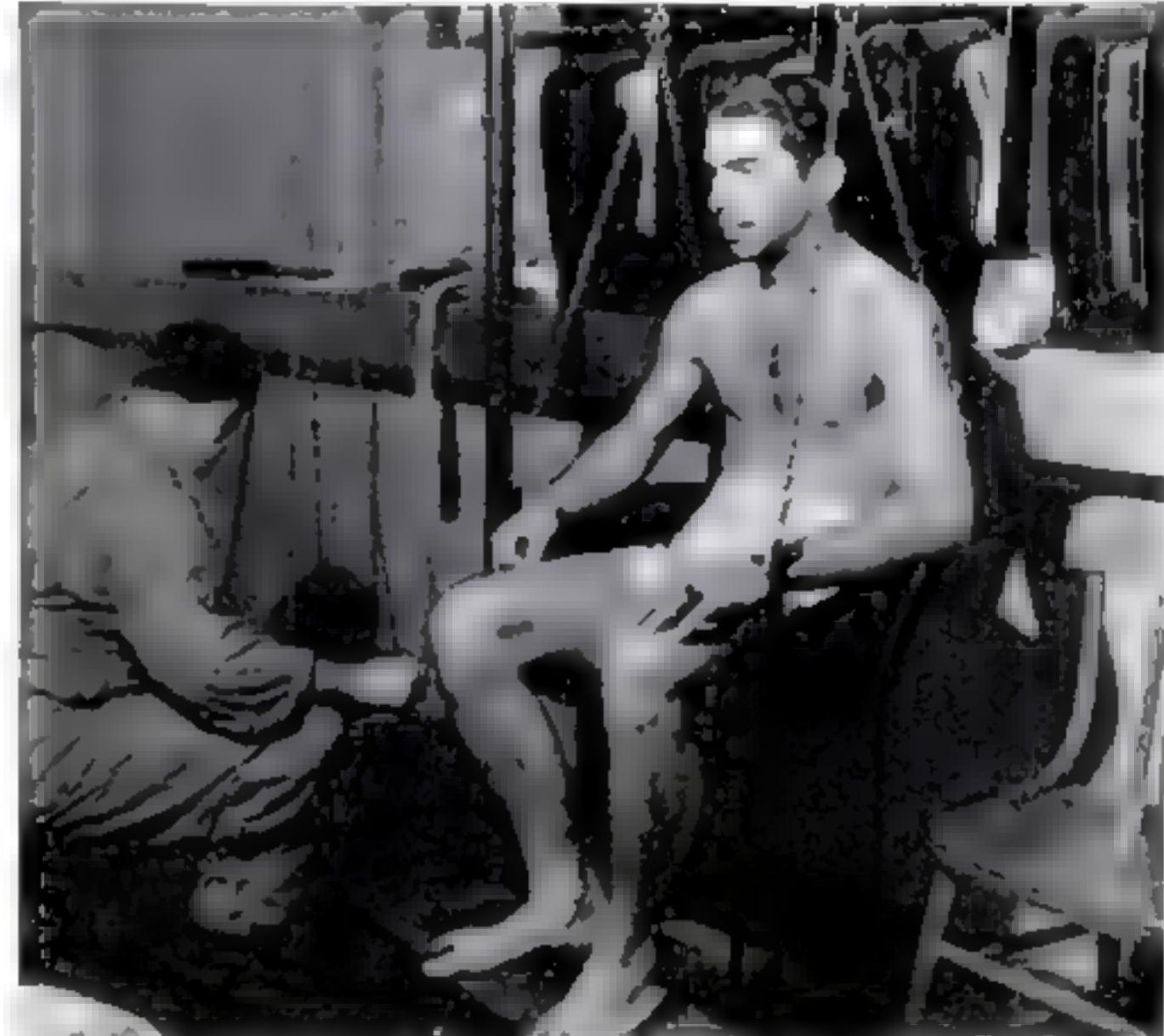
POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c



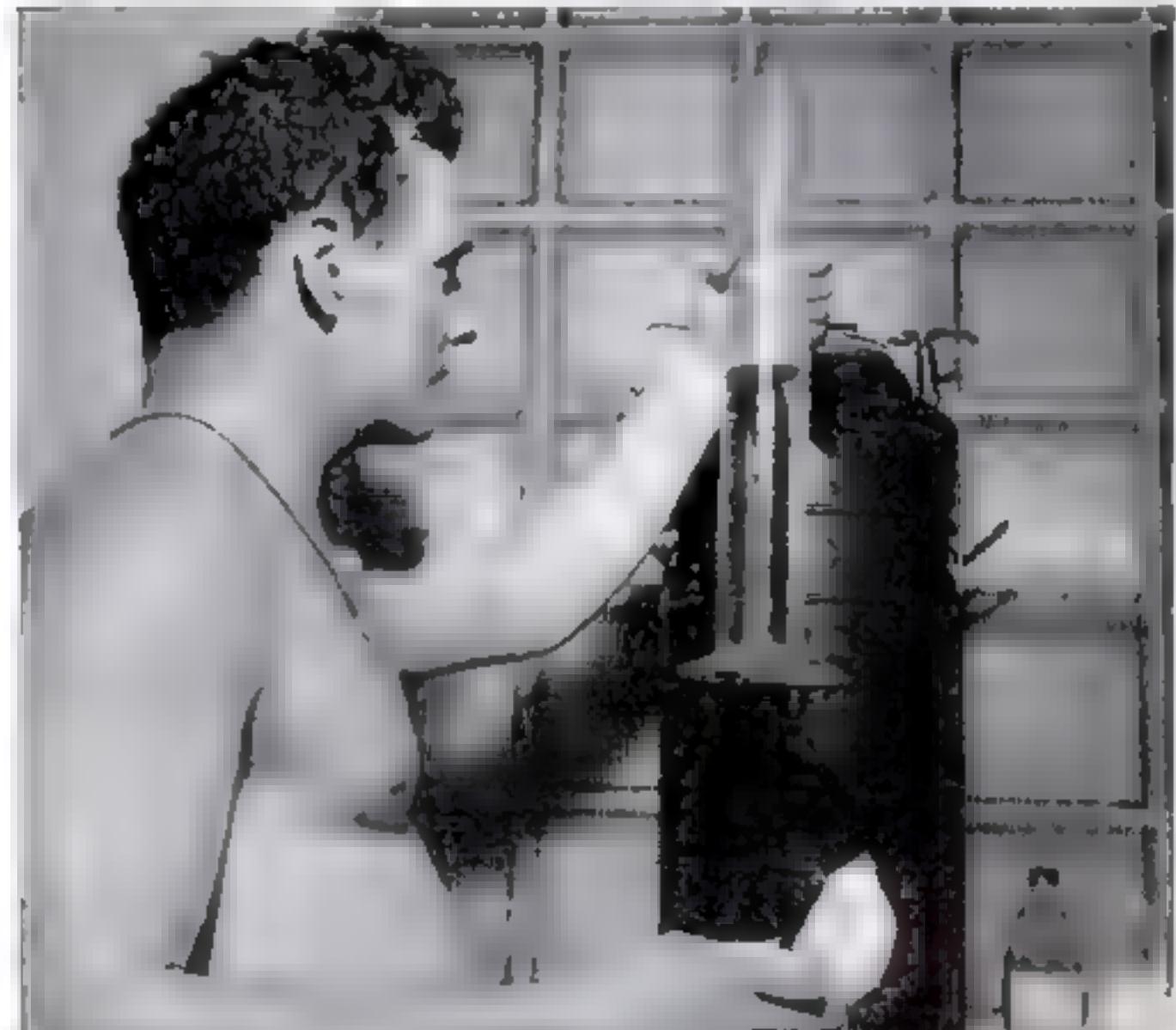
Hot and Cold Laboratory (continued)



Heat exhaustion brought this soldier down temporarily. Here, in 90° F. temperature he is revived by rest and saline drink. Only two men failed to go through whole month.



On scales, delicately adjusted to measure within a grain, soldiers are weighed at regular intervals. Average weight loss in daily 12½ mile walk around hot road was 3.1



Water intake of each man is carefully recorded to measure efficiency of kidneys and perspiration. Salt is added to the water to replace the salt lost through perspiration.



SOLDIERS ON THE WINTER FRONT

A million veterans on the home front are in action in the war against winter.

It's a war being fought by railroad men to keep the greatest traffic load in history rolling every minute of the day and night.

It means miles of snowsheds built through the mountains — miles of detector fences to warn of snowslides.

It means mighty locomotives puffing behind great rotaries, or shoving steel-winged plows to fling drifts aside.

It means men braving the blizzard's bite to keep clear the thousands of switches — repair crews standing ready to meet the threat of flood-swollen streams.

All this is an old story to railroad men — but it's a story that takes on new drama today.

For America depends on its railroads as never before, to keep its war factories humming, its armies fed and equipped around the world—at the same time that 130 million Americans at home are supplied with the food and fuel they must have.

Railroad men know the size of the job that rests on their shoulders. It's a job twice as big as it was before the world went to war.

And they'll give it the best they've got, so long as they have an engine that will pull, a car that will roll, and a track to follow.

HELP MAKE TRANSPORTATION GO ROUND

Passenger traffic has doubled in the last year. And the railroads want to carry everyone who must travel. So won't you do this to help?

1. Plan early — make reservations and buy tickets as soon as you can.
2. Avoid week ends — midweek travel is less crowded, more comfortable.
3. Travel light — don't carry more baggage than you really need.
4. Cancel promptly — when your plans shift, release your reservations quickly. Someone else needs them.

Thank You.



Association of
AMERICAN



RAILROADS
Washington D. C.



SPRAY FROM THE SEA SPLASHES ABOARD AN 83-FT. COAST GUARD CUTTER IN THE ATLANTIC, AS A SUB CONTACT IS MADE AND DEPTH CHARGES ARE PREPARED FOR DROPPING

THE NORTH ATLANTIC

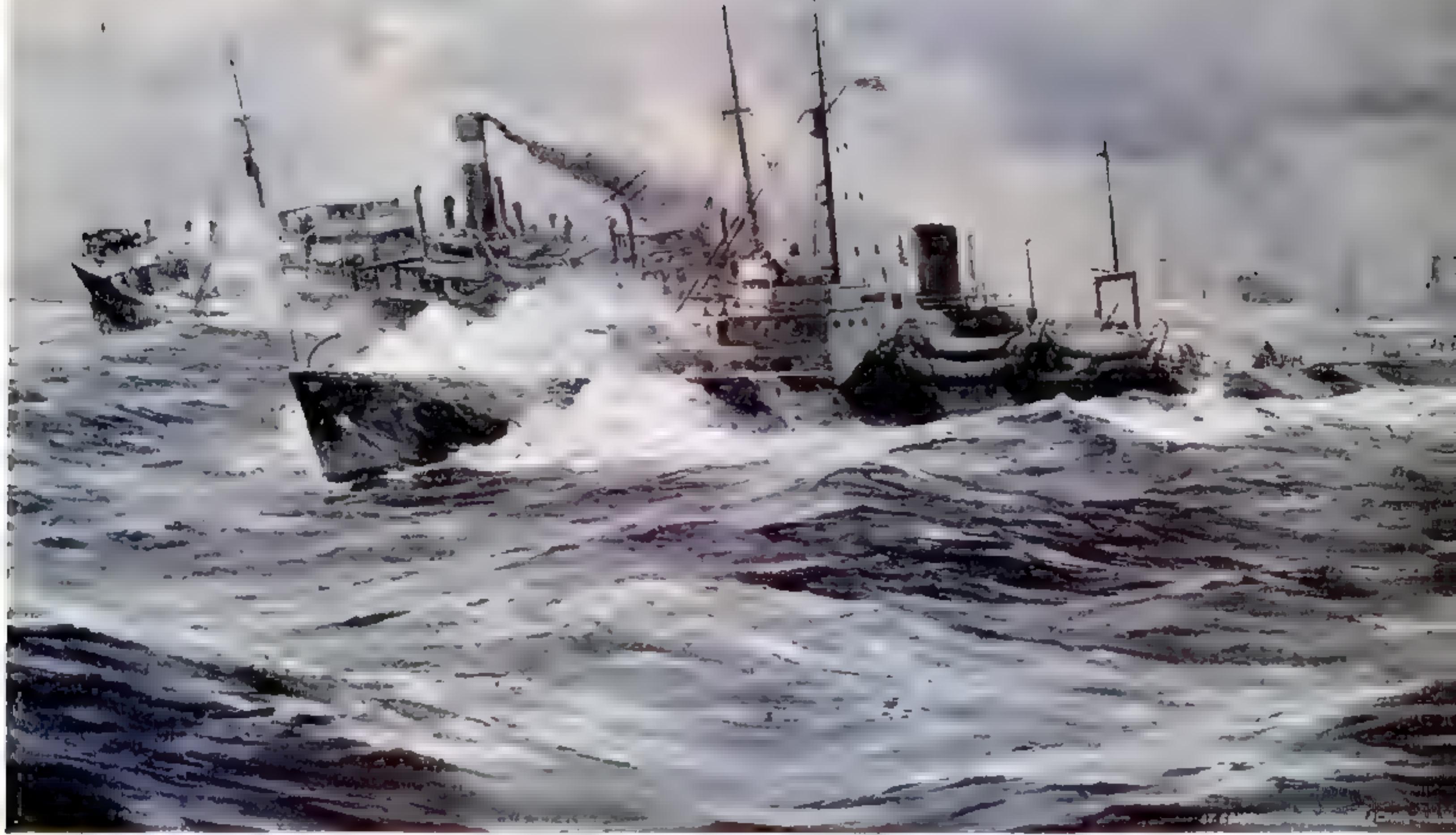
Fischer paints its terrors

Now is the worst time of the year in the North Atlantic. Fog banks hang low and stinging sleet coats ships with ice. Out of the fog too comes a terror worse than storms and cold weather. It is the German sub pack, hunting Allied convoys, sending frozen ships to their death.

As a boy Anton Otto Fischer left a Catholic seminary to spend eight years in a sailing ship's fo'c'sle, and he has never forgotten the feel of the sea. As a result his illustrations, like the ones on the next two pages of the U. S. Coast Guard in action on Arctic patrol, have a sort of realism and photographic honesty. He himself is a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard Reserve, but these

drawings were done entirely from memory. Now, however, he is a mate at sea on a cutter of the *Hamilton* class which is helping to convoy ships to Europe over the tough North Atlantic route. The scenes drawn here are to him a dread reality.

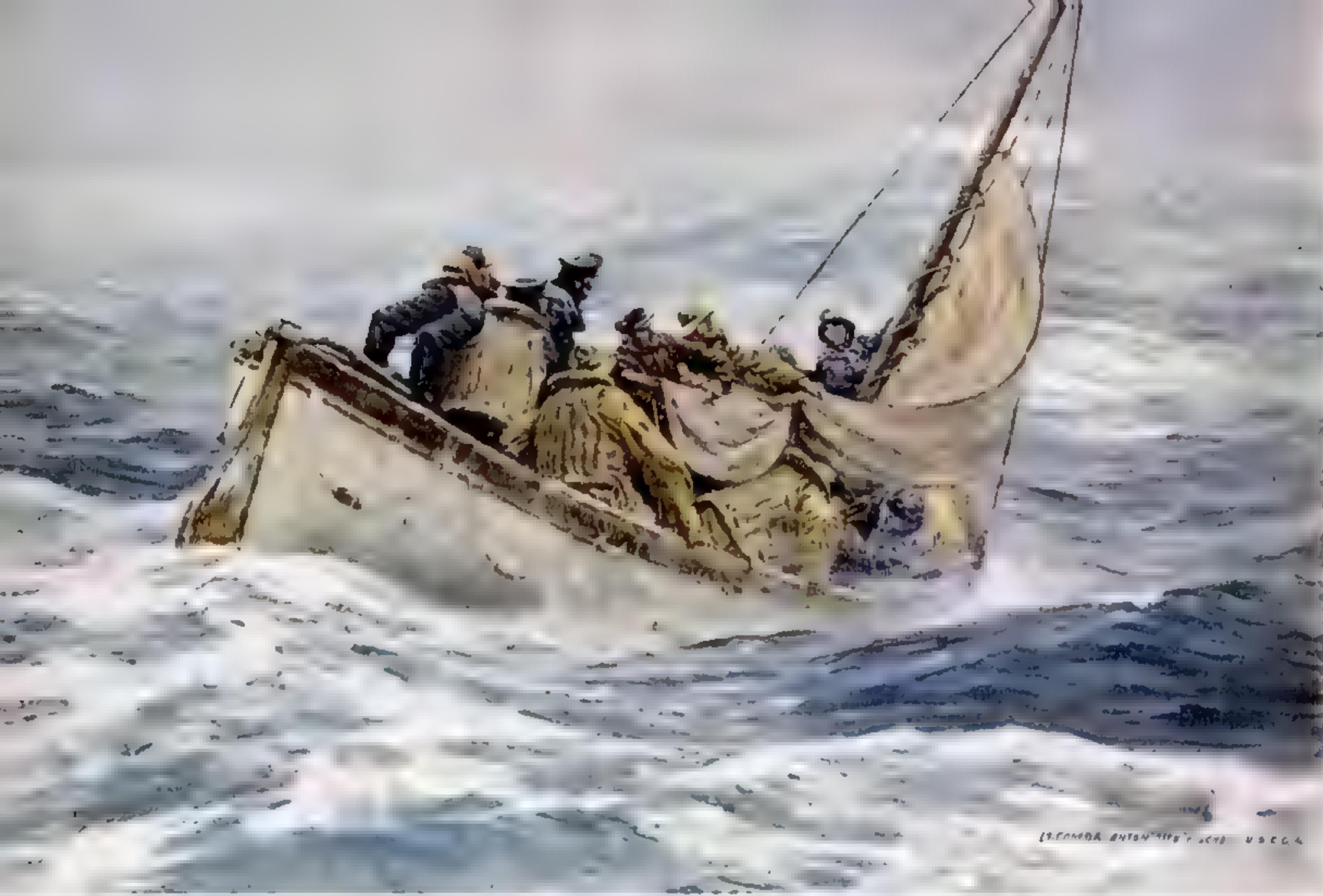
Fischer was born at Munich in 1882 and after several years at sea managed in 1906 to get to Paris where he studied art at the Academie Julian for two years under Jean Paul Laurens. In 1908 for the second time he came to the U. S. and married Mary Ellen Sigsbee, daughter of Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, the captain of the *Maine* when that ship was sunk in Havana Harbor Feb. 15, 1898.



A winter convoy is guarded by sleek, grey Coast Guard cutters of the *Hamilton* class. These 827-ft. craft are equipped for the long, dangerous Arctic convoy routes and have a surprising seaworthy speed, even in the most adverse weather.

Saved from the icy green waters by a *Hamilton*-class cutter, two wet and shivering seamen look melancholyly at the salvaged shipwreck of the cyclone-torn *U.S. Army Transport*. The crew had to abandon ship and lifeboats to follow a rescue boat.





1940 CORNELL ANTHONY STAFFORD - U.S. COAST GUARD

A drift in an open boat, survivors of a torpedoed merchantman struggle with their sea in raw water ward. In their life jackets and yellow oilskins, they will drift in terror and ice-chest'd bone - praying for rescue after a succulent meal.

A burning tanker sends up a pyre of red flame as its crew pull away in lifeboats. The searid glare of the oil fire and the shimmering waves of unbearable heat will soon be replaced by a freezing cold as more and more sailors seek a plane.



Brave, Bright Meals

Turn on the happiness when the family gathers 'round. A splash of color on the table can help fight back at a drab, grim world . . . Use your brightest tableware, put on that sprig of parsley, season with a smile, and try the eating sunshine of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn —the extra young and tender kind originated in the Hiawatha country of Minnesota.

*NOTE—Due to government wartime control of shipments the supply of our brands will vary. If your grocer is out today, he is likely to have a new supply next week or next month. Keep looking for the *Green Giant* on your grocer's shelves.*



NIBLETS BRAND WHOLE KERNEL CORN *—with the *Green Giant* on the label*



THE FIVE CROWNS GIVE *TOUGHNESS* THE "KNIFE"!

In murdering TOUGHNESS, we smile,
And ask to be placed upon trial—
Good judges agree
That in FINER "5", we
Have bettered all blends by a mile!

A pretty tall statement, say you,
But millions are proving it's true...
Try Seagram's tonight—
Smooth, mellow and light,
Yet quite economical, too!

In the FAMOUS
HOST BOTTLE



Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLEND WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



ETHEL MERMAN (LEFT) AND PAULA LAURENCE, DRESSED AS INDIANS FROM INDIANA, DANCE AND SING A DUET TO COLE PORTER'S HIT COMEDY TUNE, "BY THE MISSISSI-NEWA!"

"SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"

Ethel Merman in smash-hit musical

Gay and glittering headed by Ethel Merman, Broadway's first lady of song, *Something For The Boys* is the sort of smash hit musical comedy that seems to turn on the lights along New York's dimmed-out theater district. It is filled with an even dozen of Cole Porter's tunes. It has a slap-happy book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. There is a male glee club, an on-the-stage band, a large chorus of fast-stepping girls and, for comedy, Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence. *Something For The Boys* is something for everyone from first night critics to tired businessmen.

From start to finish the show belongs to the exu-

berant Ethel Merman. First she is blasting a song so that the balcony theatergoers feel that they are sitting in the third row of the orchestra. Next she is prancing through the show's funniest moment singing a duet with Paula Laurence (above). And always with a roll of her eyes she is front and center, hanging on to the words of a torch song.

Big and brash and speed with rowdy good humor, *Something For The Boys* is reminiscent of the Merman musicals of the early 1930's—*Anything Goes*, *Twice A Chance*. To Broadway, which has been looking for a hit musical for six months, it is joyous entertainment.

Actual photograph of the famous giant scale model of a common housefly at the New York Museum of Natural History, showing the thousands of segments in each eye.



IN A FLY'S EYE

In a fly's eye are thousands of separate mirror surfaces; they give the fly an angle of vision far greater than man's.

Strangely enough, a fly's eye is not unlike the Farnsworth Dissector Tube—or "eye"—of the television camera, which "sees" with hundreds of thousands of infinitesimal photo-cells. This miraculous eye of television is destined to give man a range of vision almost beyond the bounds of imagination!

Farnsworth was a pioneer in the research and development of electronic television. Many discoveries which make television a

reality—such as the dissector tube "eye"—have come from the Farnsworth laboratories.

Today those laboratories are applying the knowledge and skill of their 15 years of research directly to the task of developing electronic instruments for our armed forces.

The large Farnsworth factories, with their thousands of employees, are applying their experience in precision manufacture to the job of turning out vital war supplies in an endless stream.

Yet television progress still goes on! Many of the things we are learning in developing

new implements of war will contribute to finer transmitting and receiving equipment when peace arrives.

Today the first duty of every man and every business is to win the war. And your purchase of War Bonds now will speed the day of Victory.

Then will come an America, brighter and greater even than before. And among the good things of peace you will have television—the ability to reach out through space and time, and capture on a living screen the events of the world as they occur.

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

• Manufacturers of Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; the Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse, and the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radios


G. W. Nichols
President

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Something For The Boys" (continued)



Ethel Merman playing the part of a woman war-worker is visited by a singing lawyer who tells her that she is part heir to a large ranch in Texas.



Paula Laurence playing a night-club entertainer is also visited by the lawyer (Jed Prouty) and discovers that she too has an interest in the ranch.



Allen Jenkins, Hollywood comic, plays a wisecracking sidewalk salesman who completes the trio of unknown cousins who had an unknown uncle.



"Something For The Boys," the title song of the show, is shouted merrily by Ethel Merman as she perches herself on the knee of her leading man (Bill John-

son). Below: comedy occurs when Ethel announces that she has become a human radio-receiving set (carborundum particles on the fillings of her teeth).



"GIVE UP GIRDLES? DON'T SCARE ME THAT WAY!"



1. "It's okay, Uncle Sam, I'm not complaining, I'm working hard and giving up luxuries to help win this war fast. But I'm twice as efficient when I'm looking smooth! So I've worried whether I could get a really good girdle this year..."

2. "Well, I could have hugged my favorite corset saleslady when she showed me Munsingwear's miraculous new *Foundettes*! The slickest bit of controlling you ever saw... done with a brand new knitted material, (Patriotic molding, I call it!)"



3. "And talk about comfort! These new *Foundettes* have it! You can bend, turn, twist, and it's as if your foundation garment were part of you. Munsingwear certainly has freedom with control down to a T!"



4. "Make a note of it right now. Don't fail to see these wonder-working new *Foundettes* right away! They're priced right. Wash beautifully. Wear long. You'll want several styles, I know!"

MUNSINGWEAR

Foundettes

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FINE FOUNDATION GARMENTS. ALSO UNDERWEAR, SLEEPING WEAR, HOSIERY
MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

"Something For The Boys" (continued)



Betty Bruce, a graceful, long-legged tap dancer, is featured in *Something For The Boys*. Betty made her first professional appearance as a member of the ballet troupe of the Minneapolis Civic Company, later switching to the kick-up musical comedies.



Betty Garrett, a pretty brunette, sings *I'm In Love With A Soldier Boy*, one of Cole Porter's best tunes in the show. Behind her is a part of the refreshingly fast-swinging chorus who add to the liveliness of the evening - preceding the first musical numbers.



For the most delicious Martini
in the world, make one with
the gin that for nearly a
century has been the
world's favorite

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN



THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN . . ENGLAND . . AUSTRALIA . . CANADA
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York - 40 Proof - Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits - Copyright 1943

This is the Mayor



of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...Who said to his neighbors: "Come on-and ride down"

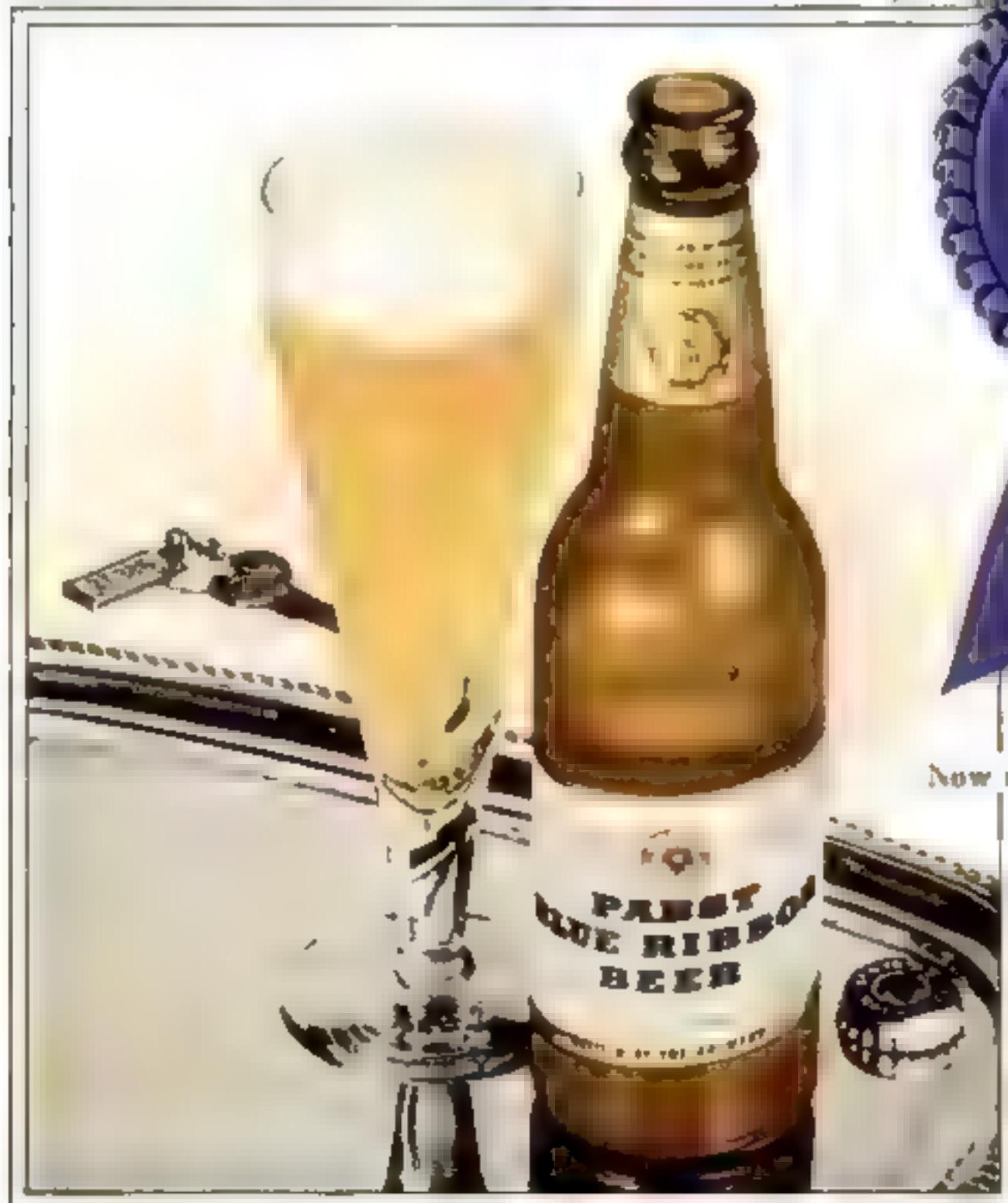
"YOU know," said Mayor Peters,
"I'm thanking my stars,
That people have taken
to sharing their cars,
For somehow the spirit
of helping a fellow
Has made all the neighbors
more friendly, more mellow.

"WE frequently stop on the way
back from town
At the home of a Smith or a
Jones or a Brown,
And top off the day with a
bottle of Pabst,
Formality, stiffness—
completely collapsed.

"NOW frankly, there's nothing so
nice and befriending
As Blue Ribbon Beer with its
full-flavor blending—
That softer and kindlier taste,
Pabst obtains,
By blending it just like the
finest champagnes."



© 1942 Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Now more than ever—
*A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship*

Now that wartime has brought a return to simple pleasures in Blue Ribbon Town (your town—everybody's town), Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Enjoy that softer, kindlier taste—obtained by the **FULLFLAVOR BLENDING** of 33 master brews.

Pabst is blended like fine champagnes—to give you *all* the delicious taste tones of a well-rounded beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.



IN LONDON'S WASHINGTON CLUB, SOLDIER CONSULTS BIG U. S. MAP TO SEE IF ANYONE IS THERE FROM HIS HOMETOWN

RED CROSS FUN

WHAT AMERICAN ORGANIZATION DOES FOR U. S. SERVICEMEN IN ENGLAND

To its manifold missions of mercy, the American Red Cross last year added a new responsibility. With global war scattering American boys to the four winds, it undertook to set up in foreign lands recreation centers, service clubs and "leave hotels" where U. S. expeditionary forces might find home-like amusements and comforts for their moments of ease. Since Britain had, outside of the U. S., the greatest number of American troops, the Red Cross concentrated its first efforts there. By working tire-

lessly, spending some \$1,800,000, sending trained staff workers from home and recruiting thousands of local volunteers, it has managed, in the brief year since American soldiers first landed on British soil, to organize 64 service clubs in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland (*see facades below*). On the following pages are some pictures, taken in these clubs, which should warm the hearts of friends and relatives who think of overseas duty as a form of exile.

Other clubs in other Allied countries—Australia,

India, China, New Caledonia, Iceland, North Africa, etc.—are run along similar lines. Though some lack the funds and facilities of the British group, all tender the essential remedies for homesickness: American girls to talk to, American papers to read, American-style food to eat, and the warm spirit of welcome that has always been an American specialty. To this and its many other services to the armed forces will go 66% of the \$125,000,000 fund for which the Red Cross is launching a nation-wide drive next month.





SITTING OUT during weekly dance at a Red Cross club in England, American soldiers and British WAAFs smoke, drink

cokes, cuddle a bit. Marble staircase of former country mansion leads to staff's living quarters. Besides dances, clubs pro-

vide movies, games, outings, shows by visiting entertainers. In "leave hotels" boys can get a bed, bath and breakfast for 80¢.



POOL ROOM of Belfast Club has a mural by *Stars and Stripes* artist, Dick Wingert. Most Red Cross clubs are in hotels, provided by British on "reverse-bet" basis. Others are in schoolhouse, dance hall, Lyric Corner House. London alone has seven centers. Best-known is Washington Club on Curzon Street which can sleep 700, feed 2,500 ready.

DOUGHNUTS, which usually cost 16 in Red Cross clubs, are soldiers' favorite food. Here they line up at canteen of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt's club (see p. 80) which dispenses of 300 dozen doughnuts daily, 40 dozen hamburgers, 80 gallons of coffee. VAD workers are helping behind counter. British soldiers stationed near club are invited to use it too.





NOEL COWARD entertained American soldiers at his London apartment, played some of his favorite songs for them: *Night and Day*, *Sand in My Shoes* and songs from his own *Bitter*

Sweet. Later, he served tea, gave out autographs. Though many plain English people are eager to entertain AEF boys, best response is to invitations from celebrities, stage and screen actors.

RED CROSS INTRODUCES BOYS TO BRITISH HOMES

When the Red Cross set up its "Little America" centers in Britain, some critics objected that the serviceman's adjustment to strange surroundings would be retarded if he could take refuge in a transplanted bit of home. They said that Anglo-American relations would be better served by leaving soldiers on furlough to amuse themselves in British ways, with British people. Far from isolating the boys, however, the Red Cross has brought them closer contact with the country and the people than they could have found alone. Sightseeing tours (see p. 92) have taught them appreciation of Britain's gentle landscapes and historical landmarks, and visits to private homes have helped to overcome the average American's notion that Englishmen are stiff and cold and proud.

To arrange informal parties and gatherings such as those shown here, the Red Cross solicited blanket invitations from friendly Britons, got up a list of 4,000 would-be hosts. Called "organized hospitality," this scheme was not popular with the servicemen at first and some of the hosts got hurt feelings. Until they had tried it once or twice, soldiers were reluctant to go calling on strangers, preferred to spend their spare time in pubs or movies. Now experience has proved to them that British hospitality can be fun too.

Recently, the Red Cross launched its newest project: "clubmobiles" which bounce around to lonely encampments and posts far from service clubs. They are compact trucks containing doughnut machine, coffee urns, phonograph, movie projector, writing materials, books, magazines, and their arrival with a smartly uniformed crew of three girls always sets up a roar of welcome from the men. To expand this service, the Red Cross is training an increasing number of volunteers in the U. S., dispatching them to Britain as fast as possible.

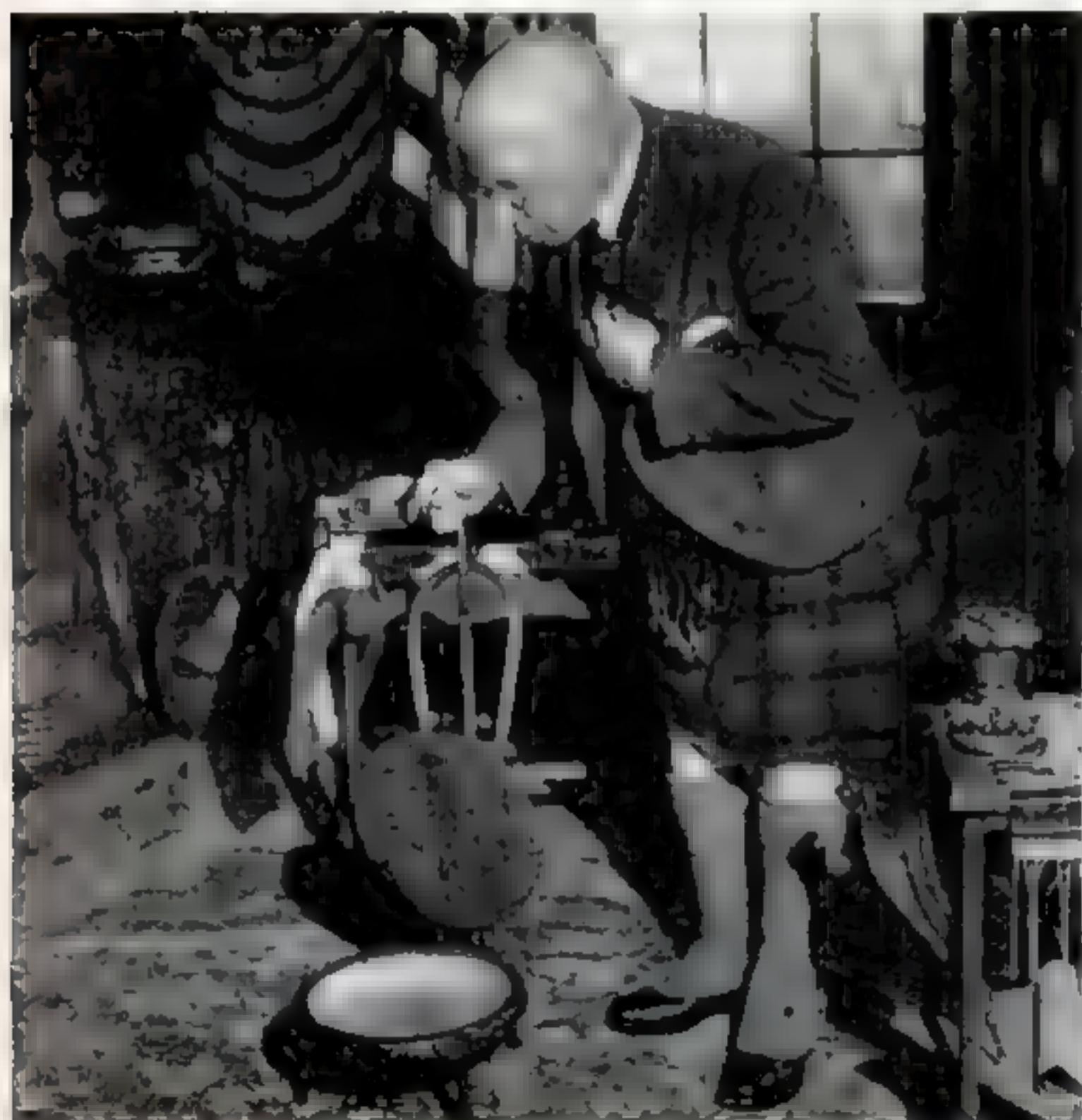


LADY JERSEY (formerly Virginia Cherrill, American movie actress) pours tea for U. S. officers in her Richmond home. She is volunteer worker at Red Cross hostel for nurses in London.



ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GRANDDAUGHTER, Mrs. J. Gordon Thomson, opens her Edinburgh home to soldiers and sailors from nearby Red Cross club. Her husband (center) is

lieutenant colonel in the Home Guard, commanding officer of Midlothian Home Guard which encompasses Edinburgh. Mrs. Thomson, holding 8-year-old daughter, is former New Yorker.



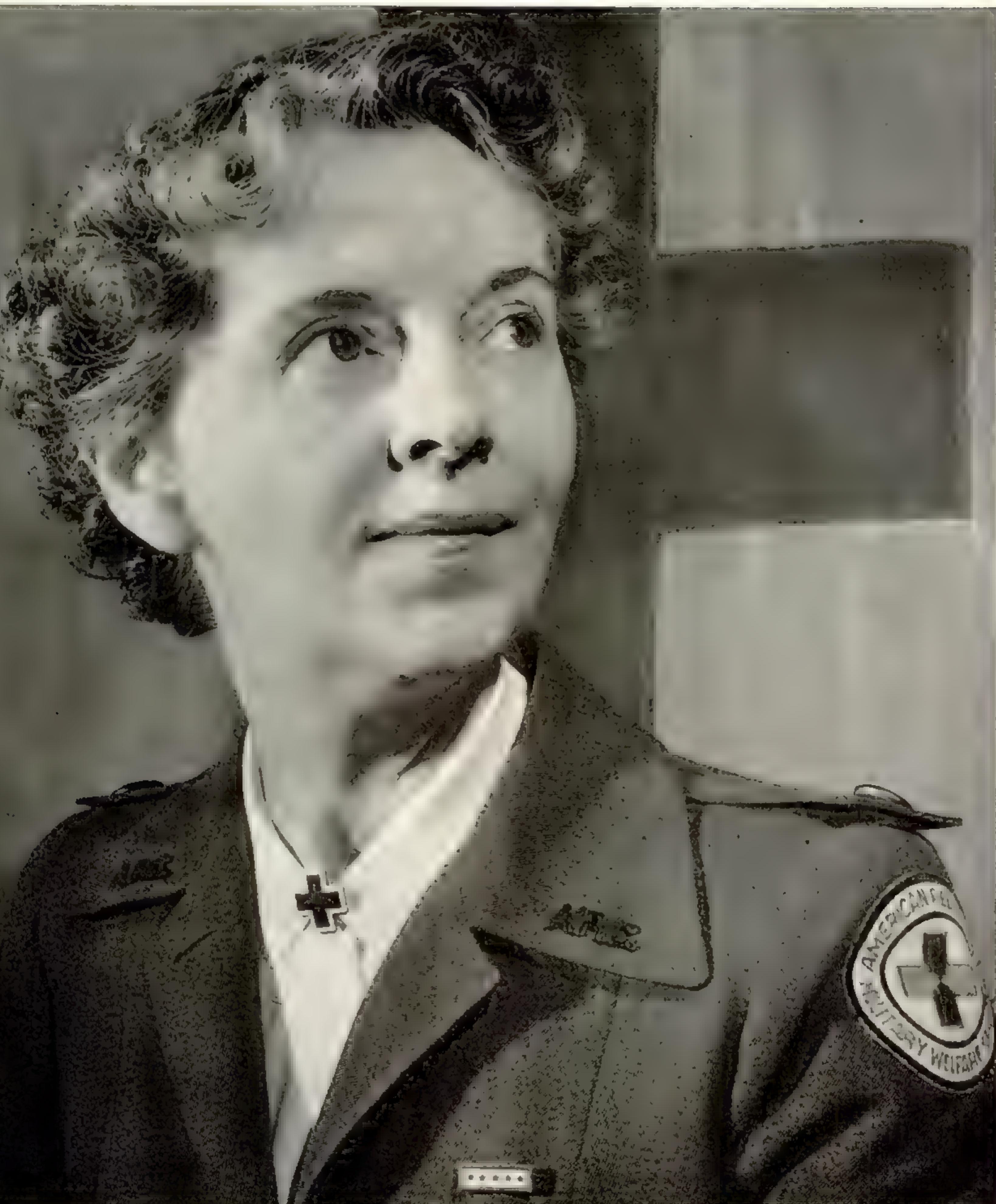
SIR HARRY LAUDER, veteran Scottish comedian, asks boys from Glasgow club to visit Lauder Hall, about 25 miles away, and inspect his curios. Here he exhibits ancient spittoon.



MRS. RUPERT BROOKE and son Philip (left) share simple family dinner with soldier and flier from London club where Mrs. Brooke (no relation to the late poet) works as desk clerk.



RED CROSS FUN (continued)



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is hard-working director of busiest Red Cross club in England, which she and

staff of three girls set up last August in 18th Century country house near one of the largest encampments of U. S. troops.

Mrs. Roosevelt's five-star service pin is for husband, General Roosevelt, and son, Arvey. Two sons and son-in-law in Navy

MOST OF WORK IS DONE BY WOMEN



ANNE DOUGLAS, 25, is from Savannah, Ga., works in a London club. She used to run New York theatrical agency.



PATRICIA HARTNETT of Washington, D. C. was airline hostess who now works in Hans Crescent Club, London.

Of the 263 Red Cross staffers now working in British service clubs, 212 are women. All versatile, energetic and indomitably good-humored, their backgrounds are as varied as the scenery of their home States. They are assisted by 4,000 women volunteers, mostly British, who preside at information desks and behind canteen

counters, make sandwiches, wash coffee cups, darn socks and answer odd queries such as, "Which bus do I take to the Black Market?"

For recreation workers, Red Cross wants U. S. citizens who are 25 to 35 (except for executives like Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, opposite), healthy and efficient.



ADELAIDE JOHNSON, 25, is of New York-New Orleans parentage, is assigned to small club in English village.



MARY ALICE STURDEVANT, teacher from Washington, D. C., is assistant at Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt's club.



LILLIAN TIFFET is nurse and first-aid worker in London clubs, was previously an anesthetist in a hospital in Alaska.



ROSE MARIE SMITH, social-service worker from Atlanta, Ga., is the assistant director of large club in Glasgow.



GLADYS MARTIN of Topeka, Kan. also has social-service experience, works at new club for Negro troops in Bristol.



HENRINE WARD helps program director at Bristol club, was women's college dean and welfare worker from Chicago.



MAGNOLIA LATIMER, another member of the colored staff at Bristol club, is student and sociologist from Atlanta.

RED CROSS FUN

(continued)



TOUR OF LONDON is arranged for V.E.P. boys from Red Cross club. An Englishman who drives the carriage at stage. Here three soldiers, just down from visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, are shown on the tour.



EDINBURGH CASTLE and ramparts are favorite part of regular sightseeing trips conducted by the French Service center. On right, a Red Cross worker from the library

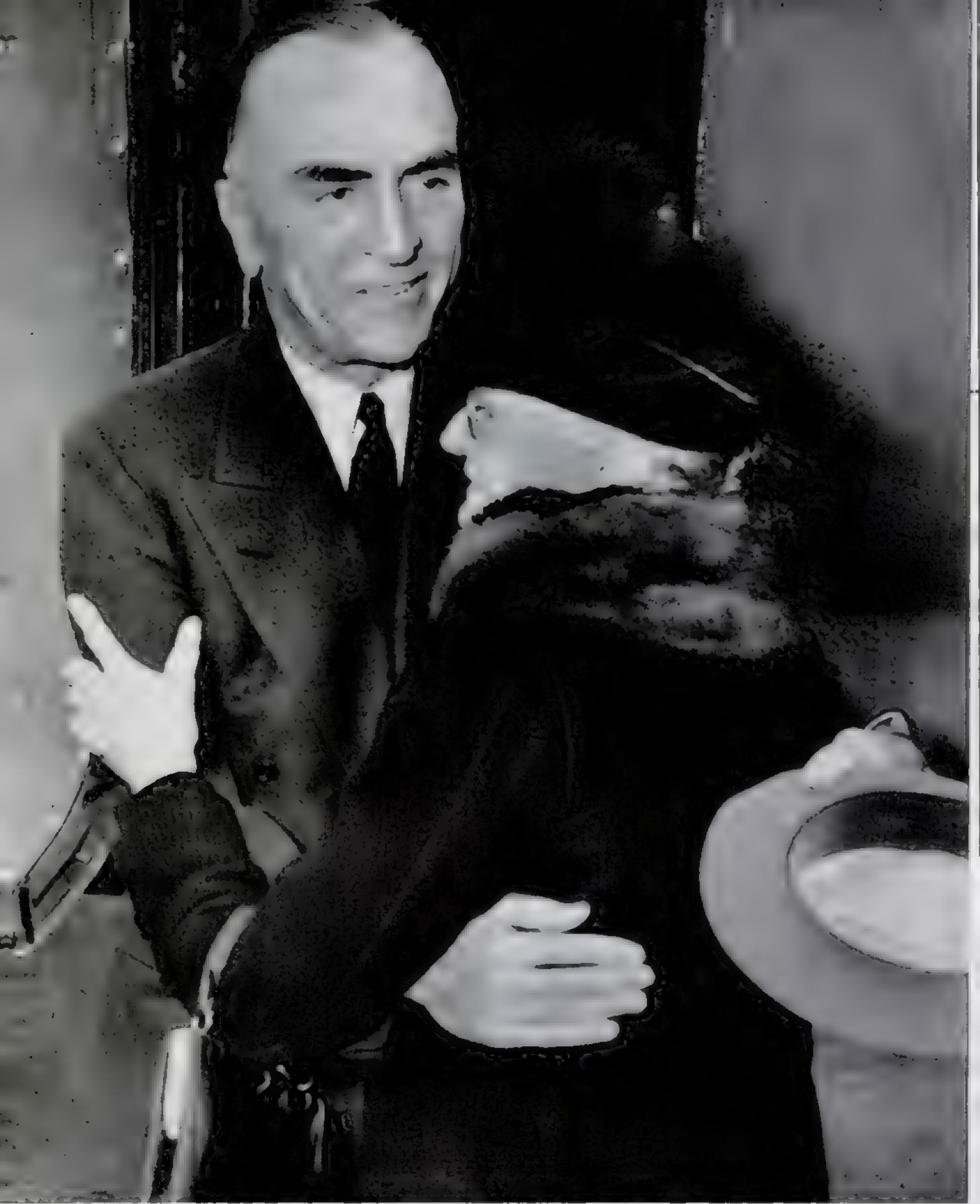
VINE-CLAD COTTAGES of quaint village called Bassenthwaite across Lake Lomond are inspected by Red Cross Worker Alice Schubiger of Kansas City and two

servicemen from Oregon. One of the many ways to get to know England is through picture specimen collections. Each picture is a slice of life in England, a part of England's history.





BY THE STILL BEAUTY OF LOCH LOMOND'S
DEEP BLUE WATERS, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER
STANDS BESIDE HIS RED CROSS GUIDE



"RICK" AND HIS MOTHER. Mrs. Elizabeth Rickenbacker, embrace as they meet in Los Angeles on Dec. 18. The last member of his family he saw in this country before taking off on

his Pacific mission and the first he saw on his return, his mother was one of the handful of people who steadfastly refused to give up hope of his being rescued. Since 1902, when she was left

a penniless widow with seven children, she has been a steady, inspiring influence in her hero son's life. Now 9, she lives with her son, Dewey Rickenbacker, and his family in Beverly Hills, Calif.

PACIFIC MISSION

PART III: IN WHICH "RICK" RESUMES HIS TRIP AND VISITS THE FIGHTING FRONTS

by CAPTAIN EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

Copyright 1943 by Time Inc., LIFE Magazine

The flight to Samoa from Island Z, to which we were first taken after our rescue, took all day. It was good to be making 120 knots or so over the ocean after all those days of pointless drifting. Now we were really getting somewhere and our lives again had a purpose.

About halfway to Samoa the three PBY's stopped at an island under Marine control. This was to allow us to rest and have lunch. The meal was prepared by two wisecracking colored cooks from Georgia. They gave me my first good laugh in a month and the best meal I've ever had. The two doctors with us—Captain Jacobs and Commander Durkin—had ordered a meat soup. They came into the mess hall to see how we were doing and were flabbergasted to find that with the cooperation of the cooks we were just finishing the third bowl and about to begin on the fourth. The doctors called a halt right then and there,

When Captain Rickenbacker and his seven companions were forced down in mid-Pacific, he was just starting a mission for Secretary of War Stimson to inspect U. S. Army Air Forces. In the first two parts of his story he told how he and his companions floated for 21 days on rubber rafts before all but one of the men were rescued. In this final part he resumes his trip and visits the air fighting fronts of the Pacific area.

An expanded version of this story will be published in book form by Doubleday Doran March 19, *Seven Came Through* (\$1.50).

but not until the cooks had slipped us two heaping platters of pineapple ice cream.

The rest of the flight was uneventful. We arrived at Samoa before dark and were taken immediately to the base hospital. It is a large and exceptionally fine establishment. It even possesses an air-conditioned operating room.

In these pleasant surroundings Captain Cherry, Lieutenant Whitaker and Lieutenant De Angelis

came back fast. The doctors said the Pacific would leave no lasting marks on their minds and bodies. And I was fortunate enough to possess a rugged constitution that assured me the same kind of recovery. I sent a message to Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, saying that I expected to be able to continue with my mission within ten days or two weeks. His answer was most cordial. That same day my friend "Hap" Arnold [Lieut. General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces] sent word that as soon as I was ready to go on he would dispatch a transport from the West Coast.

My pleasure was spoiled by the sad news concerning Colonel Adamson. The doctors were puzzled by his failure to snap back, until their tests showed up a serious case of diabetes. Hans was as surprised as they were. No doctor who had ever examined him in the past suspected the presence



RICKENBACKER'S NEW MISSION is to step up war production in U. S. factories. Appalled at the way in which lost man-hours curtail vital production, he has announced that workers

in war plant departments which record no absenteeism for 21 days (the length of his ordeal on the raft) are eligible for his Hat-in-the-Ring squadron clubs. Here, Rick is surrounded by

workers at the Cadillac plant who threw their hats in the ring as a pledge of their determination to stick to their jobs. Hat-in-the-Ring was the emblem of Rick's squadron in World War I.



YOU CAN BE FUSSY IF YOU AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'



WHEN your chin is clean and smooth—when you're at your best and know it—you can be *choosy*, brother! So away with that messy afternoon beard-growth known as "5 o'clock Shadow"! Switch to sturdy, super-keen, genuine Gem Blades, and get *all-day* face neatness. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, they *must* fit precisely, shave perfectly.

Gems give you the world's most luxurious shaves. And say, Gems actually cost less in the long run because there's never a dud in a pack!

CONSERVE! Take care of your Gem Razor. It is made of critical material. Don't drop it, don't abuse it, dry it carefully after each shave.
Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.



GEM



THIS PBY, beside which Rickenbacker poses, took him and his companions from the outpost hospital where they were first quartered to Samoa for fuller medical treatment.

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

of diabetes, and the Navy doctors could not tell whether his was a dormant case or whether it had been brought on by a lowering of the metabolism as a result of starvation. Actually, as we have found out since, it was the latter. Though still a sick man, Adamson today has no trace of diabetes.

The base hospital was without insulin, but it so happened that aboard a ship which arrived that same day was an Army doctor, a chronic diabetic, who possessed an ample supply. As he was returning to the States, he generously left for Hans all but the minimum amount required to sustain him the rest of the voyage. This was enough to keep Hans going until more could be flown from the States.

Adamson's misfortunes, however, were not yet over. A few days later he came down with pneumonia. The doctors had to work night and day to save him. They resorted to one of the most powerful of the sulfa drugs which itself produced a peculiar and alarming reaction. If I understood the doctors correctly, this drug has the effect, upon one patient out of 500, of breaking down the white blood corpuscles. It was Hans's bad luck to be that one. His red blood count fell off rapidly. Three transfusions were made in rapid succession, with blood contributed by the hospital attendants.

There was no chance now of his continuing the mission with me. But I couldn't bring myself to tell him. I could see the question mark in his eyes, and although he never asked me directly when I was leaving and whether I expected to go on alone, I knew from the attendants that he was always asking if I'd ever mentioned my plans.

The two weeks at Samoa fixed me up fine. I drank gallons and gallons of fruit juices, and I ate everything put before me. I put back 20 lb. of the 40 lb. I had lost on the raft, and to get back in shape I had persuaded the commanding general to let me tour the island. There's nothing like a jeep for hardening you up.

Fortress in paradise

Military rules prevent me from saying much about this Samoan base. I can only say that when I was there it was alive with all kinds of military activities, and from being one of those so-called island paradises of the South Seas it was fast becoming an ocean fortress. The scenery is wonderful, and in many other respects the South Seas is the most attractive place in the world to fight a war. But the region has its drawbacks. The rainy season had just begun and, you have my word for it, it doesn't just rain out there—the ocean tilts up and swamps you. Within a week or so Bartek was flown down from Island Z. Although still terribly emaciated, he was getting his strength back. He brought news of Sergeant Reynolds who was still too sick to be moved but quite out of danger.

Toward the last of the month I was well enough to call for the airplane that General Arnold had promised. It arrived Sunday afternoon, Nov. 29. I made arrangements to leave for Australia the following Tuesday morning, after the crew had rested. Monday afternoon I had the unhappy chore of telling Hans Adamson that I was leaving him behind. He had already steeled himself for that, since it was no secret to him that he was very sick. But I promised to stop on the way back and take him home, if he did his part and threw off his illness.

I left Samoa Dec. 1, soon after sunrise. The airplane was a Consoli-

dated B-24 bomber, converted for transport duty. It had a crew of six, under Captain H. P. Luna, and I can say that I have never flown with a better team of airmen. Because the distances to be covered were so great and my time was limited, I arranged my schedule so as to do most of the traveling at night. A cot and sleeping bag were placed in the cabin and they proved restful and comfortable.

Since mine was a secret mission and since many of the bases visited are under censorship, it will be understood that from this point on I can speak only in general terms. My first objective was Australia. On the way, making jumps of 800 to 1,000 miles, I stopped at various island bases. I met the officers and many of the men—they showed me their equipment and discussed their problems and their troubles. Nearly everywhere I found old friends in new jobs and some who were back at an old trade, among them Colonel Weir Cook, who had been one of the aces of my old squadron, the 94th, in World War I.

Eventually I arrived at Brisbane, Australia. Two messages were waiting for me. One was from Mr. Stimson in Washington. Mr. Stimson said that Prime Minister Churchill had called him on the transatlantic telephone from London to find out how I was and to wish me well. On my earlier mission to England, just before leaving for the Pacific, I had met Mr. Churchill by chance at a flying field outside London. On a generous impulse he invited me to lunch at 10 Downing Street and altogether I spent three hours discussing the war with this brilliant man. That he should remember me and go to the trouble of wishing me well, in the midst of his many heavy responsibilities, proves his greatness, his concern for the humble.

The other message was from General MacArthur, saying that arrangements had been made for me to proceed to his headquarters in New Guinea. But because New Guinea is a battle area, the General refused to let me make the last run in the B-24, which was unarmed. Instead he sent down one of his own B-17's, with a combat crew.

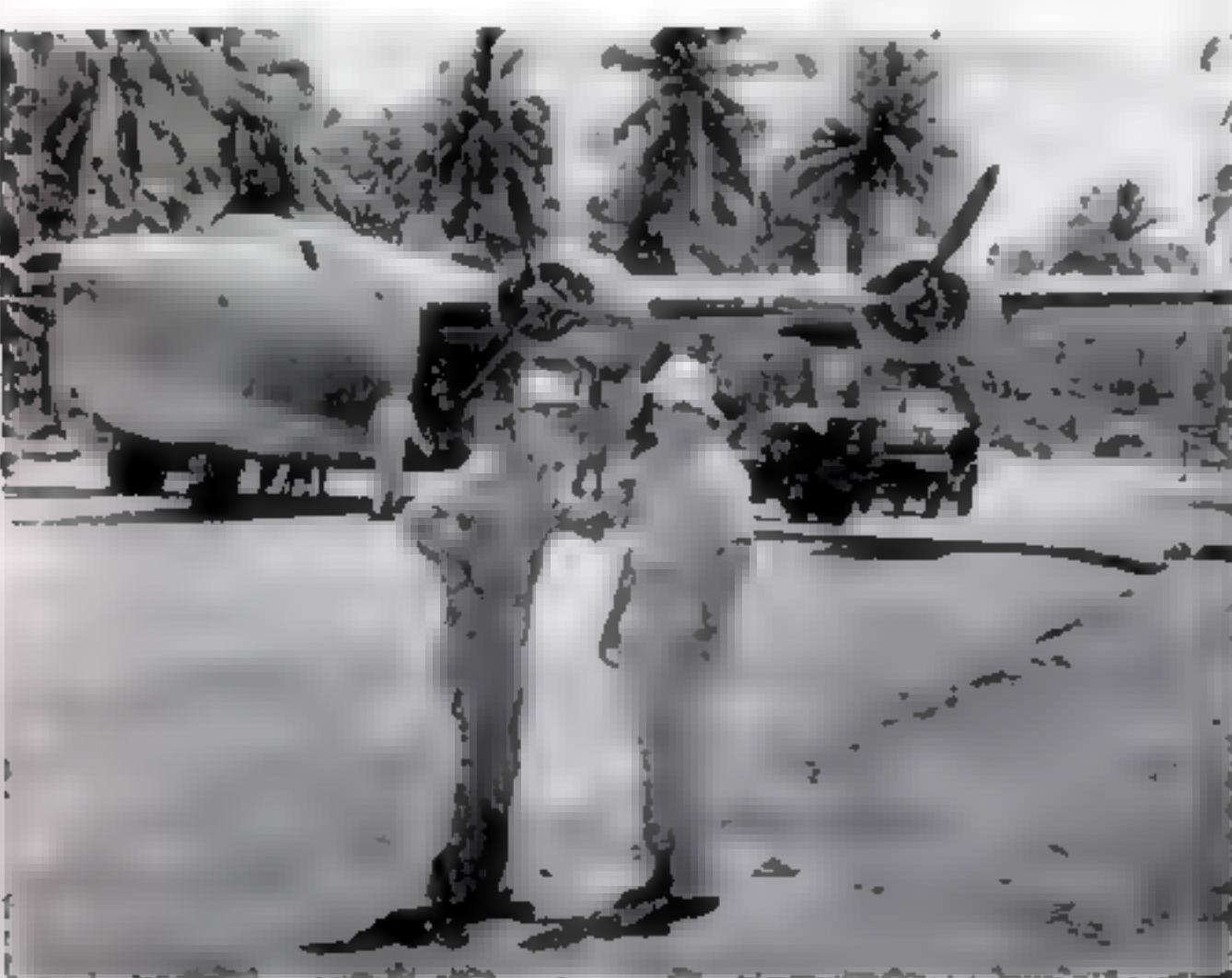
The flight across Torres Strait was made in the day. It left me a little disappointed. I had the old soldier's desire for the smell of powder and I was hoping a Zero or two—no more—would make a pass so that I could watch the gunners work on them.

We landed at Port Moresby a little after sundown, in just enough light to see the landing strip. I was immediately taken to a hut where I met two "buddies" of the first World War, now staff assistants to Lieut. General George Kenney who bosses MacArthur's air force. One was Brigadier General Ennis Whitehead and the other was Brigadier General Kenneth Walker, one of the outstanding heavy-bombardment experts in the U. S. Air Forces. They drove me over to General MacArthur's headquarters and the General, who can be the most cordial man on earth, invited me to be his house guest for the weekend.

Port Moresby is the dust bowl of all creation. It's just a harbor and a heap of red dust that is constantly in motion, due to the winds funneling down the passes of the Owen Stanley Range. The heat is awful and the mosquitoes are worse. It used to be called a city but after what the Mitsubishi bombers have done, I would hesitate to call it that now. Nothing much is left but ruins and isolated groups of native huts. The smashed, half-sunken hulk of a freighter lay in the harbor.

General MacArthur's headquarters consist of a frame shack and an outhouse containing a cold-water shower that always runs warm. His bedroom opens into the room that serves as combat headquar-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AT A SOUTH SEA AIRFIELD, Rick says goodbye to a buddy of World War I, Brig. Gen. La Verne G. ("Blondy") Saunders, before leaving in a bomber for Guadalcanal.

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—AND AGAIN
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No other work shirts like them—for freedom of action—for greater safety on the job! Reliance Big Yank Work Shirts alone, give you the Safety Sleeves that stay in place, whether rolled up or down—can't gap or dangle, to catch in machinery. Big Yank is proud to play a part in the all-out drive to reduce industrial accidents and save vital manpower for the war effort. Other patented Big Yank features include Convenient Cigarette Pocket and Strain-Proof Yoke. Big Yank Work Shirts and Trousers are sold by Reliance dealers everywhere.

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PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

ters. The walls are covered with maps, with pins marking the position of our troops and those of the enemy. For a full general, MacArthur lives anything but pretentiously.

The General was a delightful host. At dinner and during the usual hour of talk that followed, he and General Kenney went over the air problems in a frank and searching manner. Out of personal curiosity I tried to get him to talk about Bataan and Corregidor, but he declined to go beyond a few polite generalizations. All that, quite obviously, has been pushed into the background of his mind. He showed no signs of strain and his physical condition seemed excellent. Whenever I looked he was moving. While dictating or discussing a problem with his staff, he paces back and forth across the room, hesitating now and then to make a point or listen to a point being made by one of his staff.

General MacArthur gets up at 6 a.m. for a 6:45 breakfast and during the three nights I was at Port Moresby he never stopped working before midnight. General Kenney usually sits down with him after dinner and they go over the common problems. What impressed me most about MacArthur was his grasp of the air problem in the Southwest Pacific and his enthusiasm for the fighting and transport airplane. After the Japanese had been forced back through the Owen Stanley Range and down into Gona and Buna, the air was the only effective route for troops, ammunition, supplies, rations and guns. All the wounded were moved out by air. A first-class job has been done and MacArthur gives credit to the tremendous achievements of the air force under General Kenney, a hard-headed, hard-hitting airman, one of the world's best.

I saw no fighting in New Guinea. The moon was shining, the skies were clear, and General Kenney told me I could expect a visit from the "Nips." But they did not come, probably because they were finding it hard to muster a force under the heavy punishment Kenney's boys were dishing out. Until a week or ten days before my visit, the Jap bombers flew over regularly from Lae and Rabaul, but in dwindling numbers. At first they were in groups of 10 to 25, enough to cause severe damage. But now they were satisfied to send over two or three, and often only one.

New Guinea taught me the hard facts of airpower in the Pacific. There are no airports in the sense we know them at home. When you read about a "Southwest Pacific" airport in the dispatches you should visualize a strip maybe 200-300 ft. wide and a mile long, chewed out of the jungle with bulldozers, and made more or less smooth with flexible steel mats. The average commercial pilot, with thousands of hours of flying in his logbook, would hesitate long before using such a landing field in the U.S. But the Air Force youngsters, fresh from the training course, have learned to expect nothing better.

New Guinea is a hellhole of heat, dust and vermin. I realize that the idea is impracticable, but still I say it would be a good thing for the nation if the top men concerned with labor and war production could be given just one day on that front. There'd be much less chest-thumping about our fine production records. You don't feel like bragging when you see mechanics trying to patch up a \$350,000 B-24 four-engine bomber under an improvised shelter of grass and palm leaves. And you don't feel like boasting after you've talked to pilots who are averaging well over 100 hours of combat flying a month. And that doesn't include uncompleted missions, tests or practice flights, which add many more flying hours. Yet our men



STUDYING MAP FOR ROUTE of his inspection tour of U.S. bases, Rick consults with Col. Anderson (left) and Col. George Usher, World War I friend, at South Sea base.

don't complain. They don't complain because they are getting results. When I was there in December, they were knocking down four or five Jap planes for every U.S. fighter lost. This ratio is conservative. It does not include damaged Japanese aircraft, many of which never make their bases.

I flew back to Australia with General Kenney. On the way he stopped to give me a look at a new repair and maintenance depot which we Americans are building some hundreds of miles back of the combat zone. When completed it will be one of the biggest establishments of its kind in the Pacific. In command of the aviation engineers I discovered a man who had been my first crew chief on the Western Front in the first World War, Colonel Victor Bertrandias. Vic told me one of the best stories to come out of the whole trip. A group of U.S. colored boys were building a landing strip in the Australian desert. Suddenly a kangaroo appeared and because it was the first they had ever seen they set out after him as fast as they could go. Instead of taking to the bush, the kangaroo bounded down the landing strip. After chasing him 50 yards, the colored boy in the lead stopped short and yelled to the others, "Ain't no use chasing him. He ain't let down his front legs yet."

At Brisbane I picked up the B-24 and headed for Guadalcanal. In between I stopped at an Air Force headquarters the name of which I cannot mention. Here I fell in with another World War I friend—Major General Millard F. Harmon. "Miff" Harmon, in collaboration with and under the direct command of Admiral Halsey, commands all Army air and ground forces in this key sector, which takes in Guadalcanal some hundreds of miles away. This island base is the real reservoir of the American airpower used in the Solomons. The main repair shops are here and the fighters and bombers that are warring for control of the Solomons "commute" between the base and Henderson Field. That means hundreds of miles of flying back and forth across the ocean for a few minutes of effective combat flying.

Here, again, they refused to let me go into a combat zone in my unarmed ship. They put me aboard a Flying Fortress which was on a routine search mission. It also acted as navigating ship for half a dozen Navy fighters bound for Henderson Field.

Again vast stretches of ocean. Then far ahead I saw a group of islands on the horizon. The pilot nodded—Guadalcanal. That name means to me what I suppose it means to every American. It filled me with pride just to see it.

Flying visit to Guadalcanal

The Fortress circled over Henderson Field while the fighters landed one by one. I had a good view of the jungle, enough to tell me that its reputation hasn't been exaggerated. Far out to sea the destroyers were patrolling. In my curiosity I stuck my head out the top hatch and in landlubber fashion lost my sun helmet. One of the crew handed me his. "You can have it," he said, "We don't use them up here." I found out what he meant after we landed. Steel helmets are the only headgear worn in Guadalcanal.

I spent only one night and a day on the island. But it was enough to make me mad at myself and my people back home for ever thinking we know what war is. If New Guinea is a hellhole, Guadalcanal is ten times so. The famous Henderson Field which looks so good in the photographs is no field at all. It's just a break in the jungle. Pilots call it "the graveyard." The landing strip on both sides is lined with wrecks—some shot to pieces in the air, others smashed by

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IN SAMOA Eddie Rickenbacker poses with the head of the islands' education department (second from right) and two schoolteachers. Samoa has sound educational system.

RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES



1.

Here's Jane, a-washing pots and pans,
(Perhaps you'd call it *mean* work!)
Yet Jane, though weary, grins and says:
"It's *fun* to do canteen work!"



2.

But nonetheless when Jane gets home
She's all for relaxation
That's why she welcomes Lipton Tea
With joyful exclamation:



3.

"Ahhh! Marvelous! What full, rich taste!
I'm happy as a lark now!"
This shows how Lipton Tea's preferred.
And to the reason hark now.



4.

It's *ripened slow* for mellow taste,
The *richest* to be found, Ma'am.
(Fast-ripened teas taste flat and weak)
For LIPTON'S, shop around, Ma'am!

LIPTON'S IS AMERICA'S
LARGEST-SELLING TEA!

-THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S
SLOW-RIPENED FOR
FINER FLAVOR!



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NEW-STYLE TEA BAGS, TOO

**LIPTON
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IT adds FLAVOR to all meats with gravies.

IT makes delicious stews from more abundant, more economical round, chuck, and brisket cuts.

IT makes the best Chili con Carne.

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Her CANARY Cheers
CAROL BRUCE

Starring in "BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL"—Universal Picture. And you, too, will find daily joy in the song and companionship of a Canary! For cheer you will cherish—buy a Canary! Easy to care for... costs little to keep... the ideal pet for tots, 'teens and grown-ups... makes home brighter and work seem lighter.

OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS



COLONEL ADAMSON gets home at last from the trip which almost cost him his life. In ambulance at Washington's Bolling Field, Mrs. Adamson leans over her husband.

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

enemy shells and bombs. The landing strip itself has been bombed and shelled and parched and bombed again so often that to land on it is like trying to land on a roller-coaster track.

It had been raining hard just before we arrived and off the landing strip the ground was just plain mud. A jeep drove up with Major General Alexander M. Patch of the Army, who had recently taken over command of the ground forces, and his chief of staff, Brig. General Edmund B. Sebree. They drove me to headquarters, which was just a tent in a gully some distance from the field.

Guadalcanal and New Guinea taught me that war in the Pacific is very different from the kind of war I knew in 1917-18. There are no pleasant leaves in Paris, no chateaus and limousines for the generals. I saw mechanics working in their bare feet. The rainy season was just starting and more than 50 inches of rain will fall upon Guadalcanal before it is over. The dugouts and foxholes were waist-deep in water and mud and tents were flooded. Everything—tents, clothes, boots—seems to rot away in the damp. Malaria or dysentery sooner or later hits everyone.

They don't stand on ceremony at Guadalcanal. General Patch sleeps on an Army cot in a leaky tent. He wears a regulation jumper with no insignia or ribbons to distinguish him from a buck private. But every soldier and marine on Guadalcanal knows who he is. That night I had dinner with General Patch in a grass-roofed shack at a table made of rough planks. Colonel Brooke Allen, head of the bomber force, and Major Harry Brandon, commanding the fighter units, joined us and we went over the immediate and long-range problems.

I certainly make no claim to being a strategist, but I doubt that we shall ever again attempt another operation like the one that has centered on this lone island. It's too costly and tedious. "Guadal" by itself is not worth the life of a single marine. What we are fighting for, and what the Japs have tried so desperately to regain, is control of that single miserable airfield, and the sea supply lines to it. In the long run the cheapest way will be to move in sufficient force to cut through the Japanese string of islands and grab three or four at a time. That kind of operation would give us more airfields to work from, and with plenty of airfields you can assemble striking power fast. And, once established, you can cut to pieces the Jap supply lines to the islands in our rear—provided, of course, we are strong enough to prevent the Japs from doing that to us.

"Up to my knees in mud"

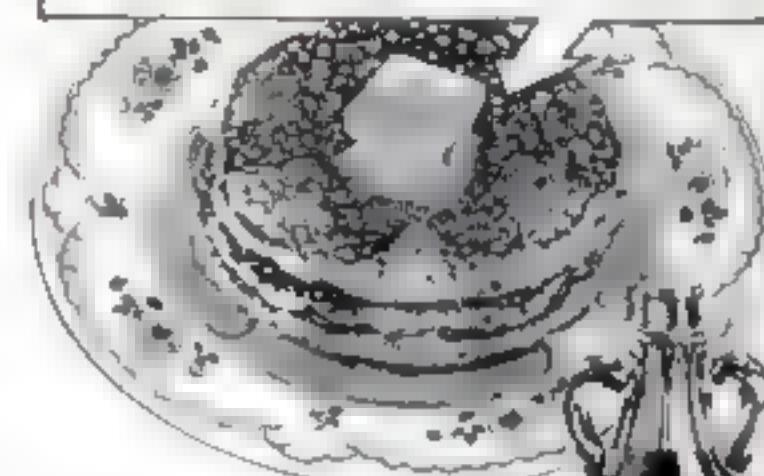
The rain came down in torrents that night. It was a good thing General Sebree showed me to my tent, because I wouldn't have found it in the dark. I missed my footing and went up to my knees in mud. A gas mask and a steel helmet were lying on my cot. I turned in at midnight but I couldn't sleep, partly because of the drumming of the rain on the canvas, partly because of the mosquitoes, of which there were billions. The front lines were only a few miles away. Every now and then I could hear the *crump* of the 155's, and occasionally quick bursts of machine-gun fire. But I missed the

THEY JUST NATURALLY GO TOGETHER!

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• There's no finer dish than hot pancakes crowned to perfection with the true maple sugar flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup. For cheer morning smiles from your family—serve Vermont Maid Syrup often. It's delicious! Packed in Vermont.

Vermont Maid
Syrup

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DELICIOUS ORANGE
DRINK SERVES YOU
THREE DELIGHTFUL WAYS
...IT REFRESHES, QUENCHES
THIRST AND IS GOOD
FOR YOU!



DRINK
Nesbitt's
CALIFORNIA
ORANGE
FOUNTAIN FAVORITE FOR YEARS
NOW IN BOTTLES, TOO!

GRACE LINE

Pays Tribute to its Gallant Officers and Crews



As our ships have been converted to instruments of war, our captains and our men have set aside their peacetime role and are now an integral and vital part of the United States Forces. As men of the Navy and Merchant Marine, they recognize their duty and are performing acts of astounding skill and heroism. ✶ ✶ ✶ We feel a pride which we know is shared by the thousands of people who have travelled in the "Santa" liners and the thousands of merchants who have shipped in the "Santa" freighters. ✶ ✶ ✶ We wish our men Godspeed and Victory and hope that they may soon return to the pursuits of peace in the great task that the American Merchant Marine will have to perform.

THE GRACE MEDAL . . . for extraordinary and meritorious service, already awarded to a number of our many captains, officers and men.



What famous whiskey
do you think of when
you see a
Gardenia?



ANSWER: **PM** DE LUXE

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RYE OR
BOURBON

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

usual night show. The rain kept away the Jap bombers and the cruisers that usually stand off the beach at night, laying down a well-placed barrage.

Daybreak was welcome because it brought the sun. After a hearty breakfast of wholesome Army rations, I packed my sleeping bag, wished my hosts and benefactors good fortune, and started back for the base I had left the day before.

Nothing happened to me on Guadalcanal, but the crew of the Flying Fortress that flew me and six other passengers back had been through plenty. The crew had been out on a violent bombing mission the day before, from which they had returned with only a few bullet holes to show for it. The passengers had not been so lucky. All members of a B-17 crew, they had been out at the same time on a search mission. They ran into 15 or 16 Zeros which ganged up on them. It was a long running fight back to land. Two of the engines were shot out, the wings, fuselage and tail were riddled with cannon shot and machine-gun bullets, and the pilot was killed. But they knocked down five of the Zeros, fought off the rest, and brought the Fortress back to Guadalcanal.

Air fighting over the Pacific is just about the hardest kind of fighting there is. It is not uncommon for heavy-bomber crews to operate ten or twelve hours at a stretch in hostile air. They are exposed to attack all the way in to their objectives and all the way back. This is the most nerve-racking kind of strain. You must keep a sharp watch above, below and on all sides. Every cloud holds a potential ambush. The burden is falling upon mere boys—pilots of 21 and 23, gunners of 18 and 19.

It wasn't that way on the Western Front, 25 years ago. A pilot went out to battle like a knight. He was pampered and rested. His every whim was indulged. I can remember patrol after patrol in which I never saw an enemy plane. There was a sort of unwritten understanding that you'd never gang up on a lone airman. If a patrol overtook a straggler, one man would peel off and deal with him on equal terms. Now everybody goes in, on our side as well as theirs.

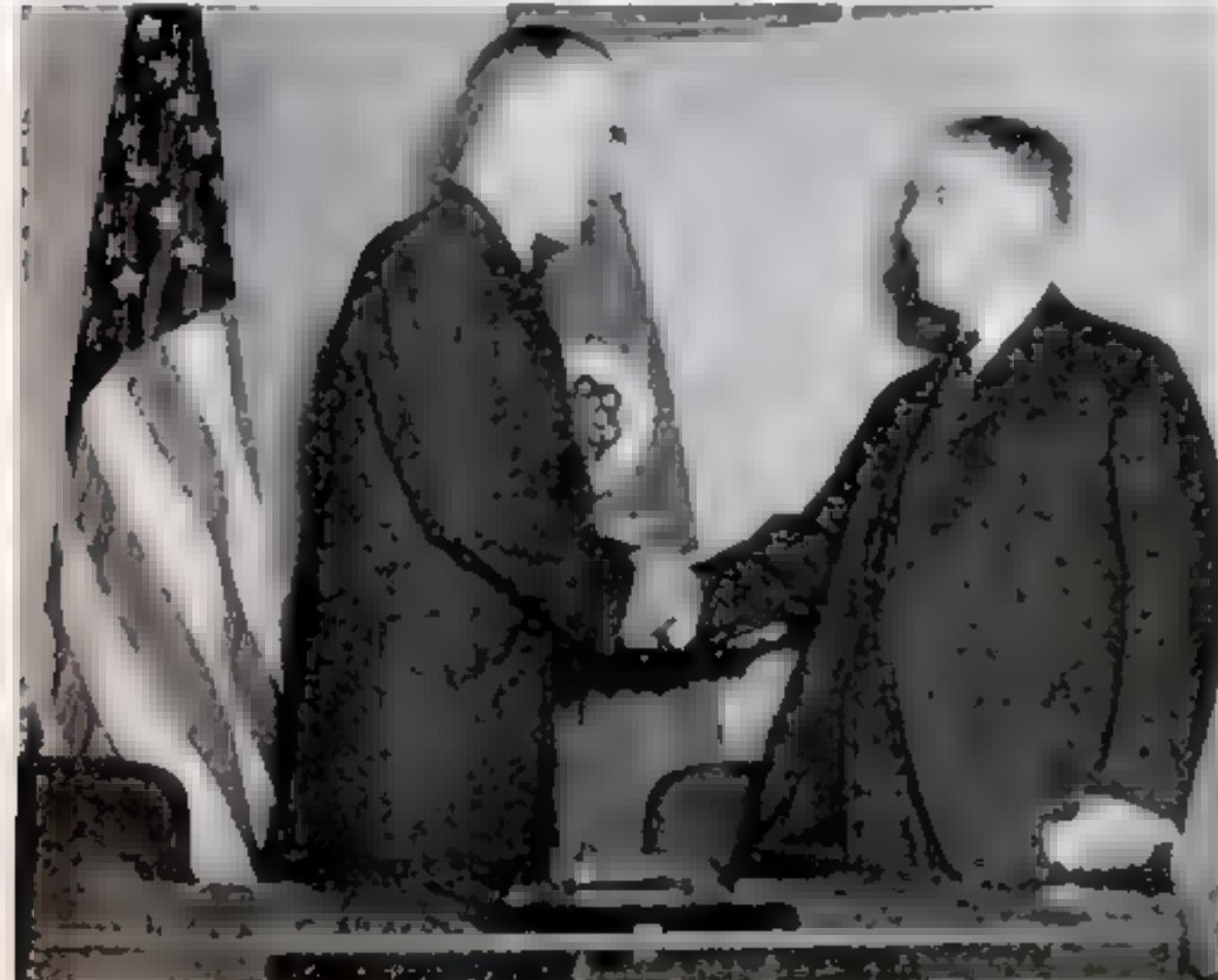
"Blondy" and the Japs

Let me tell the story of an old friend, La Verne G. Saunders, known throughout the Air Forces as "Blondy." I met Blondy at the base from which I took off for Guadalcanal. He was a colonel then, in charge of the heavy-bombardment forces. But I see where they've made him a brigadier general.

Blondy went out on a bombing mission. His airplane was attacked by 20 Zeros. First the copilot was hit in the ankle by a bullet. As Saunders was lifting him out of the seat a shell tore into the copilot's stomach. Saunders laid him on the floor and took the seat. Hardly had he completed this act of mercy when the pilot fell dead over the controls with a bullet through his heart.

The air was full of lead, and the gunners were firing steadily at the Zeros which attacked from all directions. Saunders managed to get the dead pilot out of the seat, while holding the plane on an even keel. He then took over the controls. By that time one engine had been badly shot up and in a little while a second one was knocked out.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"HE'S BACK," says Secretary Stimson at Washington press conference—and I think there's more of him here than went away. Captain Rickenbacker, the charmer.



HER AMBITIONS...TO WIN THE WAR and Romance

Closing whistle is war worker's cue for a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Lovely Evana Vance, war worker at the Curtiss-Wright Propeller Plant, Caldwell, N.J., says: "It's thrilling to be on the Production Front. All day I'm kept close to the job. But comes closing time and I can look fresh as a deb, by giving my skin a Woodbury Facial Cocktail." For a smoother, lovelier complexion, try Woodbury Soap—a true skin soap. Woodbury gives tender skin, gentle cleansing care.



1. **Proud of her job**, Evana helps turn out propeller blades for pursuit planes. Her beauty soap, famous Woodbury, is pure, gentle. Contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness.



2. "I lather up a rich lather of Woodbury Soap," says Evana. "Smooth it over my face, being careful to remove tiny shavings and oil smudge which get lodged on my skin. Then rinse."



3. "If my face looks radiant, it's partly love—but mostly Woodbury," says Evana. Mild Woodbury Soap helps remove flaky, worn-out skin; helps freshen the murky, too-oily skin.



4. "For the skin you love to touch," try Woodbury. Let this famous soap uncover the glamour in your complexion, as it has for America's loveliest girls. Only 10¢ a cake.

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We urge you to treat your Schick Shaver right. But if you do damage it in any way—take or mail it in to any of the offices listed below. There you'll get renewal parts and expert service at low cost. And, for only \$3, you can buy a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if your shaver needs one.

Just to be safe instead of sorry, why not take your Schick in anyway—let them clean, adjust and lubricate it for a most reasonable charge?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

For the duration you'll want to keep your Schick Shaver in shipshape condition. Expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—are available through Schick Service, Inc., at all of their offices listed below:

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TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

This caused a forced landing on the water near an island north of Guadalcanal.

The rafts were thrown out and Blondy managed to get his crew and the dying copilot off the sinking bomber. They were in Japanese-controlled waters, and Blondy's next problem was to avoid being taken prisoner. Fortunately, the island was occupied by friendly natives who took them to an Australian "bushy." The "bushy," who was spying on Japanese movements, had a short-wave radio. He sent word back to Guadalcanal and a few days later a Navy flying boat stole in, virtually under the enemy's guns, and brought them safely back. The copilot, however, had died. Blondy buried him on the beach.

For sheer guts, untiring effort and unstinting loyalty to one's men, I can think of nothing to touch that. It is an outstanding example of the kind of leadership our troops are getting. But there are others, many others. I have mentioned meeting my friend General Walker at General MacArthur's headquarters. I should have written the late General Walker. On Jan. 11 a communiqué announced that he was missing in action. He had last been seen over Rabaul, leading a bombing attack. Generals like Ken Walker don't die in bed.

"I know what I saw—I was there"

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to lecture, but I know what I saw—I was there. A terrible responsibility faces us people back home, a responsibility to which we are not yet fully awakened. Everywhere I went the cry from the troops was for more of everything—more planes, more guns, more tanks, more ammunition, more medical stores. It is hard for them to understand why this rich country cannot send them more.

I have said and I repeat, that if we were to bring back the troops from the hellholes of the world and place them in the factories, and if we were to take the factory workers and place them in the foxholes, in the filth, vermin, diarrhea, malaria and Japanese, I will guarantee that production would be increased and in many instances doubled within 30 days. Some have called me a "labor hater" for saying that. My answer is that after you have seen the stink and corruption of New Guinea and Guadalcanal, after you have come to understand the nature of the enemy, all the talk of social security, old-age pensions, wages and hours, means nothing. We either win the war or we lose it. And we'll lose it if we don't produce.

None of us here is doing so much that he cannot do more. You and I should be grateful for the privilege of doing everything we can.

This trip opened my eyes to one of the great fallacies of our time. In the decade before the war, we spent billions on the theory that a superior few could plan the lives and duties of 130,000,000 people. Now we are spending many more billions to inject in our fighting men the qualities of self-reliance, initiative and imagination which we had come to deprecate.

Once you put a boy in a foxhole, he is on his own. Once you drop a parachute trooper behind the enemy's lines, he is on his own. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



RICK'S FAMILY, shown with him at New York's La Guard Field Dec. 19, never lost hope. Behind Mr. and Mrs. Rickenbacker are their sons Billy (left), 15, and David, 18.

Thanks
to our new friends
and to our old



In the troubled year just passed, we, the makers of Old Gold Cigarettes, have had the most heart-warming experience a manufacturer can have.

Several millions of additional smokers turned to the enjoyment of Old Golds. This gave us the best year in our long history, and for this we are deeply grateful.

So we want to say thanks, a thousand thanks, to you new friends and you old ones, including our many friends in the Service, to whose approval we owe this good fortune.

Thanks also to you dealers and distributors, to whose enthusiastic co-operation we owe so much. And thanks to all you loyal employees who have worked so hard to keep up with our greatly increased demand.

We enter this New Year with a new sense of our obligations to all of you. We shall continue to give smokers a cigarette blend of the finest quality—using the finest tobaccos available and the most modern methods of manufacture.

And for all of you, our friends, we hope this will be a happier year and a victorious one.

P. Lorillard Company

America's Oldest Tobacco Merchant • Established 1760



Makers of OLD GOLD Cigarettes



ALMOND CANDIES

"A favorite wherever there's a sweet tooth"



A warning whisper
Smudge
may be on
your teeth

At the first sign of telltale smudge on your teeth — be warned! Start using IODENT. No. 2 is made by a Dentist especially to clean hard-to-bryten teeth and IODENT No. 1 is made for teeth that are easy to bryten. Powder or Paste — Choose the IODENT for your teeth... enjoy the satisfaction of a truly fine dentifrice.



MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN
NOSE

Has a cold pinched your nose shut — as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath... helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"



PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

youth in the cockpit of a fighter, in a tank, on a Commando raid, is always on his own. The "rugged individualist," as a political symbol, may have few friends, but God help us if we can't recreate him on the battlefield and the factory floor.

From the mid-Pacific base I now headed home. An all-night flight put me in Samoa for breakfast. Immediately afterward I went to the hospital to see how Adamson was getting along. To my keen disappointment I found that he had had a serious relapse; he had developed a lung abscess which required an operation. The doctors doubted he could be moved for another ten days. Hans and I tried to greet each other cheerfully but under the circumstances it was difficult.

However, by the following day there had been an unbelievable improvement in his condition. The doctors said that if I would wait another 48 hours, and Hans meanwhile continued to mend at the same rate, they were pretty sure I could take him back to the States with me.

This was good news. In fact, I found good news on all sides. Reynolds had been brought down from Island Z during my absence. He was still very thin and weak but there was no longer any question of his recovery.

The wait fitted in with my plans because it allowed me to visit a nearby island, also an important Army air base. I spent the week-end with the commanding general. Returning to Samoa Sunday, I went directly to the hospital. Hans greeted me with a big smile — if he had another good night, he could leave with me Monday night. It was one of the happiest moments of my life; Hans had really made a remarkable comeback and I could bring him home in time for Christmas.

And that was the way it turned out. They put an adjustable bed and a cot in the cabin, the first for Adamson and the other for Reynolds. Secretary of the Navy Knox thoughtfully arranged for Commander Durkin, who had been taking care of them, to accompany us back to the States.

We started home Monday night, Dec. 14. Daylight overtook us at a small island where we breakfasted and refueled the plane. That evening we landed at Hickam Field. So as not to overtax the sick men, we laid over a day before continuing to San Francisco. Sergeant Reynolds' home was in Oakland and it meant a lot to me to be able to return him to his parents. I went to Los Angeles for an hour's visit with my mother. The airplane, with Hans aboard, picked me up and we flew on to Washington, arriving at Bolling Field Dec. 19, just two months to the day after I left San Francisco.

Mr. Robert Lovett, the Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Lieut. General Arnold, Major General Harold L. George, head of the Air Transport Command, many other high-ranking officers, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Rickenbacker, my sons David and Billy — these and many other friends were at the airport to greet us. It was truly a happy ending. Colonel Adamson, although still in the hospital, is at last off the "very sick" list. All the others have completely recovered. As for Sergeant Alex, it was hard to leave him in the Pacific. But I am sure that he is among friends, and at home.

THE END



BACK AT HIS DESK, President Rickenbacker of Eastern Air Lines catches up with work piled up in his absence. His secretary for 19 years has been Marguerite Shepherd



The Book-of-the-Month Club offers to new members a **FREE** copy of **CURRIER & IVES**

by Harry T. Peters, Retail Price \$5.00.

All these prints appeared originally in a limited edition of two volumes at \$115.00 per set...

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES. Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

As a member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and reports about other important coming books. If you decide you want the selection, you let it come. If not (on a blank provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Last year over \$5,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were given to the Club's members—

given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print other fine library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers.

Your obligation is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after

taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

Begin your subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club with one of its selections pictured below. Surely, among them is one you have promised yourself to get and read. As a new member the Club will send you a free copy of **CURRIER AND IVES** by Harry T. Peters shown above.



In these prints can be found our social history of 1835 to 1885 as it was unrolled in colored lithographs, which are now collectors' items.

The notable prints which comprise this book were taken from what is perhaps the definitive collection of Currier and Ives . . . that of Mr Harry T. Peters, whose collection is certainly the largest in existence. There are many full page, four-color reproductions. The page size is 9 by 12 inches, which makes these prints suitable for framing if desired.

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and
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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
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Life Goes to a Party



Dancing is decorous, conforming to Roseland standards. Couples and unescorted women are admitted, and houses

ways frequently patronize malweek restaurants, enjoying the anonymity of their sport, as do Roseland's male patrons.

SHIRLEY PARKER



IRENE LANE



WILDA WILLIS



LOUISE POWERS



Life Goes to Roseland

It is taxi dance hall deluxe

The Roseland Ballroom-Cafe in New York City, which celebrated its 24th birthday last month, is noted for two things: its lavishness and its respectability. The management prefers not to have the establishment known as a "dance hall" — although it is, and a block long at that — and the girls, far from being "taxi dancers," are a superior breed of "hostesses" or "instructors." They are chosen first for their refinement, second, for their ability as dancers, and finally for their looks.

A patron may buy anywhere from three minutes to a whole evening of a girl's time. If he seeks companionship, he may spend the period chattering with his partner in the cafe, where beer is the strongest drink available. If he prefers to date, his partner will show him the latest version of the rumba or samba. Girls are not supposed to those dates with patrons, on penalty of being fired. Most are in their middle 20's, live with their parents or team up with each other in small apartments. A few are ambitious. Several want to be movie stars. Others aspire to writing or business careers. Eight are shown in formal portraits below.



Roseland's Broadway marquee is garish; inside paneled walls and dark star-studded ceiling give an air of subdued elegance.

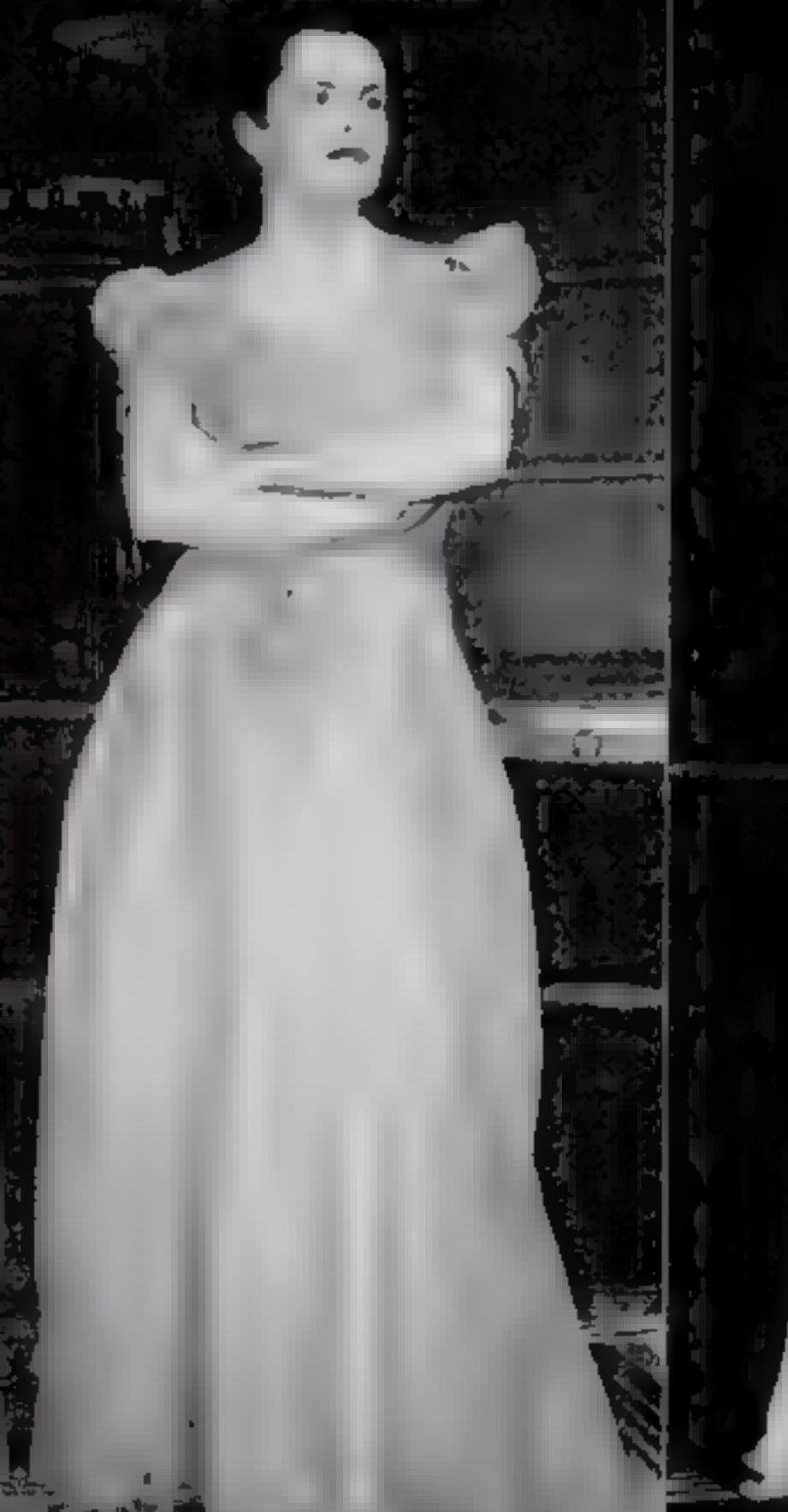


0 Girls wait for partners on raised dais which they call "meatbox" or "pen." They may not recognize a patron until intro-

duced by Chaperone Florence Forster (see p. 111), who keeps close watch on girls' behavior. They get 70¢ commission on

every dollar earned as hostesses. None makes less than \$25 a week. Decollete and sleeveless evening gowns are forbidden.

GERTRUDE KLASS



JONNI POWERS



DOROTHEA HARRIS



MARCELLE DUBRULLE



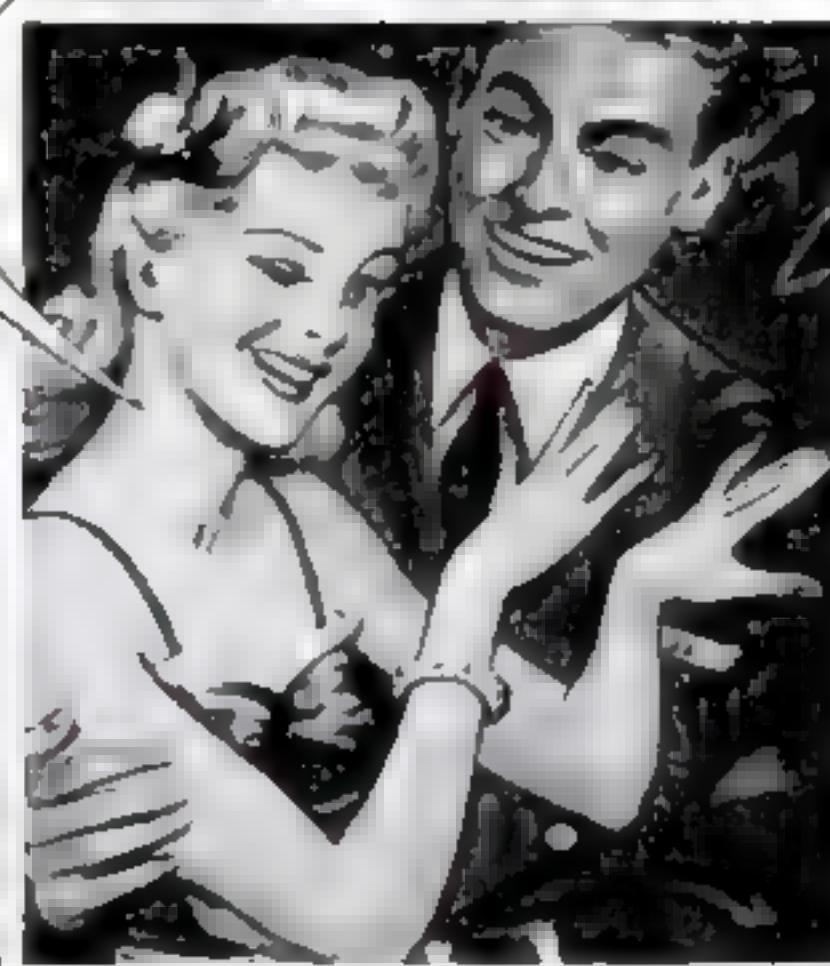
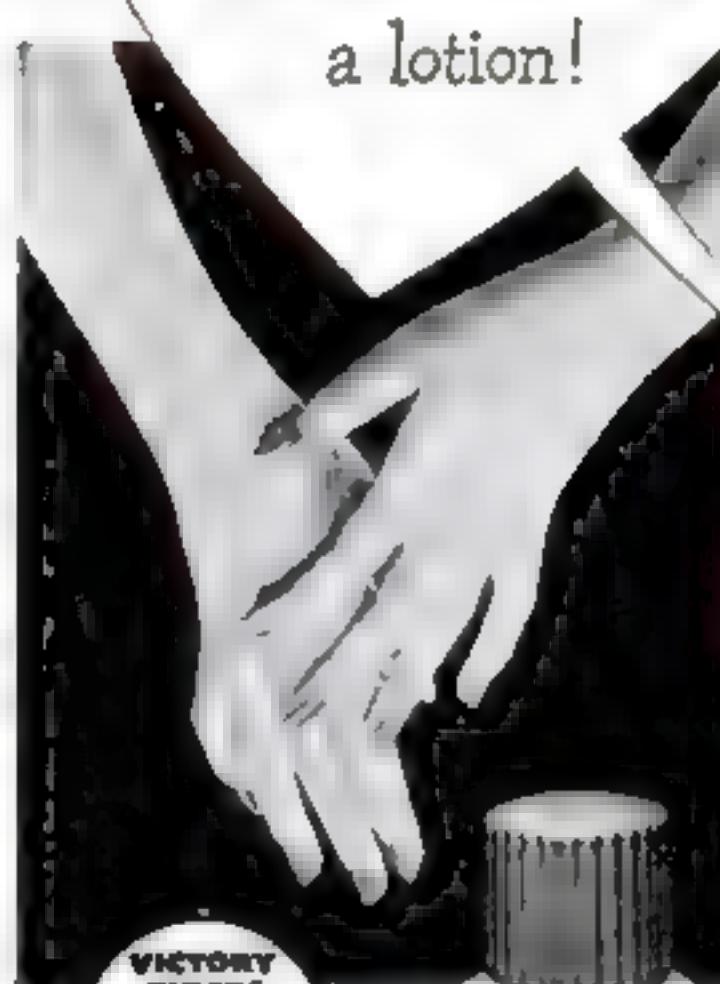
Life Goes to Roseland (continued)

"I'm the mechanic with
the soft, white
hands!"



• Working in grease and grime—that's all in the day's job. Ruin my hands? No, ma am! I use Hinds before and after work. Hinds creamy skin-softeners help guard my hands against drying, ground-in dirt. After work, Hinds gives my hands a whiter look—soft and nifty!

No redness! No chapping!
Nice hands that thrill
after using **HINDS**—
that **HONEY** of
a lotion!



HONEY, Beauty Advisor, Says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of skin-softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application of Hinds gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look—a comfy feel.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin softeners help protect skin through work and soapy water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Not gummy, not sticky—doesn't just cover up roughness. Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!

HINDS for HANDS
and wherever skin needs softening!

Copyright 1942, by John & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.



Conga expert is Louise Powers, whirling a solo with amateur dance contestants who "practically live in the place." The girls don't know where to look when business is slack.



Private Joseph Lamarcq learns new tactics from Shirley Parker *above*, which may not be useful in Army but adds enjoyment to his furlough. Two bands play alternately.



*There is nothing
better in the
market —*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Rosalind Russell

IN RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"



★ It creates a lovely
new complexion



★ It helps conceal tiny
complexion faults



★ It stays on for hours
without re-powdering

Make up in a few seconds...look lovely for hours

You'll really be surprised how easily and quickly you can create lovelier beauty with Pan-Cake Make-Up. As you apply it, you'll instantly see a new, flattering complexion...beautiful in color, smooth, and flawless. Hours later your make-up will still look fresh and lovely...and you'll marvel that you haven't had to re-powder. Originated for Technicolor pictures, Pan-Cake Make-Up is the popular fashion of the day.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

Max Factor* Hollywood

*Pan-Cake
Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



ORIGINATED BY



Miss Forder performs discreet introduction (above) after guest has indicated choice. Alda's partner is Machinist's Mate W. W. Lawton, from a West Coast air base.

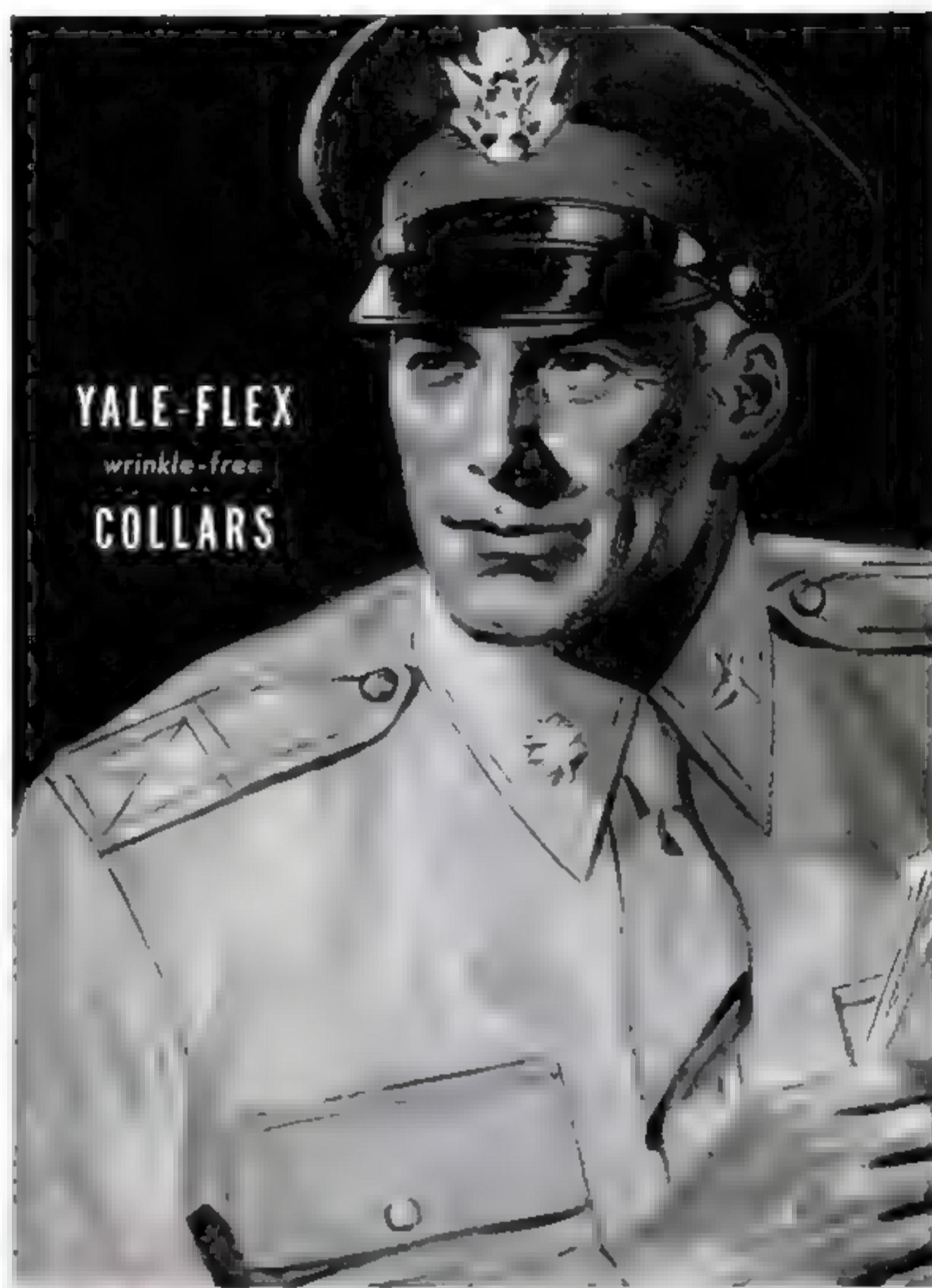


"Trudy" Klass talks politely to Seaman Papa of Pittsburgh over "Sparkling Champagne," a slightly more expensive sparkling wine featured by Roseland at 50¢ a split.



Timecards cost \$1.40 per half hour, of which hostess (Dorothy Harris, above) collects \$1. The girls prefer half-hour engagements to three-to-four dances at 10¢ each.

IMMACULATE ALL DAY LONG...



Officers' Shirts with *Wrinkle-Free* collars made permanently smooth by patented Celanese process



Have you noticed how every passing eye goes straight to your insignia to determine your rank and branch of service? And that brings your collar into sharp focus immediately. Its crisp trimness is the keynote of the neatness of your entire uniform. To be sure it is always immaculate, choose YALE Military Shirts with Yale-Flex Collars. A special process developed in the Celanese laboratories gives the collar a permanent smoothness—no matter how long the shirt is worn, how often it is laundered.

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YALE MILITARY SHIRT COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
MAKERS OF SHIRTS FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES



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The classic is a classic by itself

For action, repose or dress, Tish-U-Knit sweaters always Rotter! Insist on Tish-U-Knit... if you can't find the style you want at your regular store, it's due to wartime limitations.

Take care of those you have—they're more precious now than ever.

About \$3.50 and up

Write for **FREE** "Sweater-Girls-in-Action" Illustrated fashion book

FREE COLOR ENLARGEMENT of this Sweater Girl Picture "C," without reading matter, is pin-up or frame. TISH-U-KNIT SWEATERS • 1372 Broadway, N. Y. C. • CANADA: 303 St. Paul Street W., Montreal

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PRINCE GARDNER REGISTRAR



THE REGISTRAR

Nine windows for selective service and identification cards, snapshots, license, etc. Hidden bill compartment—colored indexes. Shown Hand-boarded India Goatskin, Black or Brown, \$3. Others from \$3.50

*Always the Perfect Gift
...Especially for Valentine's Day*

At better stores or write, mentioning dealer's name.

Prince Gardner • 2025 S. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Creators of the "Invisible Stitch" Billfold

Slip a tip to Cupid that you want a Prince Gardner Registrar—the super-handy billfold designed for men of action! Vertical or horizontal card case provides plenty of window-room for personal data. Card case slides out, leaving a wafer-thin billfold for dress.



*For Her
Princess Gardner*

*Windows like his for cards,
Identification, snapshots,
Beloved coin's a key
pocket. Six colors.
List \$3.50*

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

INQUISITIVE FOX

SETS

WHEN I was driving along a country road the other night a fury streak crossed my path. As I dashed my brakes hard a white fox bounded at me, stopping it took him a few moments to catch his breath and then he

and with the fury of impatience I took a second picture of the fox curiously inquisitive. Knowing that I above all want is hard to get, I would appreciate the names of witnesses and would be glad to see them to you by mail.

WALLACE L. BAKER
Bellows Falls, Vt.



WAKE UP YOUR SCALP!



BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better looking hair? Want to avoid the embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it now! Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended brushing . . . vigorous, frequent, regular brushing as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp really clean and stimulates the life-giving blood supply in your scalp. Not just theory—you see and feel the results right away.



Doctors Tell You
Brush your scalp to aid your hair. Brush it vigorously, frequently, regularly. Brushing cleans the scalp and stimulates the blood supply.



Nothing In World
Like Vitabrush
Vitabrush produces 5000 vitalizing cyclic strokes per minute, not possible by any other means.



Saves Effort,
Time, Money
Vitabrush turns drudgery of scalp care into fun. It takes but a few minutes a day.

Vitabrush is sold on a money back, satisfaction-guaranteed offer. You need not risk a penny to try Vitabrush and judge for yourself. Don't delay. Write today for full information. Hershey Mfg. Co., 167 S. LaSalle St., Chicago

stop Scratching It May Cause Infection

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

PINOCCHIO

Sir:

Looking for an interesting angle to take a picture of Pvt. James E. Britcher, U.S.M.C. (below), we found one unexpectedly when his nose merged with the grass plot in the background.

PVT. LEONARD L. SLOTE
Parris Island, S.C.



SUPERBOY

Sir:

Have you ever seen an 11-year-old boy twist a five-inch sapling around like a string? This amazing feat (below) is seemingly performed by my brother, Chris. Actually, of course, the tree has been capriciously mishandled by Nature.

GEORGIE WAGNER

Roselle Park, N.J.



STRANGE AMMUNITION

Sir:

A naive mother wren who apparently doesn't know there is a war going on chose a strange place to build her nest—in the mouth of a Civil War cannon on Chickamauga Battlefield, cozy as you please.

PAUL SEVERANCE

Chattanooga, Tenn.



Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"I told him all about my brother in the Merchant Marine"

Keep it under
your
STETSON



Stetson "Stratoliner" . . . soft, light-weight felt with narrow band and binding. Shape it as you like it.

It's made by the exclusive
Stetson Vita-Felt* Process... \$7.50.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, \$5 TO \$25 • FOR WOMEN, \$5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA



The creators of Alden House Fashions present the superb achievement of the season for all-round everyday wear—The Chesterfield Coat. The flattering lines of this popular coat style have captured the hearts of smart women everywhere! Its wearing quality fits perfectly with wartime budgets and wartime activities.

Feels so free—looks so young

Here's one of those coats that just feels right the minute you put it on. It's cut straight and slim as a dart, yet designed and tailored so deftly that it has that carefree feeling, so characteristic of youth. You can wear it with daytime clothes, slacks or evening dress—with hat, beret or bonnet. It's always right. The smart velvet collar is removable; large pearl-like buttons and pleat-vent in back add to its style. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Colors: Spitfire Red with black collar, Natural Tan with brown, Black with black.

100% New Wool—\$16.95

We Pay Postage

Luscious, soft Shetland-type coating of 100% new wool. Will wear long and handsomely. Tailored like the best men's coats. Collar, front edges and hand-sewn cuffs are reinforced. Lined with 2-season Skinner's rayon crepe. Exceptional at \$16.95.

Order today from this ad by No. 373 CC32. State size and color desired. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Chicago Mail Order Co.
311 SOUTH PAULINA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TRACK TRICK

Sirs:

What appears to be the scene of a great tragedy in the first picture (below) is not so tragic as it seems. The trick was perpetrated by my young son (whose head

appears grimly between two railroad ties) and his pals, whose humor has a somewhat gruesome bent. Their smiling faces in the lower picture indicate they were unharmed by their experience.

BEN N. BALLENGER
Spartanburg, S. C.



BABY BUNTING

Sirs:

"Daddy's gone a-hunting," and see what he brings back in his pocket. The

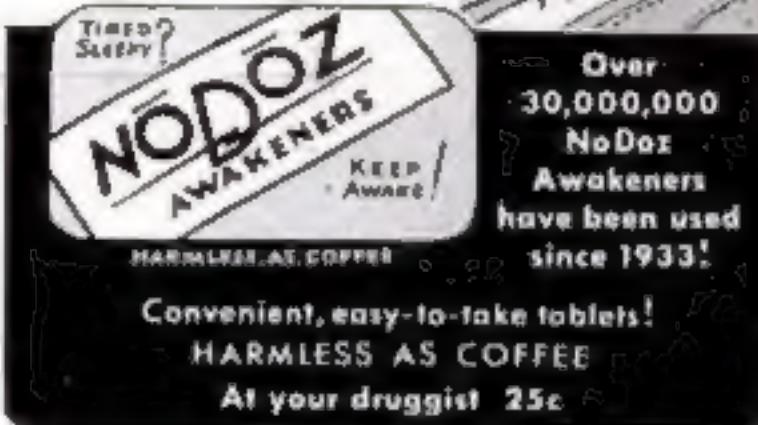
little lady so snugly tucked away in her father's hunting jacket is Ann Carolyn Turner, who is just small enough to fit.

VERNA DELZELL
Van Buren, Ark.



How to KEEP AWAKE ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use No Doz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don't take a chance...TAKE A NODOZ AWAKER.



'NOTHING BETTER' to relieve Itching of SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

So
Many
Druggists
Claim!



To quickly relieve maddening Itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and similar skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful medicated liquid Zemo—Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success! Zemo starts at once to aid healing.

Apply clean, stainless, invisible Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces! 25c, 60c, \$1.00.

ZEMO

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Sis-tex). Get Cystex (Sis-tex). Help your druggist today. Only 25c.

Cystex

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Very Special Reserve



THREE FEATHERS "V.S.R." BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.



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RAIDERS

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SMOKE...

It's **CHESTERFIELD**

FOR MILDNESS AND TASTE

Here's a combination you can't beat...the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. That's why Chesterfields give you real MILDNESS and BETTER TASTE and that's what the real pleasure of smoking adds up to.

For everything you want in a cigarette,
smoke Chesterfield . . .

They Satisfy



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STAMPS